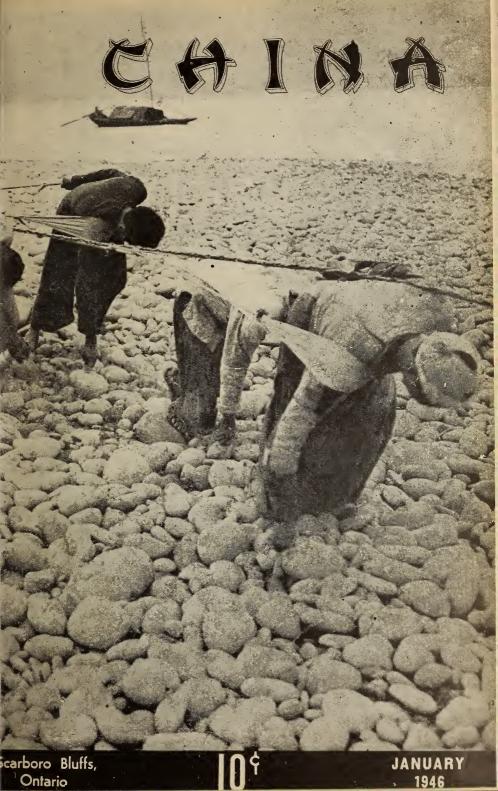
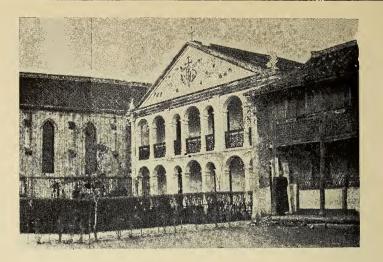


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ONCE upon a time our Mission Headquarters in Lishui looked like this. That was the time when peace reigned in China. When we all went about our daily task of teaching God to little ones and bringing hope to the old.

It is all changed now. Our missionaries are returning to conditions as described in "We Were In War".

They are unafraid of the sacrifices and labours that lie ahead. Having given their all they will not retract so much as a tittle. They will continue to carry on the work God gives them to do.

BUT . . .! They must have the support and cooperation of *every* Catholic man, woman and child if they are to succeed. They are *your* sons, your instruments by which you may discharge *your* Godgiven obligation of teaching all men.

Sign your name for the Victory of Love, in God. through God, for God! Do it now!

(Please make cheques and drafts payable to Reconstruction Fund in care of Seminary.)

Page Two China

NEWS BRIEFS

Toast of the Month

To Captain the Rev. Cameron MacDonald of Montreal, Quebec, member of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, who has just received from His Majesty the King the Military Cross for "devotion and courage above and beyond the call of duty".

Knowing Father Cam as we all do, we could pay him no greater compliment than to say that his reception of this great honor comes to us as no surprise. Father Cam always did everything uncommonly well. Our sincerest congratulations to his proud family and to the recipient himself.

Off to China

On November 30th, Father Harold Murphy of Kingston, Ontario and Father Jack McGoey of Toronto, started from New York on their long journey back to China. With God's help they are but the vanguard of a legion of missioners, who will year after year leave our seminary for the mission field.

We recommend them to your prayers, especially that their voyage back to the Missions may be a safe and pleasant one. Once again we take up our Mission labors, which were disrupted by eight years of war. May the years in store be fruitful of great things for God and for the salvation of souls.

Pray for Our Dead

Helen McGuire and Mrs. Julia McGuire of Pickering, Ontario.

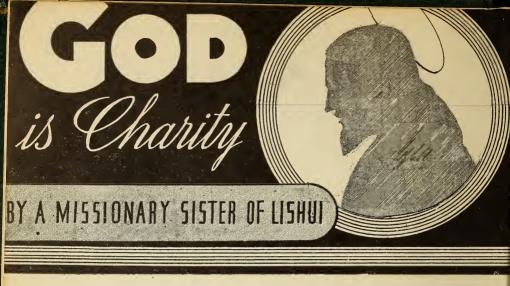
Publications of Thanks

"B.R.M." of Maidstone, Ontario, wishes to publish thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Guadalupe and Our Lady of Victory for favors received.

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A Holy and Happy New Year to All

CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. D. E. Stringer, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVII, No. 1, January, 1946. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. Entered as Second-Class Matter and Admitted to Privileged Postage Rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, July 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ontario.



(Continued)

More things are wrought by a pill than the world dreams of. Many a Chinese in Heaven today owes his eternal salvation to the Missionary Sister, who won his confidence and later his soul, through the timely dispensing of a little pain relieving or fever easing pill. The gentle untiring care of the nursing Sister is not lost on the grateful and often wondering patient. The Chinese are a grateful people, and they find it difficult to understand how missionaries can give up all and devote their lives to them. They want to know why, and when we tell them that we do it for God, that we are trying to do as He did, while on earth, they become interested and want to know about the "Sister's God".

Thieves of Heaven

Our apostolate amongst the sick and poor of China has, through God's grace opened Heaven to hundreds of Chinese souls, Infant mor-

tality is shockingly high in China, and the Missionary Sister is ever on the alert to enrich Heaven's nursery with these little thieves of Paradise. Born in poverty that almost equals that of Bethlehem, Chinese little ones have, from the beginning of their existence, a poor chance of ever developing into what one would term a healthy baby. Disease abounds on all sides and these little waifs become easy victims. Their earthly sojourn is a short but painful one; but the Friend of Children repays them a hundredfold with the crowning grace of Baptism, stealthily given by a tactful Missionary.

Pagan parents do not approve of Baptism, and so one must be careful not to antagonize the already distracted parents. Happily the Chinese are well disposed towards the Sisters and trust them with their dying little ones. They beg us to give medicine that will chase away the evil spirit; but little do they realize the full

meaning of their request. What medicine cannot do, a little water and a few words can, chase the real spirit of evil, and merit Heaven for the new beautiful soul of their dying babe.

Social Work

Besides hospital and dispensary care of patients, our Sisters visit the sick in their homes, the prisoners, the soldiers in their make-shift military wards, the children in pagan orphanages, and the beggars in their miserable cluster of huts.

"I Was Sick and You Comforted Me"

Every hour of the day in fair weather and foul, the Convent bell can be heard calling the Sisters to the bedside of the afflicted. From dawn until dark the busy Missionary Sister is to be seen hastening on her errands of mercy and the Chinese have long become accustomed to the white gowned figures of their Mo Mo (Sisters).

City walls, river and mountains are no obstacles. Demands for the Sisters' services come from far and near and one can never refuse the pitiful pleas of these poor people amongst whom it is our precious privilege to work. Beyond city gates to nearby villages, down the river to plague stricken fishermen, and over hill and vale to afflicted farmers-we try to reach them all. Our mission is to nurse and care - our real Mission, to bring Christ to pagan souls and nothing must deter us from fulfilling our duty to God and man.

The Chinese, though a highly civilized race, have not emerged from the primitiveness of the ancients. In coastal cities one finds the modern Chinese imitating the manners of the outside world but inland the people are still steeped in the culture, traditions, and methods of a decade or

more centuries ago. They live in mud hovels, dark, damp and dirty and into these the Missionary eagerly enters to answer the call of distress. Any manner of disease is liable to confront her. Small-pox, Spinalmeningitis, tuberculosis, c h o l e r a, typhoid, typhus, and the invariable malaria, are amongst the most common, to say nothing of the horrible skin diseases that eat into the very bone of their helpless victims.

Strangers to hygienic methods of any kind, small wonder that we find our patients in the most neglected state possible, for even close relatives hesitate to come too close to the stricken member. Repulsive as it may at first appear, the Sister realizes the part she must play, and unflinchingly does her duty. The patient must be bathed, clothing and bedding changed. Very few homes boast of even an extra comforter so Sister and patient must be content until some one agrees to wash it. Sick room luxuries are conspicuously absent unless the strips of salted meat and fish, the dried vegetables and strings of peppers hanging from the low-ceilinged room can be called such. Firewood and kindling brush piled near the bed are harmless until used for the purpose for which they are intended when they emit columns of smoke that at times force us choking to the door for a breath of clean air. The bedside table is invariably cluttered with bowls, teapots, dried orange skins and candle ends and oil lamps. Pigs, chickens, and dogs are forever underfoot (the chickens especially are a nuisance — and fleas). It is surprising how many of these tiny bothersome insects can become attached to one. However, they do not seem to bother the patient any and the only objection he may have to the coffin near the wall is that it is now his own. If it is, he will be giving orders about the amount of lime and charcoal

he wants in it before he is enclosed. There is nothing about a Chinese sickroom that savours of rest and cleanliness and the Missionary Sister must become acclimatized to conditions and circumstances that at first might cause her to become discouraged.

She cannot change the face of a nation and early in her Missionary career she learns that she is not in China to Americanize but to help to Christianize, and her helplessness to accomplish even that will often times be brought home to her. Tenderly caring for diseased and helpless patients brings consolations manifold. The nursing Sisters' devotedness heals many bodies, wins many souls, and gaining souls for Christ is the Missionary's greatest joy, is the sole cause, the only reason for her presence in China. She fights for bodies, she wages battles for souls and often, yes too often she loses both. When one has given hard and devoted days, months even, to the care of a poor pagan, working for his body, praying for his soul and in the end hear him refuse the sacrament of baptism and see him dying amidst the horrible practices of a pagan rite, one cannot help having moments of discouragement. It happens often. People at home have been led to think that the Chinese are always prepared to await the Missionary with outstretched hands, anxious to be baptized. No, the day of mass conversions in China has not arrived. It is not even around the corner. Infant baptism, adult death-bed conversions many 'tis true, but to fail to gain the soul of even one of her patients is a loss the Missionary finds hard to bear.

However, the work must go on, and she redoubles her efforts, responds generously to all demands on her services. The peasants' rustic hut is not the only place she has on her list to call. Pagan temples, sampans and even hill side caves harbour the sick and helpless and to them she hastens as their need of her is great and fail them she must not.

Strangers in town, these poor people may not seek shelter in the homes of friends as pagan superstition forbids their acceptance, so they seek shelter wherever else they can find it. These we must look after and besides medical aid must supply all their wants, food, clothing, even the water they drink and should they die, their coffin and funeral expenses.

Indeed the would-be Missionary Sister has a full-time job awaiting her in China's vast field. She will find herself busy from morn until night and still so much will necessarily have to be left undone. It is work she will learn to love amongst people who will win her affections.

Visiting the Outside Missions

Every year when the serums are issued the Sisters have the job of making the long Mission trips beyond Lishui. In each station they usually spend two weeks, distributing the various serums to the people. Small-pox, cholera, typhoid, and typhus are annual visitors and it is our duty to ward off this death dealing quartet by instructing the natives in the advantages of serums and the means to avoid plagues and epidemics.

We look forward to these visits as much as the Chinese do. We meet old friends and make new ones; we live the simple life of these simple people, eat their food, sleep in their beds, and spend our free moments walking and talking with them.

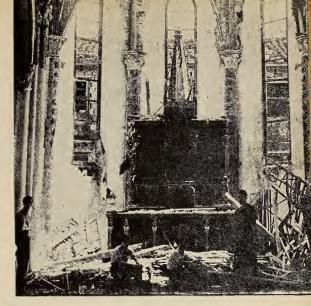
Grateful and courteous as the Chinese are, they are ever doing gracious little acts to show their appreciation.

(To be continued)

We Were In War

By

REV. D. STRINGER, S.F.M.



THE war is over, but the wounds are deep and angry-looking. The scenic beauty of Chekiang is pockmarked; its people dazed and dejected. Centuries of belief have been shattered and lie in the dusty ruins that were once idols. If ever the strong, heart-healing qualities of mercy were needed, now is the time; now, when the old men can't dream dreams, nor the young see visions.

The Return

OUR MISSIONARIES ARE EVEN NOW ON THEIR WAY BACK! That is Catholic Canada's rousing reaction to China's cry for help! Sometime I would like to tell our Canadian people why I think China was our front line of defence, and how great is the debt, not just of thanks, we owe her.

Aftermath of War

Let Fr. Ken Turner describe the condition of the parishes to which our priests are returning. Of Lishui, our headquarters, he writes: "The priests' compound is littered with wreckage of the rectory and all other units. It is partly hanging together

in a precarious state and will have to be razed. The long low Catechumen's Hostel with its two dispensaries is a shambles. The Church roof over the chancel was gashed by a bomb and was temporarily repaired by Fr. MacIntosh. The sacristy is just a memory. Boys' school and hospital, (twenty beds) is intact but will have to be thoroughly de-liced. The Sisters' Convent still stands. But, of furnishings, supplies and equipment, nothing is left."

"In Pihu and Sungyang the buildings are in good shape but contents have vanished. The school at Dolu. (page Fr. Doyle) is burned down and the altar damaged. Tsingtien. Fr. Stringer's mission, was thoroughly ransacked, and not a pane of glass remains in any of the windows. As a result we can expect much weather-damage there."

In Perils Often

"The last few years in Chekiang have almost made our veteran missionaries forget what life was like in peacetime. The invasions, bombings and epidemics; the ebb and flow of refugees in a sea of confusion, seeking sanctuary from the storm of fire and steel that rained down on them; the uprooting and tearing apart of families; the terror-filled cries of children and the mute agony of the aged . . . and we were powerless but for prayer. From the time of the withdrawal of enemy armies, many local families, impoverished and homeless, presented a pitiful problem. Rice was scarce and I mean scarce! Drainage was clogged with the ruins of buildings, and wells were filled up. Bubonic plague struck viciously, dropping victims in the streets where they writhed in pain and died. We did what we could with the supplies International Relief could allocate to us. And inflation! It was indescribable!"

Behind the Lines

Fr. Turner goes on to relate the story of our missionaries' work as Chaplains helping "the boys" in the heat and lonesomeness of India. Many a U.S. gob will remember Fr. Hugh McGettigan; the Army and Air-force laddies will tell you of Frs. White, McAuliffe and Steel. Catholic Canadians can well be proud of their records!

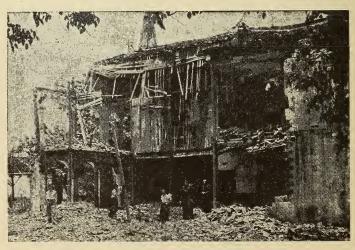
The friends of Fr. Venadam will be happy to learn he is well and safe. After three years with his Chinese curate, living in constant fear of his Lungchuan mission being invaded, watching most of the city fall prey to incendiary bombs, V-J Day was indeed a joy to him. That he was well was something to be expected by those of us who knew his ability in the kitchen. Why, I've seen him take a chicken's head and,—but we'll save that for him to tell.

And now our Missionaries are on their way back! Back to hardships and problems that will test the fiber of their resourcefulness, their courage, their right to be God's Ambassadors. They'll come through, because He will be with them!

The Challenge

These missionaries of yours are going to need not just a penny and a prayer, but your dollars and devotion. There is plenty of money floating about. The yearly cosmetic outlay of our neighbour to the south is a mere thousand million dollars and I presume proportionately staggering in Canada. Theatres and sports of every kind are crammed with patrons. During the war most of us here went through the frightful ordeal of doing without butter on many occasions! ! . . .

Someone has to tell us the truth! (Continued on page 15)





Novitiate Notes





IN THE district known as Galilee there was a town called Nazareth and in that town there lived a Family at the House of Mary; Mary was the Mother of that Family. The only Son was the Divine Missionary and His Name was Jesus; He had come that all men might have life and have it more abundantly.

In the Diocese of London, Ontario, there is a town called St. Mary's, the town of Holy Mary, and in that town a house called Nazareth House. In this house there too is a family made up of nine young men who are preparing to devote their lives to a journey in the footsteps of the Missionary Divine. They are trying to live the kind of life that was lived at Nazareth, in the House of Mary; their objective is the perfection of the Christian Life. are taught to realize that if they desire to be priests it is essential that their lives must be lived in close imitation of their Divine Master by making the primary object of those lives union with their God. To be a true priest there is one fundamental requisite namely, a wholehearted dedication of one's self to the knowledge, the love and the service of God. These young men are the newest members of the "Scarboro" family and for that reason are called Novices, from the Latin word Novus meaning NEW.

Our Novices come from many dif-

ferent parts of Canada and Newfoundland:

CLEARY VILLENEUVE, Maxville, Ontario — Spent four years overseas with the Canadian Army and landed in France on D-Day plus One. Returned to Canada on September 1.1th of this year; now enlisted in the Foreign Legion of Christ.

Wm. AUGUSTINE LAWLOR, St.

John's, Newfoundland.

EUGENE POWER, St. John's, Newfoundland.

PETER FITZGERALD, Bell Island. Newfoundland.

PATRICK NAPIER, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

CLAIR YAECK, Walkerton, Ontario.

HUBERT HARTMAN, Sarnia, Ontario.

HAROLD OXLEY, Willowdale, Ontario.

EMMETT JOHNS, Montreal, Que. These are the young men who, for ten months, will put all their efforts into the task of laying a solid foundation for their spiritual life; they wish to become "athletes of God." A soldier must be trained to undergo the hardships of battle; these young men are "in training" for Christ's Foreign Legion. They realize that the arduous task of attaining sanctity necessitates conditioning of soul to overcome the onslaughts of mankind's Enemy, and so they are in

(Continued on page 29)



ECENTLY, in London, a conference was held. That, you will say, is hardly news. There is always a conference being held. From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, men are conferring. They say it's about how to save the world but if you take a look at the world you'd never know. Well, anyway, there was a conference. And this time it was the United Nations Educational department in action. They were preparing a preamble to a declaration on how men could best unite. All men were to be included. One big, happy human family. It was to be "so wide" they said, "as to be acceptable to all men". How make it acceptable to all men? There would seem to be only one way. By banning the Name of God: Which they did.

* * *

It was a Delegate from Panama who took exception to the omission. It would be an insult to the world, he said, and he spoke in the name of a hundred million Christians from Latin America. He proposed an amendment—that the Name of God be permitted to stay in. Was he ever asking for trouble? It was a "Professor from Czechoslovakia" who spearheaded the drive against him and his amendment. Include the Name of God in any declaration, quoth the Professor and—horrible thought—you at once eliminated ten

per cent of the people of Czechoslovakia. Why? Because ten per cent of the people of Czechoslovakia — and we quote the Professor—were atheists. Atheists would not stand for the Name of God, in anything.

* * *

What happened? Did the Christian representatives of this gathering (chaired by Dr. Wallace of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario) rise in righteous protest? They did not. They were so sorry, please. They hoped the Professor would excuse this benighted creature from Latin America because Latin Americans were just that way. After all, what was Latin America compared to Czechoslovakia or to ten per cent of Czechoslovakia? For that matter what was the whole Christian American continent? The amendment was defeated. God went out and the atheists stayed in.

* * ,

There you have it, ladies and gentlemen. Right on the heels of a war that was so heavily played up as a Crusade for Christianity. The appeasers are at it again, the weak-kneed appeasers who are forever ashamed of their religion and ashamed of their God. That was a little piece of work that would have made Neville Chamberlain at Munich

look like Wellington at Waterloo. And it is not — unfortunately — an isolated incident. It is symptomatic of the disintegration of our Christian civilization. It is going on today wherever men foregather to bring peace to our weary world. The Prince of Peace locked out! God forever denied before men! And somewhere, from the "hid battlements of eternity", we hear again the ominous words of Christ: "I will deny them . . . before my Father Who is in Heaven".

** ** **

We can do little about such leaders who

"In blind and naked ignorance,
Deliver brawling judgments, unashamed
On all things, all day long"

The Crow's Nest will assuredly never reach them nor, if it did, affect their outlook or their attitude. Both are past praying for. The hope of the world lies not in them but in the millions of little people who are still on the side of God if only . . . if only the "little people" would awaken from their slumbers. Let me tell you something, little people of simple faith. Pull up your chairs and listen. They are giving us the well known treatment. They are handling world affairs as if we never existed. We have been bulldozed, sabotaged, enervated and devitalised by lying propaganda till we are losing confidence in ourselves and our systems and are afraid to say boo to a goose. There "Professors are too many Czechoslovakia" insinuating selves into high places even in Christian America. Unless we little people learn to reassert ourselves our world could be lost. Unless we rally to its defence our civilization could go down. Our American woods are full of wild-eyed foreigners who are trying to change our system into the "way it is done over there". Who cares about the way it is done over there? If it is so all-fired letter perfect over there why don't they go back and let us settle down to a resurrection of the spirit that made America truly great? America was never made great by Professors from Czechoslovakia. But it could be destroyed.

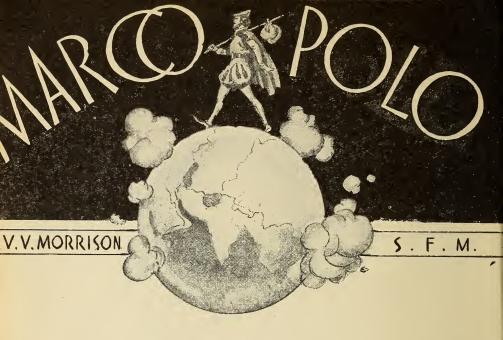
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All this, of course—the godless conferences and meetings, the fears and phobias and discontents—are but symptoms, symptoms of a spirit that is not of God. The issue is rapidly taking shape between two forces, the forces of love and the forces of hate. The forces of hate are alive, dynamic, the forces of love, if forces they can be called, are dormant, unaroused, all too literally asleep at the switch. How can we rouse them from this stupor of supine complacency? How can we make them believe that there are at work today powerful forces that have as their definite, avowed objective the destruction of all that is sacred in our society and our civilization? Have we any plan or are we just "inveighing", just indulging in that old indoor sport supposed to be the pastime of those who have no remedy to offer?

* * *

We have a remedy to offer. Personally, I know of no other remedy. It isn't ours, really. It is the "remedy"-if you will-of Mary, the Mother of God. It is her peace plan and her plan for happiness and normal life in what is left of our civilization. It includes also, as you well know by now, the conversion of The "conversion of Russia and an era of peace for humanity". By that plan we should be prepared to stand or fall and if we be faithful to it we shall not fall. It is the plan of Fatima. It is the most important thing I know of right now. Were all the readers of CHINA to fall in line

(Continued on page 29)



(Continued)

He then gave orders for a magnificent banquet to be given in honor of his faithful Ambassadors who had ended such a long journey. During the banquet they had to submit to the most extraordinary questioning about the peoples, manner, and customs of the Western world-since the Tartars whose curiosity is as insatiable as the Chinese, never hesitate in the least in questioning strangers and getting all information possible, and especially as Nicolo and Matteo knew the Tartar language and spoke fluently. Marco was allowed to take up his abode at the court of Kublai and engaged himself with ardor in the study of the Tartar and four other languages, and in a very short time was able to read and write with fluency in these Eastern tongues. He also became so accustomed to the manners and customs of the people among whom he lived, that he was frequently taken for a native of the country. The Emperor, having soon remarked the wisdom and prudence

of young Marco, entrusted him with a mission into a distant part of the Empire, and Marco on his return gave him a minute account and details of the people he had visited so that the Emperor was greatly interested in his narrative. The reputation of the young Venetian increased rapidly from this time and he soon gained a position at court which commanded for him the esteem and respect of all the great men in the Empire. As he grew older His experiences increased, his affable manners, and active mind gained for him a favor that was justified by his zeal and fidelity; and so the best years of his life were spent in the most important embassies of the Empire.

Their Return to Venice

After seventeen years in China the Venetians began to think of returning to their native land, as they never intended to remain permanently with the Tartar people and they began

preparations to leave. When the Emperor heard of it, he was much disturbed, and tried every means to turn them from their resolution and induce them to remain permanently with him; but when he found out how ardent was their longing to see their native land again he agreed to their departure and gave such orders as would enable them to travel with honor and convenience. He gave each of them a golden tablet stamped with the Imperial seal which would safely see them through the whole extent of the Empire. He invested them with the rank of Ambassadors, giving them letters to the Pope and to the Kings of France and Spain, and learning that their homeward journey would bring them necessarily to cross the China Sea and the Straits of Sunda as far as India, he placed fourteen vessels at their disposal. This journey by sea and land lasted three and one half years, and after escaping many dangers they arrived home in the year 1295 when the interest of the Western world was for the first time drawn towards those countries which they had explored more thoroughly than any other European.

War, Captivity and His Writings

Shortly after his arrival home, war broke out between Venice and Genoa, and the ex-Ambassador of Kublai Khan had the distinction of serving on board the Venetian fleet and of exposing his life in defence of his country which he had rendered illustrious by his Asiatic discoveries. In the battle of Curzola the Venetians were defeated, Marco Polo was wounded, captured by the enemy, and taken as a prisoner of war to Genoa. And it was during his captivity of four years that he composed and put in writing the accounts of his journeys and experiences in the Far East. These accounts outshine all those of other travellers to the

Far East. His knowledge of the people among whom he lived, being able to speak their language, and above all long residence in many localities, make his narratives of great value. Abbe Huc, the great French missionary who made extensive travels in Tartary, Tibet and China testifies to the veracity of Polo's narratives. He says, "During the whole of our long residence in the Far East, we studied the Celestial Empire with the greatest minute-Since our return to Europe we have read the accounts of Marco Polo's journeys and there, in the pages written six centuries ago, we find reproduced the character and habits of the very men among whom we spent so many years. And yet since this account was put together, though these people have been shaken by long, frequent, and fierce revolutions, they have nevertheless, invariably preserved their own individual characteristics, that stamp, which distinguishes them from all other nations. The Chinese of the ninth cnteury-so well described by Arab writers, are the same as those that Marco Polo speaks of in the thirteenth century; and later in the sixteenth century, the Portugese doubling the Cape of Good Hope by sea, discover China and recognize the people that the celebrated traveller had already made known in Europe; and now, in our own time, in the nineteenth century when on our mission journeys throughout China we again meet the same Chinese who were described by the Arabs, by Marco Polo, and the Portugese.

Marco Polo not a Missionary, but'a Precursor of Missions

Notwithstanding all the interesting facts which are constantly recurring through Marco Polo's narratives, one cannot but regret the absence of any (Continued on page 19)

With Our Priests in Santo Domingo

Father Chafe has some young visitors.

Rev. A. Chafe and the children of Mary of Monte Plata.





We Were In War

(Continued from page 8)

Someone has to shake us out of our near-pagan lethargy! We have to share our Faith or lose it, make no mistake about that! Do you know that hardly one in ten laymen in Canada belong to any mission society? It's no matter for apology that this work of ours has to depend on alms. Ask any missionary. dig he is able, to beg he's not ashamed, when he is digging into the morass that is paganism; when he is begging for what he has a right to expect! Cry it from the housetops; shout it in the streets, every Catholic must take a part, his own part, in the work of saving souls or he will lose his own. It is simple enough to prove, for without Charity one is dead. Just ponder St. Paul.

Many of the ills of the body Catholic at home could be cured by the simple expedient of whipping up its interest in something outside itself; in the billion and more pagans that inhabit the earth! The very deluge of materialism pouring over us from a thousand microphones is choking all sense of the spiritual. Body . . . body . . . body . . . comfort . . . comfort . . . and more comfort. Your missionary may freeze his hands offering Holy Mass, but milady must have her nylons, even if she has to trample her neighbour to get them! He may go hungry and sick sharing his meagre supply of food and medicine with the hordes that clamour at his gate, but we mustn't miss a show a week, or the latest magazines, or have to eat sandwiches with the crusts on! We are being morally and physically enervated; on the verge of losing all spiritual independence, becoming creatures of mass production, puppets of any fad or fashion! Christopher Dawson quotes: "He who would escape from the fixed morals or modes set by standardization must pay a fearful price; he must undergo a kind of penance." A sure way to lift ourselves out of the rut is to interest ourselves in Foreign Missions.

An Appeal

We ought to hang our heads in shame. It will be a happy omen if we do. To some this may seem a wacky way to preface an appeal for Well, we missionaries are wacky,—Christ used the word "foolish". And we really are wacky, if we are to believe what some Catholics tell us! Yet our organization is the one official society through which English speaking Catholics of our country can discharge their Godgiven obligation of spreading the Gospel in pagan lands. It was founded for this and this alone. Its members come from your own families; they are your sons. All of us are your instruments. Are you going to let us down?

Billions were raised for war and still mankind is deathly ill. The latest blood-letting has failed. The Body and Blood of Christ still remains the only food and medicine capable of making us strong and perfect members of society. We—you and I—have in our hands the only Thing that can save this world. Send forth your missionaries in an ever-increasing stream and see to it they have the means to carry on. Sign your name for God and souls!

WANTED - Copies of July-August Issue of China



(Continued)

The black market slowed down after this almost to a standstill because the Japs used to get very angry at the Chinese, and began to shoot at them. The ones they would catch they would take to the guard house and beat severely and so we desisted. However, it continued on a very small scale for some things were almost indispensable.

However, it wasn't all work. There were two committees whose jobs were to see that this wasn't so and they did their work nobly. They were the recreation and entertainments and athletic committees. In the line of sports one of the biggest attractions was of course baseball. There were leagues organized; the senior league of four teams and the junior league of four, and the minor league of four teams. Anyone who wanted to had a chance to play ball. The majors were the big drawing card and the teams were Tsing Tao, which was comprised of people from that great beach resort of North China. Then there was a team rep-

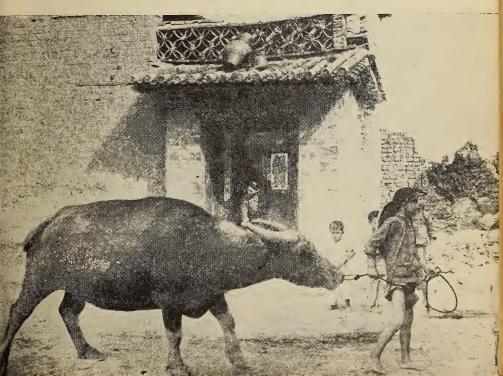
resenting Tientsin, another for Peking, and the fouth team was called the Padres. At first the games were played on Saturday afternoons and the place was always packed. Even the Jap guards stood in for these games and seemed to enjoy them. The games were later changed to evening time and a great deal of good was accomplished by these games. The Padres cleaned up, with Tientsin the closest second. Finally they chose all-star teams to beat the Padres but it apparently just couldn't be The American Franciscans, Passionists and Society of the Divine Word produced too many stellars. There arose the problem of balls. The ones we had were soon battered up too much to play with. The Japs came through with a number of the rubber compound ones they use in Japan. However, these would bounce a terrific distance when used and as it was seen that this was the ruination of the game we decided to force their hands by knocking them out of (Continued on page 20)

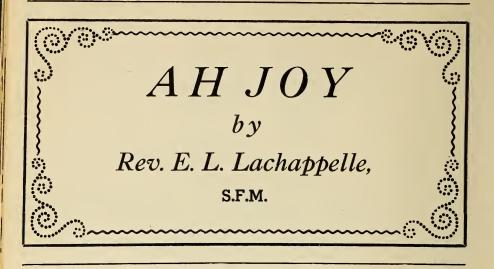
CHINA



Leaders of the Communist uprising: Generals Mao Tse-Tung and Chuh Teh with a foreign correspondent.

Typical village scene-boy and water-buffelo.





IΓ WAS my good fortune to have known a saint in China. I use the word "saint" of course in all submission to the decrees of the Church, which alone has the right to declare one a saint. The name of this person of whom I am writing was Ah Joy and by profession he was a carpenter. When Ah Joy was converted at the age of twenty, he was about to be married. The marriage was postponed until after his baptism, but when he found out that Our Lord was not married and that celibacy was a superior state and more agreeable to God, he refused to be married in order to conform himself more to the life of Christ. He decided also to spend the rest of his life in the service of God and it did not take him long to find his vocation. He would go all over the vicariate of Hong Kong making pews for different churches or doing repair work for the missioners. As far as I know Ah Joy always refused any sort of remuneration. Indeed, on many occasions he himself

paid for the wood, for Ah Joy was not a pauper. He had a substantial revenue from his rice-fields, nearly all of which would be used in works of charity. Every year without fail Ah Joy would come in the hot days of summer to spend a week or ten days at the cathedral of Hong Kong, where the Bishop was his former parish priest and his best friend. This was a real treat for him, for he knew all the priests and liked them all. That is where I met him. I could get along fine with him because I could make mistakes in Cantonese and he would not notice them. His language was Oglo, which is about as different from the languages used in Hong Kong as Russian would be from English.

Was it because of the sanctity of his life that God gave him the grace of martyrdom or did Ah Joy ask for it? Nobody knows. In 1927 when the Reds invaded Foukien province, and the north-east section of Kwantoung, Ah Joy was arrested and put in jail. Why he was so treated, no-

body knew, for he had never been mixed up with any political party nor did he ever harm any single soul. Nevertheless, Ah Joy was on the Bolshevik blacklist.

In jail they tried every means they could to make him an apostate, offering him his freedom if only he would renounce his religion and threatening him with the "Yat-Ching-Ka" or death of a thousand cuts if he refused. But Ah Joy knew better than to sell his soul for a mess of pottage or to exchange his eternal life for this miserable one here below. So he persevered in his faith and the Red demons actually made him suffer the "death of a thousand cuts". During all the horrible ordeal, Ah Joy acted with the supreme courage of St. John de Brebeuf, and as long as he could speak he did not cease to pray for his persecutors, repeating often the very words of Our Lord on the cross—"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do".

When the news of our martyr's death reached Hong Kong we were at table. We all knew that Ah Joy had been arrested but nobody had thought he would be put to death. Bishop Valtorta was a long time without speaking but when he was able to he said, "poor Ah Joy, they have been very cruel to kill Ah Joy".

Now, it is quite possible that Ah Joy will never be canonized in this world, but at the time it never even came to my mind to pray for the repose of his soul. I felt rather like invoking him as a saint and martyr.

Physically, Ah Joy was by no means beautiful, yet there was something in his countenance and his straightforward, limpid eyes, which was inspiring. Yes, something that one can feel but cannot possibly describe. In heart and in soul Ah Joy was truly beautiful.

Marco Polo

(Continued from page 13)

information as to the state of Christianity in Central Asia and especially in China, at the period in which he writes. He was a commercial man, a trader and a diplomat; and as such was not so much interested in the state of Christianity. His long residence in those countries and the important duties which the Khan intrusted to him must assuredly have placed in his possession all details of this interesting question. It is only occasionally that he drops a word with reference to Christians or Chrisianity. In describing the larger important towns of China he will sometimes mention Christian churches, but this meagre information is all that is given by the Venetian traveller. However, his writings are valuable for their correct descriptions of the country, its inhabitants, customs, laws and language and these are valuable helps to all of us who have been in these countries and also to those who go as missionaries to these people.

With the cessation of hostilities, the East is luring back many old hands who were forced to leave. What will they find there now? The first thing they find is the different attitude of the people towards the man of commerce, the trader and business in general. With the abolition of exterritoriality, a more Chinese attitude towards the Foreigner is evident and stringent Chinese rules and methods are being insisted upon. The internal strife now going on in many provinces will retard growth, development and reconversion of the country after so many years struggling against her enemy. We trust a speedy settlement of the difficulties now confronting her government so that she may be free to put her house in order and peace be again restored to the Orient.

Diary of a Missionary

(Continued from page 16)

the lot. So we set out one day to lose the works and we did. In one game we knocked fourteen over the wall and so the Japs set about getting the good old American version softball.

Added to this we had tennis, basketball, volleyball. However, in view of the lack of vitamins all round these games were entered into only half-heartedly, when they were played at all.

Besides this there was time for serious reflection and more intellectual pursuit. There was regular school for the children from kindergarten up to the completion of high school. The Sisters, priests and other denominational missionary teachers formed the staff. There were adult education courses. They covered everything that one could possibly want to take from Thomistic theology to philology or carpentry. language conceivable was taught. There were some very interesting lectures in Chinese philosophy by Dr. Porter.

Every Friday and Saturday night there were entertainments in the hall, the converted Church. There were many talented musicians amongst us and the Peking Choral Society was there. Sometimes it would be a skit, at other times a play. Among the plays which really went over was an effort by the Padres for the fourth of July. (Cf. Mike MacSween for the songs). One night there was a quiz programme. The master of ceremonies was head of the committees and he got off some good stuff. He first announced that there would be three prizes, the first a hard-boiled egg, a la commandant, a fresh egg, a la gendarme, a rotten egg, à la garde.

There had been originally a very nice hospital put up by the mission

which had owned the property. However on arriving there we found it stripped bare and without beds or anything else. So we set to work and cleaned the place up and managed to get it looking quite clean and decent. We arranged for special food for those on diet and special attention for the sick of every kind. The interned mission doctors and nurses did the work. One of the best nurses in the hospital was a young Anglican missionary nurse who had become a Catholic and was making her postulancy after entering the convent just prior to internment. The medicine required came from the hospital in Peking, through the Swiss Red Cross. While I was in the camp two priests and one lay person died. Among the internees there were former employees of the big coal mining concern of Tientsin, and these received fine consignments of goods from the company. The Japs had held some of the British engineers out to run these coal mines against their wills and it was from these that the parcels arrived. They had tried to get into the camp themselves but the Japs kept them at work.

Among the incidents in the camp that evoked a certain amount of amusement, was that of the false teeth of one Mr. Peacock. Apparently outside the room in which he slept there was an electric light to give the guards a chance to see the immediate area. This would be a great obstacle to sleep and so his room mate saw a glass of water alongside of him, picked it up and let it go at the light. The light went out but so did the false teeth which had been in the glass, much to the chagrin of Mr. Peacock. Then, too, there was the day that young Kelly fell in the cess-pool. However he was saved and that was more than some of the internees had hoped for.

Rumours of course took the place

of the world news that was denied us. It made the situation liveable and one would deliberately circulate rumours on the Q.T. just to see how long it would take them to come back to the original manufacturer on the same Q.T. The Jap-controlled Peking paper came into camp, and that was all.

Life rolled along pretty well on the same tenor until the beginning of the end, when the word came that the priests and sisters were to be interned in their own religious houses in Peking. The Apostolic Delegate had managed at last to get this concession. This was a very sad event for the camp.

The German Franciscan representative of the apostolic delegate showed up at the camp one day and called in all the various religious superiors and made it known to them that they were to return to Peking. Then the Japanese announced that the following priests would remain behind, and there also followed a list of sisters. The others began to say that we were going to get it in the neck. However, later we found out that we were held behind to be repatriated and it was the others that would be held on in Peking. Consternation arose in the camp as amongst the priests were the young men who had supplied

most of the labour for the camp as well as a good share of the entertainment on the baseball field. The various preparations for departure and the necessary packing followed quickly. Then the tears began to flow. Among the internees was the American Negro band from the Hotel Peking. They led the departure music with the music of God bless America, only changing the words to the Padres. These were accompanied by the Salvation Army band. Amidst all the songs and tears that would accompany any touching spectacle the priests and sisters took their departure. The Scarboro boys were in the second group.

About a week or so after this we received word of repatriation. This really raised the hopes of everyone in camp, and it certainly gave them an awful blow when they found their names were not on the list. However as our names were there we had to start packing, and it was possibly the most enjoyable task of my life. There was about a week intervening in the announcement and the day of departure. Two days before the actual departure we had to have our trunks up on the Church grounds for the first inspection. This was a most thorough inspection and the following day the trunks shipped off.

(To be continued)

WANTED ... USED NEWFOUNDLAND STAMPS



WE APPEAL TO NEWFOUNDLAND BUDS OF THE ROSE GARDEN TO STAGE A STAMP DRIVE TO HELP IN OUR WORK FOR CHINA.



Scarboro Foreign Mission (wely .. Scarbor Bluffe, Du, January 12/46

Hello Rose Buds, From coast to coast let's bow and smile Hoppy new year to everybody and everybody else! May God bless ma, each and every one, and one families

a year of opportunities to make use better and better. A year, you may be sure, in which God intends to shower every one with gazes, if, oh! that if I you remember how it was during 1945, don't you?

now, what about resolutions! Let In Jum remind you it's hetter to make one and keep ut, then to make ten and keep sine.

fathfully; malk hand on hand with your Blessed mother and Little Teresa to great your gears array morning, and 1946 mill be the best year of your life.

Father Jam

1946 Program

THIS year, Buds, we are going to have a whole lot of games, contests and such. Even lucky number draws. And we're going to have a Rose-of-the-Month, some boy or girl,—maybe you, who will be selected for outstanding work in the Rose Garden.

In order to make things easier, each Bud is going to receive a number; in that way the judges won't know names until after deciding the winner or winners of any contest. So write in today your full name and address and age. If you wish you may send them in by classes and save paper and stamps. Hurry now, Buds and we'll get things rolling.

I won't tell you all the prizes, but, does anyone like a bicycle? The Rose-of-the-Month prize is something almost impossible to procure anywhere! What do you think of that?

Contest rules will be published just as soon as all Buds have received a Garden Number. So hurry, Buds, write now.

A word about our Quickie Quiz. It may be found anywhere in the Rose Garden. All you have to do is answer it correctly.

Now here is an important announcement. Read it and remember it. Because our Buds are scattered across Canada and Newfoundland and some receive the China days earlier than others, we will set a date-line so every one has a chance to get an answer in.

Do you know any boys or girls who are not yet members of our Garden? Get them to join in with us and have a merry time.



Dear Buds,

We chose Helen Rose O'Toole as Bud-of-the-Month for January. Next month it may be you. Helen "scouted around" as she says in her letter, and sent in four dollars for new and old subscribers to China magazine. Of course, even Helen didn't know about this new feature of the Garden. It was a secret until now. So, come on Buds! Whoever does most for the missions this month will be the lucky one. And, Buds, write to Helen and ask her about the prize she won . . . mm . . . mm!

God bless you all, and your families,

Fr. Jim.

To avoid repetition, new Buds whose letters are published, will not be found in the PenPal Corner. In our Garden Gossip columns they will be marked by an *.



Dear Fr. Jim,

It was very nice of you to take time out to write me such a nice letter . . . I scouted around and got a new subscriber for CHINA . . .

Helen Rose O'Toole, Sydney Mines, N.S.

Helen, you say and do the nicest things!

Dear Fr. Jim,

For many months I have read and enjoyed your little magazine CHINA ... I am fifteen years old ... like all sports . . . favorite hobby is knitting.

Peggy Cooper,*
St. John's, Nfld.

Peggy, in your honour, let's have a quickie quiz. And for a prize. All Buds have a chance, so get your answers in fast. Here's the question: What did Sleep knit?

Dear Fr. Jim.

My name is Constance Marie Murray. I read CHINA very often ... put pennies in the mite box ... our class sent over a thousand stamps.

724 Victoria Rd.,* Sydney, N.S.

Connie is thirteen years old, Buds, and wants pen-pals. Let's write to her and make her happy too.

Dear Fr. Jim.

Since I joined the Rose Garden I have been saving stamps and am sending you two hundred . . .

Edward Murphy, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

Edward, my boy, you have my stamp of approval.

Dear Fr. Jim.

Just a line to thank you for letting me join the Rose Garden. I am a cripple and can't work . . . but here are some unused stamps.

Bernadette Murdock,*
70 James St., Peterboro, Ont.

God bless you, Bernadette, for your mighty mite. I and all the Buds will ask the Little Flower to send you a great big blessing:

Dear Fr. Jim,

I received your letter with certificate and mite box . . . which has a very good start already . . . I would like a boy who is interested in sports to write me.

Pat Flanagan,*
346 Belfast St.,
Medicine Hat, Alta.

Pat's fourteen years old, Euds, and a very welcome member of our Garden. Don't forget to write him. He will have plenty of interesting things to tell you.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am fourteen years old . . . want to join the Rose Garden . . . and promise to do all I can to help the Missions. Genevieve Costello,*

Avondale, C.B., Nfld.

One more Bud for Avondale!

Dear Fr. Jim,

I hope this will reach you . . . here's a dollar I saved for the China Mission . . . Mary Bellis,

Essex, Ont., Box 46.

You're a dear, Mary, and some Chinese girl is going to be very happy!

Dear Fr. Jim,

Received your lovely letter . . . am very glad you gave my address to Jeannette Laporte of Bell River. I've always wanted a pen-pal with a lovely name like Jeannette . . .

Mary Marley,*
Phelpston, Ont.

Take a bow, Jeannette, take a bow! And I think Mary Marley is a lovely sounding name too. What say, Buds?

Dear Fr. Jim,

You will find enclosed a little donation to help the army of Christ . . . I wish to mention thanksgiving to St. Teresa and St. Anthony for favours received.

Trooper Czorny, Camp Borden, Ont.

Trooper Czorny, Buds, is one of the boys who helped save this lovely Canada of ours. Let's all ask God to bless him.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Could you please put my name in the pen-pal list . . . hobbies are playing the piano . . . horse-back riding . . .

Henriette Rostaing,*
Ohaton, Alberta.

Henriette is thirteen years old, Buds, and wants everybody to write to her . . . Ten thousand welcomes, Henriette!

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am very interested in joining the Rose Garden . . . I have lost the dearest brother overseas . . . I wondered if you could say a prayer for him.

Teresa Fleming,*
10916 126th St.,
Edmonton, Alta.

Teresa, little one, our deepest love goes out to you. And, Buds, as soon as you have read this, I want each of you to say a Hail Mary for Teresa's brother, and for all brothers and sisters who died in this war. Dear Fr. Jim,

Here are some stamps and a dollar for CHINA magazine . . . and another dollar for a new subscriber . . .

Anne Stadnyk, 10211 106th St., Edmonton, Alta.

Thanks ever so much Anne! All our Buds say thanks to you for your grand work!

Dear Fr. Jim,

We would like to be admitted to the Rose Garden, promise to keep the conditions of membership . . . are already saving pennies . . .

Anna, Alice, and Alex Slade,*
Carbonear, Nfld.

Well, Buds, what do you think of that? Three members from one family and all new in our Garden. Let's give them a cheery welcome. Anna was fourteen on November third... Happy birthday to you...

Dear Fr. Jim,

I have heard many nice things about the Little Flower's Rose Garden and would like very much to be a member also.

Irene Brown,*
75 Rosedale Ave.,
Ottawa, Ont.

Isn't that a lovely compliment to all our Buds! We welcome you, Irene, and hope you'll be happy with us.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Ever since Fr. Morrissey visited our parish last spring . . . CHINA comes into our home . . . I'm fourteen years of age and for a pen-pal I'd like to hear from a twin.

Anna Mae Moore,*
Avondale, C.B., Nfld.

Thank you for collecting the stamps, Anna Mae, and I hope you'll enjoy our joyful Gardeners . . . Calling all twins, calling all twins! Write Anna Mae, write Anna Mae! That is all.

Dear Fr. Jim.

I would like to put my name in the pen-pal corner. My hobbies are music, skating and dancing . . . will be seventeen on the fifth of June . . .

Joan McMullin,*
Woodstock, N.B.

June brought the roses and Joan! Do you play the piano, Joan? Let's hear all about it!

Dear Fr. Jim,

I have just received your letter and am anxious to know more about the Rose Garden . . . and please don't forget my pen-pals.

Kay DeLaPlante,*
537 Central Ave.,
Hamilton, Ont.

Welcome, Kay, and may you have all the pals you wish for.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I received seven pen-pals since joining . . . May God bless you and all the members of the Rose Garden.

Louise Doiron, Hunter River, R.R. No. 3, P.E.J.

Thank you Louise. And how about writing to us all the legend which gave Hunter River its name. I'll put it in the Rose Garden. What say Buds?



Were you ever writing with a pen, Buds, and suddenly the letters began to blur? And when you held the point up to the light, you saw the flimsiest bit of stuff, thinner than spider's web? It was causing all the trouble, making your writing look ugly and blotchy even though you could still read it. And yet it was such a tiny thing!

Well, that's what imperfection does to your soul. Doesn't kill it, to be sure, but makes it look awfully messy and soiled in the bright light of God's holiness. And none of us wants that to happen, do we?

Father Jim.

PEN PAL CORNER

Dennis March, Deer Lake, Box 13, Nfld.

Catherine Power, The Front, Bell Island, Nfld.

Therese Taylor, 270 Rideau St., Kingston, Ont.

Alice Callahan, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld. Jerome Brooker, 109 Gore St., Amherstburg, Ont.

Doreen Dell, 5 Niagara St., Thorold,

Doris Meaney, Avondale, C.B., Nfld. Mildred Mary Meaney, Avondale, C.B., Nfld. Betty Murphy, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld. Shirley Fitzgerald, East End, Bell Island, Nfld.

Joan McGarry, Smith Falls, Ont. R.R. No. 2.

Eileen Marie Lesage, 59 Pim St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Frank Brazil, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld. Darlene Kaupp, Cowley, Alta.

Mary Hogan, Kingston, Ont. R.R. No. 6.

Arthus Mangiacotte, 117 Boone Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Marie Inez Landers, 274 Germain St., St. John, N.B.

Game Page

TRY THESE IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Take the two words "Rose Garden" and using only those letters, make as many words as you can. Send your answers in promply because there is a prize for the winner.

SOME CORNEY RIDDLES

(Can you solve them?)

1. Why is a dirty child like flannel?; 2. What word is composed of five letters, from which if you take two one remains?; 3. Why is the letter Y like a young spendthrift?; 4. What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald-headed man and a gorilla?; 5. What is the coldest place in a theatre?; 6. What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?; 7. What has four legs and lies?; 8. What is the difference between the North Pole and the South Pole?

(Answers on page 29)

FAMOUS PAIRS

(Can you complete the following?)

1. Romeo and —; 2. Punch and —; 3. Mutt and —; 4. Laurel and —; 5. Anthony and —; 6. Simon and —; 7. Alphonse and —; 8. Ferdinand and —; 9. Gilbert and —; 19. Hansel and

(Answers on page 29)

LITERARY ZOO

(What is the young of the following called?)

1. Bear; 2. Sheep; 3. Duck; 4. Frog; 5. Swan; 6. Chicken; 7. Hen; 8. Horse; 9. Mare; 10. Swine.

(Answers on page 29)

THE PROBLEM OF THE NOBLES AND THE SLAVES

There is a certain tribe in Africa which knows not the meaning of

mediocrity. There each person is either prince or pauper, benign or bad. A strict caste system sharply divides each of these groups into nobles and slaves. The standing of each caste is reflected in the integrity of its members: the nobles always tell the truth; the slaves are congenital liars.

The explorer who first discovered this strange country had heard about the strange population. His first sight of its people was an encounter with three natives whom he espied on the other side of a rushing torrent.

The explorer, knowing the native tongue, shouted across the stream to the first man: "Are you a noble or are you a slave?" The native hastened to reply but his answer was lost in the sound of the rushing waters.

sound of the rushing waters.

The second native had heard the question and seeing that the explorer did not grasp the first man's answer, he cried out: "This man says he's a noble. He is a noble. So am I a noble."

Whereupon the third native mockingly affirmed, pointing to the last speaker, "Put no trust in him! He's a slave; but I, I am a noble!"

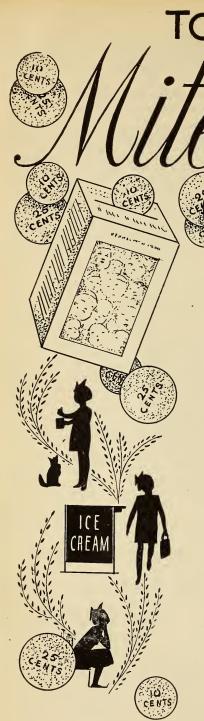
Now the question is: Which of the three natives were nobles, and which of the three natives were slaves?

(Answers on page 29)

Don't Forget!

Write To-day for Your Contest Number

Watch February China for the Big Contest of 1946



Every penny I put in,
Helps our missioners to win,
Smooths the stoney road they plod
Seeking pagan souls for God.

Yes, there's nice things I could buy, Ice cream, candy—maybe pie; Though these pleasures do entice Yet I'll make my sacrifice.

Hoping that someday there'll be,
Then and for eternity,
One more soul I've helped to save
By the many mites I gave.

FATHER JIM

Annual Bazaar

Our sincere and grateful thanks are offered to the members of St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary, who under the general convenership of Mrs. E. J. Staley, President, arranged and conducted the yearly bazaar in aid of the Chinese Catholic Missions. Prize winners are as listed below.

The first prize in the Grand Draw, was drawn by His Worship Mayor Saunders and was won by Mrs. F. L. MacDonald, Toronto, No. 58102, second prize drawn by Mrs. David Balfour, won by L. Faught, Toronto, No. 67813, Third Prize drawn by the Honorary President, Mrs. Ann. Hymus, won by M. Kohler, Toronto, No. 91892, Fourth Prize drawn by Mr. Wm. Cummins won by C. Foley, Arthur, Ont. No. 78173, Fifth Prize drawn by Mr. Ted Corney, won by Helen Martin, Toronto, No. 9795. A special draw was made for the seller's prize, and was won by A. J. Wolff, Peterboro, Ont.

Novitiate Notes

(Continued from page 9) training at this "center" where the models are Jesus Christ, Mary His Holy Mother and St. Joseph. Their own home—the House of Mary in the town of Nazareth, was the prototype of all novitiates where men or women are taught that one thing alone is necessary: to know, to love and to serve God.

GAME PAGE ANSWERS

Corney Riddles (Answers)

1. Because it shrinks from washing;
2. Stone; 3. Because it makes Pa Pay;
4. The Prince of Wales is an heir apparent, an orphan has no apparent, a bald-headed man has no apparent hair, and a gorilla has a hairy parent;
5. Z Row; 6. One sews seams nice and the other seems so nice; 7. A dead horse; 8. All the difference in the world.

Famous Pairs (Answers)

1. Romeo and Juliet; 2. Punch and Judy; 3. Mutt and Jeff; 4. Laurel and Hardy; 5. Anthony and Cleopatra; 6. Simon and Jude; 7. Alphone and Gaston; 8. Ferdinand and Isabella; 9. Gilbert and Sullivan; 10. Hansel and Gretel.

The Crow's Nest

(Continued from page 11) and hearken to the requests of God's Blessed Mother it would be an influence for peace more powerful than all the meetings of world leaders from now till the dark days of humanity's final madness. We urge you, again, to learn all about it and to go to work without delay. There may not be too much time.

Literary Zoo (Answers)

1. Cub; 2. Lamb; 3. Duckling; 4. Tadpole; 5. Cygnet; 6. Chick; 7. Pullet; 8. Colt; 9. Filly; 10. Pig.

The Problem of the Nobles and the Slaves (Answer)

The first native must have said: "I am a noble." If he were in fact a noble, he would have told the truth and admitted it. On the other hand, if he were a slave, he would have lied and said that he was a noble.

The second native who said that the first one said that he was a noble, must have then been telling the truth. Therefore, he must be a noble. That means that his entire statement was true and therefore, it is conclusive that the first native also was a noble.

The third man, who says that the second one was a slave, is therefore obviously lying. He, then, must be a slave.





"It's Mrs. Sapp," said a voice outside in response to his query.

"It's Mrs. Sapp, Mother," Johnny cried. "Get the hatchet!"

Our London correspondent supplies this one:

Sedgwick: "Terribly sorry to hear

you buried your wife yesterday."
Watleywood: "Had to — dead, you know."

He had just returned from church, and his wife said to him. "What was the text of the sermon today?"

"He giveth His beloved sheep," was

the reply.

"Many people there?" she inquired. "All the beloved," came the answer.

It was a black night and he was on his way home from the station. Suddenly he realized that he was being followed. He quickened his pace. So did the man who was following him. He quickened his step again. And so did the man who followed. Faster and faster went the pace until he came to a cemetery.

"Now," he thought, "I'll fool him." He entered the cemetery, dodged around several tombstones, crawled under a hedge, circled a mausoleum. Still the man followed. At last he turned and faced the fellow.

"Well, what is it? Why are you following me?" he asked.
"Well, sir," came the reply, "I'm going to Mr. Simpkins' home. The station agent said to follow you because you live next door. But tell me, mister, do you always go home like this?"

A Scotsman went to the doctor's for an examination. He said, "Doctor, I've got terrible pains in my chest, and every day at four o'clock I get dizzy spells, and in my feet — it's like rheu-

matism, my toes." So the doctor gave him different medicines for his ailments. When the fellow got home, his family was waiting for him. "Have you been to the doctor?" they asked. "Yes," he answered, "here is the medi-cine for my chest, and Molly, here's the medicine for your dizzy spells, and Sandy, here's the medicine for your rheumatism."

A Welshman who was very proud of his bass voice was describing a wonderful dream he'd had.

"I was in a mighty choir," he said, "5,000 sopranos, 5,000 altos, 5,000 tenors —all singing together double forte."

"It must have been wonderful," said the listener. "But what about the basses?"

"That was it!" said the dreamer. "Suddenly the conductor stopped the choir and, turning to me, said: 'Not quite so loud in the bass, please, Mr. Jones!"

"A little birdie told me what kind of a business man your father was."
"What did it say?"

"Cheep, cheep."
"Yeah? Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your father was."

Clerk: "These are especially strong shirts, madam. They laugh at the laundry.'

Customer: "I know that kind, I had some come back with their sides split."

Mrs. Brown: "How children's tastes

change.' Mrs. White: "Yes, when my two were small, Junior just loved soldiers and Mary was crazy for brightly colored dolls. Now Mary is crazy about soldiers and Junior runs after every painted doll he sees."

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BOOK DEPARTMENT

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

ATTENTION!

Quebec and Prince Edward Island subscribers are receiving renewal notices now. Please examine expiry date on yellow label and see whether or not you are paid up. If not, we cordially invite you to renew your subscription. Thank you.



These Chinese coolies can perform their herculean task because they pull together. Let's all pull together for the Missions this year of 1946.



AD MULTOS ANNOS!

December 23rd of 1945 became—and will remain—a day of great joy and happiness for Catholic Canada. On that date we learned of the elevation to the Cardinalate of His Excellency James Charles McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto. A native son of the Maritimes, born in Hunter River, Prince Edward Island, cardinal elect McGuigan well deserves the high honor bestowed upon him, and he brings to his new and illustrious office the dignity, charm, and scholarliness that have singularly marked his priesthood and episcopate.

Cardinal-designate Archbishop McGuigan will be the first English speaking Cardinal in the history of Canada and the city and archdiocese of Toronto have been especially honored by this felicitous choice of the Holy See.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, of whose Board of Control the new cardinal elect is a member, takes this occasion through the medium of CHINA, to wish His Excellency sincerest felicitations and an assurance of our prayers that God may direct him in the performance of his high and important duties in the college of cardinals.

Seldom indeed does so great an honor come to any man or to any Archdiocese, and we join the innumerable Catholics and non-Catholics across Canada in an expression of singular joy on this most happy occasion.

With reverence and devotion we greet Cardinal-elect Archbishop McGuigan, and we say from the very bottom of our grateful hearts—

Ad Multos et Faustissimos Annos!

NEWS BRIEFS

Rt. Rev. Msgr. McRae, D.C.L., our Superior General, has left for Santo Domingo to make his official visitation of the many parishes entrusted to the priests of our Society. We all wish him bon voyage and a happy return.

Something new is happening in Bani on the sunny island of Santo Domingo! A religious revival in the truest sense, — the resurrection of Bani, it might be called. On the Feast of Christ the King a huge and well-organized procession of some five thousand persons took place. Catholic Action groups are increasing in influence, and the best sign of their growing successes is the fact that so many men are returning to the ancient Faith, brought to the Island by Columbus.

And why is all this? Because priests from our Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, eighteen in all, are giving the best that is in them to restore the Catholicity of this Republic to its rightful position in the lives of the people. Sheer lack of priests was the main reason why the faith of so many was being jeopardized. May God bless our Catholic Canadians who are making this miracle possible.

CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. D. E. Stringer, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVII, No. 2, February, 1946. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.

Captain, the Rev. Patrick Burke, S.F.M., is still in Holland and busy with his duties as Chaplain. Fr. Pat expects to be home sometime in February. Read his eye-witness account of a miracle at Lourdes on another page.

Captain, the Rev. Michael Maloney, S.F.M., is back from three years of overseas work as Chaplain, and is stationed at Kingston.

With the kind permission of his Excellency Archbishop McNally, D.D., Fr. Craig Strang and Fr. Tom Morrisey are speaking in various churches of the archdiocese of Halifax in the interests of our Society and its far-flung missions. Our sincerest thanks go to his Excellency and his zealous priests who are making this appeal possible.

Fr. Beal returned to the Seminary filled with praises for the pastors, assistants, and teaching staffs of the parish schools of Hamilton. Father

(Continued on page 29)

R.I.P.

Your prayers are requested for the repose of the soul of Fr. Sharkey's brother who was instantly killed in a traffic accident a short time ago.

Prayers are also requested for the deceased Patrick Stringer, brother of Desmond E. Stringer.



(Concluded)

Care of Soldiers

Living as we have been, so close to the front lines, we are daily in close contact with the fighting men of China. Our dealings however, are with the sick and woundedthose too ill for the line of march and those heroes of the battle-field, who are brought back on rude stretchers and carried to our dispensary for treatments. We are happy to be of service to these brave men who, like our own Canadian soldiers, fear not to risk all for the safety of their Nation's rights. The Chinese fully appreciate our efforts and hesitate not to bring their sick and wounded. Hundreds of soldiers come daily to the dispensary, all orderly, respectful and deeply grateful.

Twice a week we go to the military hospital. The hospital is merely an old temple where the sick and wounded boast only of a roof over their heads and a bundle of straw for a bed. Here we spend hours dispensing medicine, changing dressings, and instructing losers in untiring engagements against the enemy of the country. Many, very many

of these brave men of China have become victors in the battle that counts—the battle against the powers of darkness — the battle for their eternal salvation. Medals and decorations, they have none, but their Commander, our Lord Himself, commissions his Missionary Priests and Sisters to seal them with the seal of His glorious Image, and with the waters of baptism still damp on his brow — the soldier boy of China joins the Victorious army in heaven—his last battle fought and won.

"I Was in Prison and You Visited Me"

Four times a week it is our precious privilege to spend the greater part of a day with the poor, shackled prisoners in the city jail.

Clinic day is a little holiday for these sadly neglected prisoners of the law. Ankle chained as they are, they are permitted to leave the cell block and to enjoy freedom of the courtyard as long as the clinic lasts.

Cleansing and soothing deep wounds and ulcers, dispensing medicine, extracting teeth, etc., all this

Page Four

takes time, and the prisoners are never in a hurry.

Besides medical care which is sorely needed, we try to find out the needs of each one. Poor men, their need is great, but they beg only for a little salt, needles and thread and an old patch with which to mend their clothes. Pictures of aeroplanes, and warships are always the latest news on the daily progress or setback of the Japanese.

Their wounds cleansed and dressed, and other medications dispensed, the prisoners file back to their cells. A warden officer appears and exorts us as we fall in line behind the prisoners. In the cell block are our very sick and dying patients—those who are too weak to attend clinic. The guards used to accompany us from cell to cell, but have long since abandoned that practice. At the huge barred door, he salutes, waits for us to enter, closes the door and padlocks it. We are prisoners amongst prisoners, free to move about amongst them. We visit each cell, each prisoner in it. Forsaken by men, neglected by authority these poor men have no one but the Missionary to help them and relieve them. The condition of the cells is appallingthat of the prisoners worse. Lying on the damp ground with only a bundle of straw beneath them, these poor patients are not only victims of disease but of rats, vermin, flies, and mosquitoes, of unhygienic conditions, one would have to see to believe. Water is a luxury, barely enough to allay his thirst is all the patient can hope for. Many times the prisoners themselves try to check our entrance into some of the cells. They tell us the patient is too far gone for medical care, that we would soil our habits and even become sick ourselves. Their arguments avail little and it is amusing to see the poor men scouting around trying to clean up each cell ahead of us, hurrying to unwrap soiled bandages, fanning off flies, from pus infected wounds, holding our veils as we stoop to cleanse and dress ugly open sores; holding basins while we bathe the scab covered body of a fellowprisoner; clearing away repulsive discharge basins and dressings. They hover around, willingly to help, anxious to be of service. They listen as we instruct the dying patient, they witness the simple baptismal ceremony. They see us kneel in filthy cells, and hear us pray for their cell mates. They wonder! Not now, they are used to the Mo. Mo. They still protest that we volunteer to enter their wretched quarters but they understand our motives a little better now. Many of them Catechumens, some are baptized. In one year, prison bars silently witnessed the peaceful deaths of seventy newly baptized Christian prisoners. God walks amongst His poor companions of His death hours. Seventy times in six short weeks, He deigned to repeat to these wayward but repentant children the consoling words He addressed to the Good Thief on Calvary—"This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

How generously rewarded we are for our little share in the work of saving souls. Soiled and even vermin covered garments are our tangible reward — each visit to the prison exacts deeds of charity that are at times revolting, even to us who have been at this work for years, but to have the privilege and honour of baptizing one prisoner's soul more than repays for the hours spent in the disease, rat, and flea infected prison block. It is such a small price to pay for the rich rewards we reap.

The beggars, poor tangled up bits of humanity are our chief heartbreak and we seem to be helpless in their midst. Their twisted limbs are not meant for straightening out and they stubbornly refuse to have their open sores treated. The more gaping their wounds, the more sympathy they arouse in their daily begging excursions. The Sisters visit them in their crowded miserable huts. In them, we are always sure of finding dying infants and often a retired and enfeebled beggar who looks to us for relief and sympathy in his declining days.

We can do so little towards helping the beggar materially. It would be utterly impossible to try to feed and clothe them all and any effort to transfrom their wretched huts into a dwelling fit for human beings would be even a greater impossi-Their status as beggars excludes them from society, other than that of fellow beggars, but the Missionary sees Christ, in the tattered and twisted body of the poor beggar and to him she renders the same unselfish service, knowing that what she does for him she is doing unto Him who said: "As long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it unto Me.'

Our Workroom

Two pressing needs were responsible for our fancywork department.

The Missions needed vestments and many of our young ex-pupils needed work.

The Chinese woman is by nature clever with her hands. abounded in beautiful silk shops, where materials and thread could be bought. Almost overnight our little workshop took shape and in six months' time twenty-five girls were turning out one exquisite piece of work after another. The demand for vestments grew as the Missions expanded and our orders were for more than we could handle. Besides vestments, gorgeous dressing gowns, bed spreads, table cloths, children's clothes, lingerie, handkerchiefs, scarfs and bags, were designed and delicately embroidered. Many a dainty piece of work found its way to Canada but the war has hampered further export.

As soon as our Mission re-opens we plan to have our embroidery school functioning again. Our poor girls need work and we hope to find patrons in Canada who will like our work and thus keep our Christian girls supplied with orders which will not only encourage and support them but also give them the opportunity of working in a Catholic atmosphere.



"No Other Reason"

"The Church has no other reason for existence, than by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His salutary Redemption."

(Encyclical on Foreign Missions; P. Pius XI)

SEMINARIES and other institutes for the training of young men for the Holy Priesthood are finding that with the coming of peace there has come also a revival in vocations. Such religious houses all over the United States and Canada report that the number entering this year to begin their studies has reached a new high in most cases.

Our own seminary at Scarboro Bluffs and the novitiate at St. Marys, Ontario, have the largest enrolment of new students ever registered for a single year in the Society's quarter-century of history. Among the new men, who hail from all over the Dominion and Newfoundland, are representatives of the armed servces; young men who have exchanged the blues and khaki of their country's fighting force for the black cassock of Christ's army of missioners.

Vocations on the increase to fill gaps

That the number of vocations to foreign mission work, particularly, should be on the increase at this chaotic period of world history is, plainly, a sign that He, to whose Sacred Heart the salvation of the pagan world is so desirable, would have this work go forward with even greater intensity now than ever before. Now more than ever in foreign lands are the fields white with the harvest; now more than ever are the workers few. Priests who would have been able for mission work for many years to come have had health undermined by concentration camps and the hardships of life in war-torn areas. When the return to the East is made by mission bands in the very near future, the gaps they have left will have to be filled by young men now studying. Disrupted by the implacable sweep of total war, missionary effort came practically to a standstill in the Orient during the past four or five years. To recover old ground and conquer new will be the immediate task of foreign-going missioners, including our own priests from Scarboro. To follow out this programme our Society wll need more and more priests and the continuation, with undiminished zeal, of the prayers and offerings of those at home.

But why 'foreign' missions at a time like this?

Because some of the faithful, even among those who help us, ask strange questions when we speak of this very programme, a catechism on the point might not be amiss at this time.

We hear sometimes; "But why send priests to China or other foreignmission territory at a time when the Church needs all the priests she can get to fight her battles at home?"

To answer as the *missionary* Church of Christ has always answered is the purpose of this present article.

The interest in foreign missions is growing, among Catholic youth particularly, but now, as always, those who feel they have a vocation for the missionary Priesthood are often discouraged by well-intentioned people. Too often young men who might have garnered countless souls for Christ are mislead by standard objections to foreign mission effort which even the Apostles in their time must have heard from their well-intentioned, fellow Jewish converts.

These objections are often proposed by people in authority; by those considered prudent; sometimes by very pius souls. The objection heard most frequently is: "Why is it necessary to go so far to do good?" Another; "There is work enough in every home parish for good and zealous priests."

The 'Case' for foreign missions

Those prudent people who put forward objections to mission effort and others like them do not rightly understand the case. Societies interested in foreign mission work do not propose that our position at home should be abandoned to the enemy. They do not propose that all good priests should be missioners.

They do wish to remind every Catholic of the problem of the Church now as on that first Pentecost—the conversion of those who do not know Christ nor His Holy Church.

They ask for whole-hearted, Christ-like cooperaton on two points: (1) that the few generous souls who wish to dedicate their lives to the missionary priesthood be allowed to follow their God-given vocation; (2) that there be no 'knocking' of the efforts of individuals or groups among the laity who dedicate themselves to helping the missions by the collecting of contributions for this all important work of the world's salvation and the calling of God's blessing on the work by the prayers of all.

Wait until the Church at peace!

Do not look for any threat to the best interests of Holy Mother Church in a resurgence of missionary spirit. REMEMBER the Church will survive until time is no more. Each age will bring its own form of the same struggle that has been waging since Christianity began. No age will see Evil ultimately triumph. Always Christ's Church will prevail against the violence of Hell.

Those who ask missioners to bide their time until the Church is at peace are being naive to say the least. The Church will never be at peace; "They have persecuted Me, they will persecute you." The poor pagans who have to wait to hear the Gospel until the Church at home is at peace; completely staffed with priests and with a hundred per cent conquest of souls, will still be pagans at the Judgment. There can be no realization of One Fold, One Shepherd for all men without missioners—foreign missioners.

Zeal for Missions strengthens zeal at home.

They say we need priests at home to fight the enemies of Truth; to preserve the zeal of souls already won to Christ. Are not the foreign-going missioners fighting the enemies of Truth? Is not every pagan soul reclaimed by Baptism a conquest for Christ's Mystical Body? Zeal for the conquest of pagan lands will not weaken the power of the faith at home, (if one can conceive of an at home type of Catholicity.) It is easy to see how the very opposite holds true. As a matter of fact, one can hardly help thinking that lack of zeal for things spiritual at home at different times and in different places, might be the direct result of a lack of interest n the propagation of the faith elsewhere.

Cardinal Manning thought so

The great Cardinal wrote: "I am convinced that it is just on account of the fact that we have need of missioners at home that we should send missioners abroad. In exact proportion to our generosity in giving what we have so liberally received, our undertakings at home will flourish and the zeal and number of our priests will be multiplied. This is the proof and measure of our Catholicity.

(Concluded on page 27)





In Toronto alone, according to recent statistics, there are 90,000 people who are "mentally ill", neurotics, psychotics, schizo-phrenics and what have you. And Toronto is only one Canadian city. What about the other Canadian cities? And the cities of the United States? If that general average be maintained, it means that there are on the North American Continent nearly thirteen million people who, in varying degrees, are a burden upon society. Which reminds us of the cynical prophecy that 100 years from now 50 per cent of the people will be in padded cells and the other 50 per cent will be their keepers.

And you, dear reader? Where do you stand? Whither are you tending in this evolution towards the final showdown? Suppose we go in for a little psycho-analysis! Suppose you settle down in your chair and ask yourself a few questions to see if you are a little off the beam! Fill in "yes" or "no" in the blank spaces and then mark your own paper.

- 1. Are you given to feeling sorry for yourself?
- 2. Do you feel that nobody loves you?
- 3. Do you feel that people generally do not take you seriously

enough, appreciate your importance?

- 4. Are you given to strong emotional reactions, indignation, resentment, bitterness?
- 5. Do you ever, in such a mood, make use of the phrase "Well, I give up"?

Be absolutely honest in your replies or the test is worthless. If you can answer no to all five questions you are a happy extrovert. You will probably never have migraine headaches or stomach ulcers or be "always tired". If the answer in each case should be yes then it's time to watch that danger line. You already qualify for the 90,000 Club. On graduating from this class, the next question might be: "Do you hear noises such as, let us say, little birdies singing sweetly in the treetops in February?" Some of the 90,000, the near relatives of Napoleon and Alexander the Great, have long since been that way. They are resting quietly at the moment, playing checkers with themselves and dreaming of battles

You don't want to play checkers with yourself, you say. Then snap out of it. We'll give you a prescription, guaranteed to go a long way towards curing many phases of neurosis. "Stop feeling important.

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Three times a day, after meals". Of course, it doesn't have to be after meals. But sometime. Say to yourself—until you begin to believe it—"I'm not as important as I think I am... I'm not as important..." If you can work yourself up into saying "What the heck do we care?" and really mean it, then you're home.

Then, too, there's hypertension, that distressing by-product of our stream-lined speed age. The modern pace is taking an increasingly heavy toll in precious nervous energy. We are the victims of high gear and hundred octane living and screaming breakes and nervous breakdowns. We have more time saving devices than you can shake a stick at but we never have time for anything. We go places at fifty miles an hour in order to have more time to twiddle our thumbs after we get there and before the party begins. It's all such a contrast to life in China. It's so different a story East of Suez. There far fewer people go crazy or have nervous disorders. In my ten years in China I never saw a nervous breakdown among the Chinese. Some foreigners, it is true, were that way but the stoical and imperturbable Son of Han simply doesn't go in for neurosis. A nervous breakdown is a luxury the average Chinese simply cannot afford. While he would be ejoying it (You'd be surprised how many people enjoy such afflictions) life would simply and relentlessly pass him by. He'd never get quite caught up again and he knows it.

By way of illustration let me recount a conversation I once had with a group of rickshaw coolies in Shanghai. You know, of course, about the rickshaw coolie, the man who slaves like a human beast of burden to pull you one mile for one Canadian cent and dies, worn out,

after six years of such slavery. There, I said to myself, is a man who has every right to feel sorry for himself. So I stopped this day to talk to four or five of them who were waiting for fares outside the Cathay Hotel.

"How long do you stay in business?" I asked, discreetly.

"Oh" answered one of them, smiling "About five, six, maybe seven year."

"What do you do then?"

"Oh, then have finish".

"How do you mean, 'finish'?"

"Then go die."

So it was true what the statisticians had been saying. An average life expectancy of six years and death "usually from T.B."

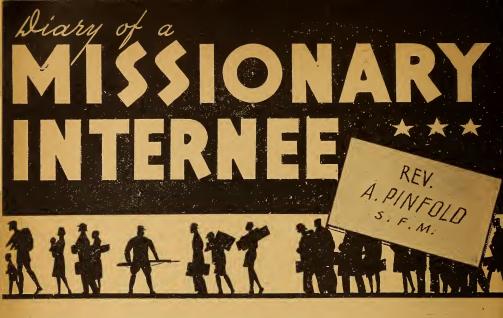
"Isn't that a pretty tough prospect? Don't you feel a little bit sorry for yourselves once in a while?"

They looked at me—and at each other—as if I were crazy in the head.

"The Foreign Master doesn't understand" said the spokesman. "Maybe in his honorable country no have rickshaw. All man have got motor car. We work hard, catch good chow, live six year. If we feel solly, then all time sick, miselable. Then only live four year. That bad business." At which they all smiled as if he had cracked a huge joke.

It's too bad the rickshaw coolie couldn't come to Canada, to Toronto, let us say and take up psychiatry and tell the 90,000: "That bad business".





(Concluded)

The following day there followed another camp concert and it was really sad to see the others left behind. Had it not been for that there would have been no alloy in our joy. A final inspection of our goods on our way to the trucks. We went to the station then and we unloaded it again, and in light of the food that we had not been eating for the last several months our strength nearly gave out. Then came the terrible feeling that it might not take place at all. All there was at this stage of the game to make us happy was the realisation that we were outside those walls and that was something even if it didn't last too long. There were about two hundred and sixty of us going, in three train cars. The train of course was late.

All the young men had to do the lugging again in an awful rush to make up for the time lost by the train. We were given lunches from our kitchens in the camp. We took the train Wednesday noon and we

were supposed to arrive Thursday evening. This was too much to expect and when we did arrive there we found that it was Saturday noon.

The reason for the break-up in schedule was that there were three derailments ahead of us. The guerillas were blowing up the track ahead of us and one of the Jap guards said: "I guess the Chinese hate to see you go." Once our lunches were finished the food was finished. They did give us two Jap buns at Nanking. There was no place to lie down in the train and of course that meant no rest. However just before we came to Nanking we were derailed again or rather the train ahead had been derailed. Then as we waited alongside a railroad platform the Jap nicely announced that there was a special concession being made for the young men who were to move the baggage the following day and they could go out of the train and lie down on the cement platform for an hour's rest before the train would take off again. The following

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morning we came to the ferry at Nanking and that meant that the younger men who had had such a privilege the night before had to haul the baggage from the train and load it on trucks and cross the ferry. On the other side the Japs gave us the two buns mentioned above and then we had to pack the baggage on another train across the river. was in bad shape as it had been previously wrecked. Finally it pulled out and was about two hours down the tracks when we came to a preceding train that had been derailed. We backed up quite a piece and then stopped for the night beside a car full of squealing pigs. Finally we did arrive in Shanghai Saturday morning.

Then came the eternal baggage question. Most of the internees went off by bus. Some of us were kept behind to load baggage. We were in the station when a hand grenade went off. So a cordon was thrown around the place and we had to sit there until the investigation took place. This being finished we loaded the baggage and got on buses ourselves and were taken to join the others at St. John's College in Shanghai. This was the first chance we had since leaving the camp to

have a wash.

On our arrival there we were served the same soup as we had had in camp. Then we had to get the trunks we had brought with us ready for marine inspection. When we finally got our trunks opened we found that there was little or nothing left in the trunks which had been cleaned out on the way down on the train, and we were not mad because we would not have to open them any more. The first showers we had had since leaving camp were the delight of the moment, although there was the same shower room for men and women it didn't seem to bother anyone, and a sort of arrangement was made. We slept in the dormitories of St. John's that night, and the following morning we left for the Shanghai dock.

Then came another baggage inspection. This inspection took about six hours and then we got on the tender which took us out to the big Teia Maru, the Japanese part of our repatriation trip. It sure looked good from the outside, and was a

welcome sight. But. . . .

Arriving on board we were shown to our quarters. It took almost a half hour to get to them. The ship was a nice looking craft but from where I was located I couldn't see much of it. Down, down, down we went, right to the very bottom of the boat. In the holds they had arranged bunks and there we were to be until the Gripsholm took over in Portuguese Goa. However it was on the way home and that was the main thing. As soon as I saw where I was to be located I determined to sleep on deck.

We set sail in the dark hours of early Monday morning, out through the Whangpoo to the Yellow Sea. The ship was a former French mail ship with accommodation for seven hundred and here there were fifteen hundred on it and every available inch was taken up. Bunks had been put wherever possible in the lounges and saloons, etc. The meals were pretty bad although still an improvement on the camp. There were three shifts for meals, and once an epidemic of mild ptomaine broke out. This was not helped much by the crowded quarters. The Japanese boys ran a sort of side racket and they sold a cup of coffee and a piece of cake for ten dollars Shanghai money. As one of the passengers put it, nothing was had free except the rain and even it soaked you. Of course the deck was a bit inconvenient when it rained.

The first stop on the journey was

Hong Kong from where we could see the Maryknoll house. We stopped there for several hours, and loaded water and another tender full of refugees for repatriation and off we went again. As soon as these came on we set off to see if Father Charlie Murphy was amongst them and we found him. He looked very bad and quite thin, and he returned the compliment as to our own appearances. I was yellow with pernicious jaundice and even if we had had the food I couldn't have eaten it. Just about at the end of the trip on the Japanese boat I started to feel a little better. The next stop was made at Luzon Island, where we picked up some more passengers. These were mostly the ones who had left China before Pearl Harbour but who were caught in the Philippines after the war broke. We stayed here in the heat for about two days. Then we took off for Saigon Indo China. Here we picked up a very few more repatriates, and in the morning we pulled out again for Singapore or Shonan as the Japs have renamed it. As there were none there to be picked up we coaled up and sailed to Mormaugao, Portuguese India. From the beginning of the trip, Sept. 20th, until this day of October 15th we had not seen friendly land, but here it was at last.

We docked here and then we saw the Gripsholm pulling in the following day and you can only guess our sentiments when we saw it coming. As the Gripsholm pulled in the Japanese lookout on our boat began to wave the Jap flag and the Japs on the Gripsholm began to sing the national anthem.

We were allowed off the boat on several of the following days and we could walk around in a blocked off area. In the days following we tried to arrange a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Francis Xavier but the Japs refused the permission. How-

ever, some of the Fathers were able to arrange it. The exchange was made about the fourth or fifth day, for the Japs had some trouble with their lists. We had begun to wonder if the exchange would ever take place. We were all on pins and needles and just about at the end of our rope. Then came the order for the exchange and our bags were sent to the Gripsholm. On occasions we had chances to talk to many of the internees coming from America and they definitely let us know that they were very sorry to be coming back to Japan. On board the Gripsholm they had had Japanese lessons for those who could not speak that language. It was certainly a great contrast to see the clothes worn by internees coming from America and the rags we were wearing. Little did they know what they were going into and they didn't like the prospects at that. Some of them were quite scared.

The first thing we received on board ship was a Nestles' chocolate. bar and a package of cigarettes. What a treat. Then came the first grand meal. Everything you wanted and as much as you wanted and no one who has not been without the simplest of our Canadian luxuries can imagine what it meant to us to see this stuff, far less to eat it. The fittings of the Gripsholm were luxury itself compared to the Jap This meal was had on deck and the following day we sailed off. The Maru went first and in the middle of the night and we went

the following morning.

The change in the people was amazing. The people were warned by the doctors not to eat too much, and they began to live again. Lights were ablaze and there were moving pictures. The war news we were getting for the first time. Italy had capitulated, and we recalled the scuttling of the Conte Verde by its

crew just before we reached Shanghai. As we came out of the harbour there were great big canvasses placed around the decks of the ship but we had seen the scuttled ship as she lay on her side by looking through the cracks and joinings of the canvasses. Although the major defeats of the last year had not really gotten underway still there were clear indications that things were at least beginning to go our way.

What a contrast to the former boat. One could get a bath on board the Gripsholm. There was a swimming pool. On the Jap ship the water was the biggest problem we had to face. For a little while there had been hot water. A sponge bath was the only way one could gain a semblance of cleanliness. Here there was all that one could use and more. and no trouble getting it. The trip went along beautifully and we were soon in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. This trip took eleven days but the pleasure was all ours. In this port the people were very good to us. The Red Cross gave us the best of treatment and we had two days ashore. The Archbishop there had a banquet for the priests and then we boarded the ship to take off on another eleven day cruise to Rio de Janeiro. It was a beautiful sight to

see the great statue of Christ the King as one comes into the magnificent harbour of Rio. In Port Elizabeth we had all received cables from home. The first word that we had had since internment or since the war had broken out. Now in Rio there were letters waiting for us, and were we ever glad to get them. Then the Red Cross came through as they had on board ship with clothes and whatever we really needed to make life get along. We had two days in Rio. We visited the various places of interest touring under the Red Cross.

Another day brought us to New York (20 days). The sight of the lights of New York was the real balm we needed and we were truly able to appreciate the meaning behind the statue of liberty.

We were guarded as we disembarked, put immediately into buses to a special train for Montreal, and there we arrived the following morning, December the 2nd. Monsignor McRae the superior General was there to meet us and we had a great day at the home of Father Clement, one of our priests and we then took the train for Toronto arriving at the mother house for the patronal feast day of Francis Xavier, which is also the anniversary of my ordination.

WANTED ... USED NEWFOUNDLAND STAMPS



WE APPEAL TO NEWFOUNDLAND BUDS OF THE ROSE GARDEN TO STAGE A STAMP DRIVE TO HELP IN OUR WORK FOR CHINA.

CHINA Page Fifteen

In The Dominican Republic



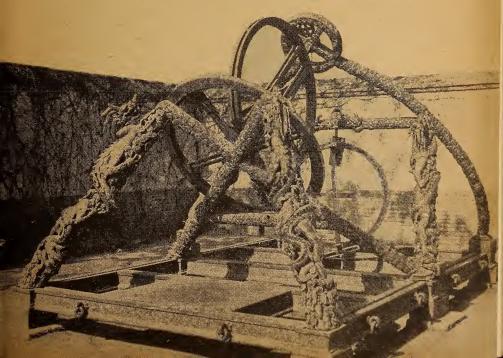
Top—Rev. P. Moore of Ingersoll with catechism class at Bayaguana,
Dominican Republic.

CENTRE LEFT—Rev. P. Moore in bell-tower of Ocoa church.
CENTRE RIGHT—Rev. John Gault of Cornwall, Ont., at Bayaguana.



The famous Shameen Canal at Canton, China

Hand wrought bronze astronomical instruments at Peking



Life's Like That

Pull up a Chair and Listen
While Your Missionaries
Tell a Story

Father Patrick Burke, one of our priests was there! So were a thousand and more cheering G.I. Joes! Of these latter many had gone to Lourdes filled with a sceptical "What's all this lunacy about Lourdes?" type of mind . . . And now they were cheering and crying like the homesick boys they really were. And why?

A young German girl was walking about radiant with inexpressible happiness! She had been totally paralyzed by an exploding shell which left three pieces of steel in her spine. She went to Lourdes. She prayed . . . Came the Gospel of the Mass . . . and in that instant she was cured! "Never has it been known . . .

Our American cousins certainly have ingenuity plus. And the ability to solve problems on the spot seems to be a characteristic possessed by them all. This example occurred in India. Climate and distance make it generally imperative that the farmer

start for market late at night. With his team of oxen set on its course, he can curl up and dream beneath the stars and have morning find him at his destination. At least that is what he could do once upon a time.

Came the war and the inevitable rush. You couldn't ask a jeep to accommodate its speed to the pace of an ox. But what could be done? Blasts from a horn were exasperatingly futile,—what ox has nerves? And the drowsy farmer had grown used to such disturbing noises and didn't react at all. He slept and snored unperturbed.

It soon became known among the boys that the effortless expedient of turning the team around, leaving it to plod contentedly and resolutely in the opposite direction, would clear the road ahead! Just what imprecations filled the morning air when papa farmer woke up in his own back yard, we don't know, not having studied his language. Which is, perhaps, just as well.

-Fr. Larry McAuliffe S.F.M.

Sink or swim was an adage long impressed upon an air-force laddie doing his bit for China and democracy. Shot from the skies, he parachuted into the broad expanse of the treacherous Yangtse. Back homeit was ever so far away now-he had been a swimmer of championship calibre. On into the night his powerful strokes carried him through the swirling muddy waters, canopied by Stygian blackness. He was game, this laddie, conditioned to fight even when the odds were greatest against him. But sheer physical strength could not keep up with the will to win. With muscles screaming for rest, the frightening truth dawned upon him,—he could not go on; this was it. And home so far away . . . Slowly he began to sink . .

No, he didn't die. He could hardly remember the vast relief that had surged through him when his feet touched bottom in shallow water. Guerilla forces found him huddled on the shore, exhausted. They brought him to their village, clothed and fed him and smuggled him through enemy lines. Good old China!

-Fr. Len Hudswell S.F.M.

* * *

The sang-froid, which some novelists and pests so unblushingly reserve to the countrymen of private Drake, received a nasty jolt some years ago in faraway Hong Kong. Thinking about it makes me wonder how the Japanese ever hoped to subdue a country which could produce the genius of whom I write.

Queen Victoria, whom history would have us understand to have been rather devoid of humour, would have retired to her regal seclusion for one really good laugh anyway. She had bestowed on Hong Kong's temple of British Justice a beautiful clock, and, you may be sure, it was something of which anyone could be really proud.

In solemn dignity the Court was

hearing a case one day, when an old Chinese walked in, a workman from all appearances, carrying a ladder. While the room echoed with the legal lore of centuries, he quite nonchalantly mounted his ladder, detached the clock from the wall—didn't know the bally thing needed repairin', probably thought the judge—and walked off, and that was the last ever seen of him! O inscrutable Oriental!!

—Fr. Jim.

If you ever meet the boys on whom this one is told, just don't bring up the subject of China. By some bad luck their plane sank in about twenty feet of water. While almond-eyed Chinese lined the banks and watched with indolent curiosity, the crew spent two steaming, grimy, fruitless days using the best of salvaging equipment in an attempt to raise the craft. Finally they decided to write it off and return to their base. As they prepared to leave, a native son pushed his way forward, and with childlike eagerness, asked the airmen if they were trying to raise their plane. I rather imagine he was regarded with jaundiced eye as American will-power strove with American temper to repress American retort! It was in a rather strangled tone that they answered with guide-book politeness, Yes, they did want the plane refloated. With why-didn't-you-say-so-sooner air, Chinese lads appeared as from nowhere with bamboo poles of the type used to make rafts . . . They dive . . . they affix the poles beneath the wings . . . they raise the craft . . . Ho . . . hum . . . Ugh!!

—Fr. Larry McAuliffe.

In the vicinity of the upper reaches of the Yangtse river is the town of . . . where this very unusual happening took place. Sisters of two Religious Orders had been given

(Concluded on page 27)



Inter-school Contest

This, dear Teachers and Buds, is really not something new. All of us in our Society for Foreign Missions have been singularly blessed and encouraged by the intense interest our Catholic Schools have taken in this divinely appointed work. The truly high place of Catholics in matters missionary is one to thrill you and us. For, dear Buds, we priests are YOUR instruments, so to speak; your servants in God to carry His Name to all pagans.

Just as the people of a nation takes its volunteers and prepares and equips them for its war, so, under God and His visible representatives, you take from among yourselves volunteers for the Army of Christ; prepare and send them to pagan fronts, and sustain them there, that with the weapons of Love and Zeal and Compassion, "enemy" souls may be conquered and captured for Christ the King!

Now, we who are already in this Army want to show some sign of thankfulness and affection for you at home and at the same time to give you still another motive to renew your efforts towards keeping this Army at top prection so that no

gains hitherto won may have to be surrendered.

So we decided to create a distinctive banner to be competed for by our schools from September to January and from February to June. To the winner this banner will be sent to be kept for five months at the end of which a photographic copy will be sent to replace it. Names of winners will be attached in silk to the banner so that no one's good work may go unremembered. The ground on which the judges will make their decision is simply this: Who has done proportionately most for the mission work of our Society?

So away you go! What school is going to have a beautiful banner next September to proudly show its visitors???? (A split infinitive,—ouch!!)

Remember to address all letters to Fr. Jim at the Seminary address.

HAVE YOU WRITTEN FR. JIM FOR YOUR CONTEST NUMBER?

There's a prize for the first correct Quickie Quiz answer?

"Canticle of Cookery"

by

Bro. Michael Moakler, S.M.

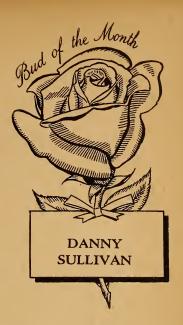
Lord, in Thy love it falls to me
To win Thy Heart with cookery.
What joy to me that I have trod
The footsteps of a toiling God.
Long ere they hung upon the Tree
Thy hands were scarred with
carpentry.

Thy hands that fashioned sky and

Once plied the hammer and the plane.

I cannot join my hands to pray.
I cannot bend my knee and say
The lofty prayer of choir nun.
There is the cooking to be done.
As for my incense, is it not
The vapors of a steaming pot?
And as I watch the noon-meal boil,
I pray my rosary of toil.

I cannot watch with Thee at night, Nor tell my beads by candlelight, Nor sing to Thee at vespertime Sweet strains of psalmody sublime. But what I have I sing to Thee, The Canticle of Cookery.



Come and join with me, Buds, in saying a heartfelt Thank you! to Danny, who, like all of you, isn't afraid to make sacrifices that others might receive the happiness we have in knowing and loving God. Danny lives in Trenton, Ontario, and attends Grade II in St. Peter's School. If you write him, Buds, do so to 63 John St., his home. Your five dollars, Danny, will go far in helping pagan children who, very often, are too poor to buy even their own Catechisms. God bless you!

"CHINA" St. F. X. Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.
Enclosed find \$, as a subscription to "China" for
Name
New Address
Name
Old Address
(If you have changed your address,

well as the NEW one.)



Dear Buds,-

I wish you could have seen my desk—in fact my whole room—during the Christmas season! Letters to the right of me, letters to the left of me, letters all around me! And all from the best, cheeriest, funlovingest girls and boys in Canada and Newfoundland, the members of our Rose Garden. The Little Flower must have had an extra staff of Angels helping her answer all the requests that came to her; and bringing blessings to everyone who asked for one. But then, Angels just love doing that sort of thing.

My own Guardian Angel was rushed off his feet. First he had to go and thank Sr. M. Clara and the students in St. Joseph's Convent at St. Thomas, Ont., for the present of fifteen dollars to Fr. McGoey who, as you know, went back to China... Then away east to Placentia and St. Edward's High School to bring a blessing to all the boys and girls there because they sent twelve dollars to help our missionaries in the difficult work of repairing the missions that have been destroyed... By the time he got back from there I had



Miss Betty McNabb

a number of places to send him, but he didn't make any fuss . . . I think he had a chat with the Guardian Angel of Betty McNabb who was very sick some time ago, but was told she's quite well again—you can see that from her picture—and writing poetry! He told me, too, that when he arrived for a quick visit with Catherine Power, she could only spare him a minute so busy was she getting new Buds for the Garden! That was nice to hear.

While he was in Newfoundland he peeked in the window and saw Dorothy Ward with her brother and sister listening to Santa Claus over the radio. And over on another street he watched Peggy Cooper write me a letter about the two brave brothers she had home from overseas, and how happy she was about it . . . God will bless them, Peggy, for the brave things they did for all of us!

So you see, Buds, we're really busy looking after you all. He's away just now out West and I'm on pins and needles until I hear what he has to report. I'll let you know just as soon as he does. 'Bye for now and God bless you all.

-Father Jim.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I would like to join your Rose Garden and to have pen-pals. One of my hobbies is letter-writing . . . am nineteen years old.

Dorothy Ward,*

St. John's, Nfld., Box E 5137.
Thanks for your two letters
Dorothy. How's the radio?

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am twelve years of age . . . green eyes and brown hair . . . fond of all kinds of sports.

Beverly Johnston,*
114 Seymore St.,
Amherstburg, Ont.

Welcome to the Garden, Beverly. Now that you're in, tell your friends about it.

Dear Fr. Jim,

We, Jean 15 yrs., and Martha, 12 yrs., would like to join the Rose Garden. We live four and a half miles from school . . . and would like pen-pals our own age.

Jean and Martha Molloy,*
Coe Hill, Ont.

Hurrah for Jean and Martha, Buds. They will be two wonderful additions to our Garden. Get writing them, quickly.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I want to become a member too
... am enclosing a dollar to subscribe to the CHINA ... and a story.
George O'Leary,*

Milton, Ont., Box 251.

George isn't going to miss any Garden news, Buds, and is making



sure his copy of CHINA comes to him. His story is very original and we'll hear more of that later.

Dear Fr. Jim,

We are sending you some used stamps . . . Thanks for the pen-pal names.

Rita and Mary Hogan, Kingston, Ont., R.R. 6.

Thanks, girls for everything and your new mite-boxes will be sent by the time you read this.

Dear Fr. Jim,

It has been a long time since I last wrote you . . . enclosed is a dollar and some stamps for our missionaries . . .

Bernard Brazil, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

God bless you for the sacrifices your gift represent, Bernard, and which will bring happiness to some child in China. Thank Frank for his cheery little letter.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Enclosed you will find some stamps which I saved for the Missions. I go to Thorold High School . . . am sixteen years old.

Teresa Raso,*
Thorold, Ont., Box 641.

Teresa, in your honour we'll have our Quickie Quiz for this month and prize for first correct answer in. Here it is: Who was the first Englishspeaking priest to go from North America to a Foreign Mission Field?

Dear Fr. Jim,

I have read the letters from Buds many times and really enjoyed them ... am ten years old and at present am learning to be an Altar boy ... also saved some stamps.

Donald Rettinger,*
Teeswater, Ont.

Take a bow, Buds, for the nice things Donny says about your letters. And remember, Donald, being on time is a great big virtue in Altar boys.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Reading Pen-Pal letters nearly every month in CHINA makes me want to have some too. I am twelve years old and for hobbies like reading, swimming, skating and sewing.

Doris Coady, 55 Dorchester St.,

P.E.I.

Just get yourself a shady tree in our Rose Garden, Doris, and read and sew to your heart's content.



Teresa Taylor



Viola Griffin



Dear Buds,-

Did you read the story in the papers a while ago of the brave British officer who descended into the murky Waters of Woe as people call an underground river in a certain part of England?

During the war a huge bomb dropped from the skies and went burrowing deep, deep into the earth and didn't explode! Yet there was always the danger that it might! Imagine what those folks around felt

like!

Royal Engineers finally began to dig ever so carefully and found the bomb buried in this river running beneath the earth's surface. So they had to build a sort of dam to hold the water back. When this was done a young officer went down and worked to unfasten the fuse so that the bomb could be removed without exploding. The slightest slip and everything would blow sky high!! Indeed he is a very brave man, risking his life that others might he saved.

Your missionaries are brave men too, and also must go at times into strange and dangerous places that souls may be saved. So, as you climb Dear Fr. Jim.

I would like to be admitted to the Little Flower Rose Garden. I am Canadian of Ukrainian descent and would love to have pen-pals who write different languages . . . Will be eighteen years old soon.

> Mary Kuzak, 1328 Forfar St., Montreal, 22, Que.

Mary, could you understand the Ukrainian I wrote in answer to your letter? I tried to say 'Welcome' in your native tongue.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I would like to become a member of the Little Flower Rose Garden and will willingly carry out the promises. I go to Mass and save pennies for the Missionaries . . . am twelve years old.

Doris Beson,*
60 Botwood Rd.,
Grand Falls, Nfld.

All our Missionaries are grateful to you Doris, and to the girls and boys like you, and I'm sure the Little Flower has all your names written down as her special friends.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am fourteen years of age and would like to be admitted to the Rose Garden . . . We heard about CHINA from Fr. Strang who just visited our school.

Isabel Mercedes Connors,*
Bell Island, Nfld.

Lucky Fr. Strang, seeing all my Newfoundland Buds! Oh well, maybe someday I will too. A big welcome, Isabel.

into bed at night, safe and sound in your good Catholic home, just think a moment that even while you sleep they are working and need your prayers. As you close your eyes remember to whisper, "God bless and protect our Missionaries wherever they may be, Amen."

—Father Jim.

More Pen Pals

- 13 yrs.—Eleanor Burd, 148 Scarboro Crescent.
- 12 "—Pauline Faubert, 259 Midland Ave.
- 13 " -Mary Tarbox, 11 Woodside Dr.
- 14 "—Eleanor Flynn, 14 Thatcher Ave.
- 13 " —Helen Frechette, 75 Heale Ave.
- 12 "—Patricia McFadden, 49 St. Quentin Ave.
- 13 " —Grace Sheridan, Walton Ave., Scarboro Jct.
- 11 " —John Sheridan, Walton Ave., Scarboro Jct.
- 13 " -Nino Donati, 1282 Kingston Rd.
- 13 " —Maurice La Course, Highland Creek.
- 13 " —Mike Kunanec, 149 Scarboro Crescent.
- 12 " -Glenn Rauthmell, Neilson Ave.
- 13 " —Jack Brett, Pine Ridge Rd., Dunbarton.
- 12 " —Marianne Buchanan, Highland Creek P.O.
- 13 "—Elizabeth Burd, 148 Scarboro Crescent.
- 11 " —Marilyn Gauthier, 194 Scarboro Crescent.
- 12 " --Elsie Schwarz, 65 St. Quentin
- Ave.
 12 "—Irene Nierlick. Scarboro Jct.
- R.R. 1.

 10 "—Marie Harrison, 45 Vanbrugh
- 13 " —Geoffrey Lawson, R.R. 1 Port
- Union.

 13 "—Gerald Brasseur, Pine Ridge
- 13 "—Gerald Brasseur, Pine Ridge Rd., Dunbarton.
- 12 " —Joe Frechette, 75 Heale Ave. 12 " —Paul Burd, 148 Scarboro Cres.
- 13 "—Lloyd Green, Kingston Rd., Scarboro.
- 12 " —Yvon La Course, Highland Creek.
- 13 "—Donald Airdrie, 424 Kennedy Rd., Scarboro.
- 14 " -Roger Howe, 16 Heale.
- 13 " --Ronald Nolkes, 27 Laurel Ave., Scarboro Jct.
- 10 "—Bobby Brown, Stop 16, Kingston Rd., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 11 "—Hazel Bolton, 82 Stephenson Ave., Toronto.
- 12 "—Lorne Bolton, 530 Kingston Rd., Toronto.

- 12 "—Leo Douglas, Stop 15, Kingston Rd., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 10 "—Joan Evans, 41 Old Forest Rd., Dunbarton.
- 14 "—Peter Flynn, 14 Thatcher Ave., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 10 "—Pat Flynn, 14 Thatcher Ave., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 11 "—Terrance Flynn, 14 Thatcher Ave., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 10 "—Billie Frechette, 75 Heale Ave., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 13 "—Harold Hall, Galloway Ave., West Hill.
- 12 "—Garry Hamwell, 1718 Kingston
- 12 "—Joseph Harrison, 45 Vanbrugh Ave., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 13 "—Raymond Howe, 16 Heale St.,
- Scarboro Bluffs.

 10 " —Vera Keenan, 34 Beverley
- Blvd., Scarboro Bluffs. 11 "—Lewis Keys, R.R. 2 West Hill.
- 11 "—Angela McAuliffe, 46 Undercliff Drive, Scarboro Bluffs.
- 10 "—Louise McNamara, R. R. 2 Pickering.
- 9 " —Theresa Nijhuis, 99 Highview Ave., Birchcliff.
- 10 "—John O'Connor, 22 Thatcher Ave., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 12 "—Emmanuel O'Prey, 224 Shaw St., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 11 "—Barbara Pegg, 4 Chamberlain, Scarboro Bluffs.
- 12 "—Lucy Phillips, 25 Kilmarnock, Scarboro Junction.
- 15 "—Murray Powell, R.R. 2, Picker-
- 10 "—Lorrance Russell, 239 Raleigh Ave., Scarboro Jct.
- 12 "—Alfred Smith, 17 Thatcher
- Ave., Scarboro Bluffs.

 12 "—Bob Sullivan, 2486 Kingston
 Rd., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 10 "—Bob Williams, 2486 Kingston Rd., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 9 "—Dorothy Williams, 2486 Kingston Rd., Scarboro Bluffs.
- 11 "—Hugh Madden, Morningside Ave., West Hill.
- 10 " —Mary Theresa Madden, Morningside Ave., West Hill.

(Continued on page 26)

Game Page

TRY THESE IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Some Party Tricks

- 1. Place a ruler on the floor so that no one can jump over it.
- 2. Place a ruler on the floor so that people standing on each end cannot touch each other.
- 3. Crawl into an ordinary drinking tumbler.
- 4. Know who touched what object while you were out of the room.
- 5. Prove to somebody that half of eleven is six.

We build a house for a man. What do we build for

1. A dog; 2. Chickens; 3. Sheep; 4. Cows: 5. Fish.

What are the feminine counterparts of,

1. Tiger; 2. Rooster; 3. Patriarch; 4. Abbot; 5. Cob; 6. Monk; 7. Peacock; 8. Hero; 9. Colt; 10. Fox.

Answer True or False.

- Bats are blind.
- 2. Fish never sleep.
- 3. At the equator it can be below zero temperature.
 - 4. Elephants are afraid of mice.
- 5. It is bad for the eyes to wear rubbers indoors.
- 6. The sun is farther from the earth in wintertime.
- 7. Pagans do not have Guardian Angels.

For Grown-up Buds

What's that which all love more than life.

Fear more than death or mortal strife? That which contented men desire, The poor possess, the rich require? The miser spends, the spendthrift saves, And all men carry to their graves?

(Answers on page 29)

More Pen Pals - St. Thomas, Ont.

(Continued from page 25)

- 13 yrs.—Agnes Risch, 4 Trafalgar St. 10 " -Joanne Whitmore, 112 Centre St.
- " -John Cummings, 13 Mabel St. 12
- " -Kathleen Benn, 4 Ada St. 11
- " -Tom Tready, 25 Owaissa St. 13
- " -Desmond Emery, 86 Myrtle St. 12
- " -Edward Zacher, 4 Ceadar St. 14
- " -Jimmy Lowry, 23 John St. 10 12 " -Jack Waite, 67 Flora St.
- " -James Roche, R.R. 1 St. 13 Thomas.

- 12 " —Douglas Campbell, 36 Elizabeth Street.
- 12 -Donald Collins, 1271/2 Elm St.
- 13 14
- Rita Maltais, Glanworth.
 Tom Addly, 14 Penwarden.
 Rosemary Alvaro, 95 Talbot St. 13
- " -Ray Waters, 74th Avenue 13 Ellen Monaghan, 11
- -Marv Inkerman St.
- 10 -Barbara Casey, 101 Scott St. " -James Rae, 119 Manitoba St. 13
- " -Agnes Tack, R.R. 5. 10
- 11 —Wilfrid Hayllow, 16 Jackson St.

"NO OTHER REASON"

(Continued from page 8)

The apostolic spirit is the condition of our progress."

The 'No other reason' of Pope Pius XI.

The great Pope of the Missions, Pius XI, in his Encyclical Letter on Foreign missions, given to the world on February 28th, 1926, stated unequivocally: "The Church has no other reason for existence, than, by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His salutary Redemption. And whosoever by Divine commission, takes the place on earth of Jesus Christ, the Chief Shepherd, far from being able to rest content with simply guarding and protecting the Lord's flock, which has been confided to him to rule, on the contrary, fails in his special duty and obligation, unless he strives with might and main to win over and to join to Christ all those who are still without the Fold."

Christ died for them too!

The Pope of the Missions did not substantiate the complacent view that we who are within the fold are the only creatures in the world that matter, that it is none of our business to go to far off China or elsewhere in the foreign-mission field to save souls. No, Pius XI stated boldly that the Church has NO OTHER REASON for existence than to spread the Gospel.

How then can Catholics honestly place objections in the way of young men who feel drawn to the great work of the missions. How can they say that there are enough needs at home for their charity without supporting the work to Christ's poorest poor—the heathen. How can they continue to be indifferent and cold to the main issue, the great issue, the issue that brought the Incarnation and Calvary—the recognition of the value of those souls who know not their God.

REMEMBER!!! Christ's Church has NO OTHER REASON!!!!!!

Our sincere thanks to all who sent in copies of July-August issue of CHINA. Copies of October, 1944, are now needed.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

(Continued from page 19)

permission by the Japanese to carry on their work, which they did, unmolested either from air or land.

It was two Japanese airmen who gave the Sisters their first inkling of what was occurring. With visible reticence they asked the Mother Superior one day just who was the lady who stood by the Cross on the Church roof day after day when their planes came over to bomb. And their comrades were sure they weren't mistaken; every single one of them was emphatic in his assertion that he saw her there! How was she dressed? . . . Why the same as the

rest of the Sisters except she wore a blue veil . . . Mother Superior knew then who *She* was!

-Fr. John Maurice.

Is the patience of China ebbing and the urge to hurry on the upswing? It seems so for one Chinese who became fed up trying to board a cross-river ferry. (In Toronto it would be a street car!) Our resourceful friend landed down at the river's edge one day, equipped with bucket and paddle, and before the amazed gaze of the less fortunate, calmly launched himself and in no time at all arrived at the other side.

-Fr. Leo Curtin, S.F.M.



Dear Reader of CHINA:

We sincerely hope our Renewal Notices don't appear quite as "savage" as our spear-wielding friend above. And for the very life of us we would never stake you down so!

It's just our way of catching your eye and attention a moment to ask you to look at the yellow label on your CHINA and renew your subscription if it is behind time.

Just help us hold what we have and it won't be long before CHINA goes into 75,000 Catholic Canadian homes! That's our aim! Are you game to help us attain it? . . . Then renew your subscription promptly — TO-DAY!

Buds!

Don't Forget!

Write To-day for Your Rose Garden Contest Number

Watch March China for the Big Bicycle Contest of 1946

BOOKS WANTED

We shall be ever so grateful to any of our friends for a copy of the books listed here.

Walker; Theories of Knowl-

eage.

DeWulf; History of Medieval Philosophy.

Phillips; Modern Thomistic Philosophy.

Allers; The Psychology of Character.

Karrer; Religions of Mankind.

L. Ward; Philosophy of

NEWS BRIEFS

(Continued from page 3)

received the permission of His Excellency Bishop Ryan, D.D., to visit the schools of the diocese to speak to the children about the work their

missionaries are doing in pagan lands. Father also visited St. Catharines where he was a guest of the affable Dean Cullinane, an old-time friend of us all. We are deeply grateful for the kind and helpful cooperation of everyone.

Game Page Answers

Party Tricks

- 1. Place ruler on floor against the wall.
 - 2. Run ruler under closed door.
- 3. Place tumbler in one room and crawl into it from another.
- 4. To work this two people are needed. One remains in the room while you go out. Then someone in the room is asked to touch an object. Then you return and without the use of words your confederate indicates to you which object was touched. He simply straightens out his thumb on a pointer or ruler when pointing to the object touched. Rarely is anyone watching this thumb.
 - 5. Run a line through XI.

Buildings

1. Kennel; 2. Coop; 3. Fold; 4. Byre; 5. Aquarium.

Female Counterpart

1. Tigress; 2. Hen; 3. Matriarch; 4. Abbess; 5. Pen; 6. Nun; 7. Peahen; 8. Heroine; 9. Filly; 10. Vixen.

True or False

1. False; 2. False; 3. True; 4. False; 5. False; 6. True; 7. False.

For Grown-up Buds

The answer is Nothing.





Professor: "Give three collective nouns.'

Student: "Flypaper, wastebasket and vacuum cleaner.

The young fellow had come home from the Agricultural College. He fell

into conversation with a farmer.
"Do you know," said he, "your methods of cultivation are a hundred years behind the times? Why, I'd be surprised if you made a hundred dollars out of the oats in that field."

"So would I," said the farmer. "It's barley."

A young midshipman reported for duty to the commanding officer of a battleship. The CO was a gruff old sailor who had worked his way up through the years. He sized up the new man with anything but pleasure. "Well, young man," he snorted, I

suppose, as usual, they sent the fool

of the family to sea?"
"Oh no, sir," said the middie. "They changed all that since your time, sir."

"Mummy," said little Brian. "Tommy doesn't know how to swim because his mummy won't let him go near the water."

"Well, Tommy is a very good little

"Yes," answered Brian, thoughtfully; "and he'll go to Heaven the first time he falls in."

Senior (at a baseball game): "See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man next year."

Co-ed: "Oh, darling, this is so

sudden!"

Professor: "Name two pronouns." Student: "Who? Me?"

"There's nothing wrong with you," said the army doctor to the recruit up for examination. "Your pulse is like clockwork."

"Well, what do you expect?" the recruit replied indignantly, "you've got

hold of my wrist watch!"

Travelling through the Texas Panhandle en route to a new assignment, the sailor got into conversation with an old settler and his son at a railroad station. "Looks as if we might have some rain," remarked the gob.
"I hope so," replied the native. "Not so much for myself as for the boy here. I've seen rain."

She had begged her husband for months to have his picture taken. At last he decided to go through the agony, but when the proofs arrived, she exclaimed in horror, "Oh, Joe, you have cnly one button on your coat."
"Thank heaven," Joe replied, "you've noticed it at last."

"The natives in their ceremonial dance uttered savage cries, and beat the earth with their clubs," said the

Rather reminiscent of some pre-war golf I knew," commented the man in

the corner seat.

professor walked into the barber's, sat down and asked for a haircut.

"Certainly, sir-if you'll remove your

hat."

"I'm sorry," replied the professor, "I didn't realize that ladies were present."

"See this stickpin? Well, it once belonged to a millionaire."

"And who is the millionaire?"

"Woolworth."

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A SUCCESSFUL CATHOLIC CLUB MEANS

HELPING OTHERS BESIDES OURSELVES

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THROUGH THE MISSION WORK OF THE CHURCH

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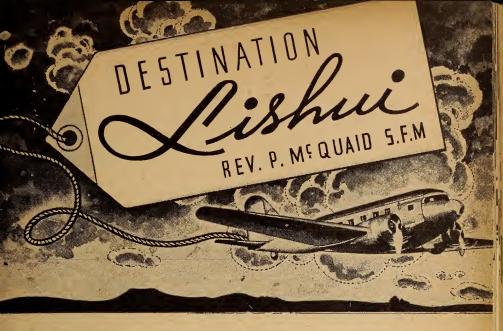
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Page Two China



ENTLY we glide up the river, Destination Lishui—Pages 7, 8, 9, 10 part of a floating village of some three hundred people, dwellers of about thirty river boats at present being pulled up the river by a tugboat. Fathers Carey, Murphy and I have a boat to ourselves. We got on board at Wenchow where we got our first glimpse of ruins resulting from Japanese bombings. Our baggage was first put on. Over it were fitted several boards on top of which was placed a little reed mat. That was our bed. A couple of our blankets kept us warm; it is still quite warm, quite a difference from Peiping some eight hundred miles north. About 2 a.m. the whistle of the tug-boat awakened us as it started its tug up the river. About six I caught my first glimpse of the floating village, boats in rows of four, each tied to the one in front of it. At the back of each boat lives the family who owns it. Many already had their fires going. By seven all were busy eating their bowl of rice and what happened to go with it. The people in the boat in front of us, not more than ten feet away, were frying a

fish. Does it ever make me hungry? Perhaps all the more so since we know we will not have breakfast for several hours as we hope to say Mass at the first mission station inside

our prefecture.

But now what is happening? Our village is dispersing. The tug-boat goes no farther so all boats are untied and men (and even women) grab oars and poles and turn their boats toward their destination. We see a village with a little church and ask our boatman to hurry with the hope that we can say Mass here. No luck. It is just a mission station with no resident priest and no vestments. If we had our Mass-kit we would have been all set as there is a catechist at the church and he would arrange things for us. But fresh from internment with still no mail from the home-land, we are starting our mission work rather poorly equipped. Nothing to do but jump in the boat and start for Chingtien, the first mission inside our prefecture.

Now we go more slowly as the boat is simply being pushed by poles by the boatman, his wife and big boy. A little boy completes the family. He

is enjoying himself asking questions, eating persimmons or anything he can get just like any boy of five or six. The scenery is beautiful; mountains on either side of the river. The water is crystal clear and looks so shallow that one would expect the boat to hit bottom at any time. We have heard much of the beauty of Chekiang's scenery; now we see it for the first time. Little groups of houses dot the mountain sides; small boats of every kind move slowly up and down the river. It is a beautiful morning; a few white clouds streak the sky. The sun is warming my left shoulder which is unshaded by the bamboo covering over the center of the boat. It is now nine a.m. and am I ever hungry?? Travelling over nice clear water in the morning air does work up a fellow's appetite. — Time out for some Office.

We have reached the rapids. The hoatman gets out, fastens a pole to the front of the boat, walks behind it, pushing. A sort of neck-yoke effect. Just had a shave; reached over the gunwale and washed, dipped my shaving brush right into the river, lathered up, and pulled off the beard while I held Father Murphy's mirror to see how I was doing. It is now eleven and Chingtien is still not in sight. Perhaps we will arrive too late to say Mass. Father Carey has given up hope and is going to have dinner. A wind has very conveniently arisen and our boat is now a sailboat. That gives mother and elder son a chance to prepare dinner. They must think we do not like their food. Their language is so different from that of the north that we cannot make them understand why we do not want dinner. They are preparing rice, a little meat, fish and some vegetable all of which we would gladly partake of if we were not hoping to say Mass. As they prepare the dinner the father steers the boat; the little fellow has a couple of square feet of floor space

on which to entertain himself, rolling a little ball around, fixing the string in his hat, and watching the three strange foreigners. They have just taken to the oars again. Tsingtien is in sight so we may make it after all. Along the shore are what look to be beautiful lawns; quite a treat for us after five years in Peiping where it is so dry that green grass is uncommon. Water-buffalo and goats browse on the mountain side. From what we have heard of our mission, the water-buffalo is about the only animal we have—to serve as horse or cow as the need arises.

Sat., Nov. 17, 8.30 a.m. Just went up the worst rapids yet. The father, barefooted, walked on the stony shore pulling on a long rope; the son, "neck-yoke" effect pushed at the front of the boat, and the mother pushed at the stern. The only idle member of the family is the little boy who is amusing himself with a piece of cellophane off a pack of Chesterfields. In one hour of travel this morning we have covered perhaps two miles; a sharp contrast with our plane trip from Peiping to Shanghai at a speed of over two hundred miles an hour. And it doesn't look like much speed yet as right ahead is another rapids. The Bishop of a nearby Vicariate says there are thirty-six on the trip we are making, i.e., from Wenchow to Lishui. Coming down it is made in less than a day; going up in about three days.

Our first glimpse of Tsingtien yesterday proved a sort of mirage. We did sight it an hour or so later. It was twelve-thirty when we reached the church where Father Murphy and I said our first Mass in our prefecture. The mission property has not suffered from the war except through theft. The present Pastor is a Polish Lazarist borrowed from the Wenchow Vicariate. As the priest did not expect foreign visitors he had nothing in the house to offer us for breakfast.



not even bread. He coaxed us to stay with him over Sunday but we declined his kindness feeling we must continue on our trip. As he has another mission eight or ten miles up the river he decided to accompany us that far where we could spend the night rather than sleep on the boat. Getting off the boat at dark, after a supper of Chinese food in Chinese style "a la chopsticks", after a delightful hour's walk over the narrow mountain roads brightened by China's brilliant full moon, we arrived at the mission of Dolu. It is a fine little place. The Rectory and Church are quite attractive. The school, formerly only a couple of yards away was set on fire by the Japs and burned to the ground. Due to the good work of the Christians and, it would seem, a little heaven-sent help by the Little Flower, Patroness of the church, both the rectory and church were saved. The four of us said Mass there this morning and around six o'clock we breakfasted on macaroni. By seven we were at the boat ready to start

our day's journey while our host returned to his headquarters.

The little boy is peering wide-eyed over Father Carey's shoulder now. Likely for the first time in his life he has seen a typewriter. Mother too, is getting a moment now and then to look at the strange machine. Today they seemed a little late preparing dinner. The reason now is clear; they have just stopped to buy a few bundles of wood from a lady on the shore. Now a kind breeze is giving the crew a rest from their hard pull up the rapids, but is also blowing the smoke from the freshly started fire through our combined "parlour, bedroom and bath".

All along the shore runs a road blasted out of the mountains. Seven years ago, when Father Carey made his first trip to this part of the country there was a bus which made in three hours the trip it is now taking us two days to make. The Chinese blew up the road to prevent easy access to the district. Last night on our way to Dolu we walked over the

ruins of a big bridge on that road which met a similar fate. The road now serves as a foot-path only. I wonder if the Chinese really want motor roads? What would all those boatmen do if people travelled by bus?

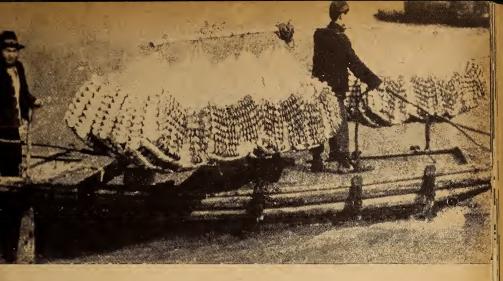
Sunday, 8.30 a.m. Have been on the go ever since six, but I fear we have covered at most three miles. The worst rapid yet; we stuck solid until another man helped us over. Had a fairly good sleep last night on our hard bed in rather close quarters. The mother and little boy slept on the floor of the boat about a yard from us. The little boy has had a great time this morning cutting the camel off the cigarette package. He has it standing up now giving it instructions. He is delighted also with a little jar we just gave him in which there are still a couple of mouthfuls of honey left. Looks like a long fast for us, but it will be worth it if we can say our first Mass in our mission headquarters on a Sunday morning.

Nine a.m. stopped at a little vil-The boatman bought a little cabbage, a few ounces of meat and a little bean-curd. This will be their food for the whole day with the rice of which they always have a goodly supply on hand. We got out and stretched our legs. It is a beautiful morning, just like a day in late August at home. We are again in motion, but very slow motion. young fellow is walking along the shore pulling the boat, the father pushing and directing the boat from behind with a long pole. Following thus all the curves of the stream makes the journey long. Mountains on both sides provide fine scenery, but, I fear the people have difficulty ekeing out an existence. We are not the slowest boat on the river, for at present we are passing many of the others.

Tuesday, Nov. 20th, 9 a.m. Now that we are more or less settled in

Lishui I can complete the story of our trip. At eleven on Sunday morning Father Carey spotted a pagoda on the shore, a land-mark he had watched for all the previous afternoon. From there on he well knew the way. The boatman said it would take at least two more hours by boat to Lishui. We were still fasting, hoping to say Mass before one o'clock. The only thing to do then was to start walking. One of us, however, must stick to the ship to watch the baggage. This Father Murphy volunteered to do. Father Carey and I climbed ashore and up the steep rocks to the so-called highway. At eleven fifteen we passed a marker, indicating we were seven kilometers from the north gate of Lishui. The warm sun combined with our brisk gait compelled us to take off our long Chinese garment which we often wear instead of the soutane. In fifty-five minutes we had covered the five miles to the city gates. There we hoped to get a rickshaw to the church. To Father Carey's surprise, what seven years before had been a thriving city street was now as quiet as a country lane. There was not a rickshaw in sight. A walk of another fifteen minutes brought us to the mission residence which lies in ruins from Jap bombing. The church, with its front wall full of bullet holes, its windows broken and partly boarded-up, the roof over the main altar shattered by a bomb, presented a sorry sight. We found what was formerly the hospital serving as combined chapel, priest's residence and dwelling place for a few faithful servants who have managed to stay on through the years of ravage and plunder. Father Venadam, the only one of our priests in the prefecture, had been away on a mission trip for three weeks; the chapel was dusty, the altar bare. After much searching on the part of the young lady-teacher, the only one to greet us, the necessaries for saying Mass

Page Six China



were found and at ten minutes to one Father Carey began the Introit, the opening words of which were, rather ironically, "How terrible is this place". Realizing it would be too late for me to say my Mass after he had finished I contented myself by receiving Holy Communion. After a hurried breakfast served by the family living here we went down to the beach, just as our boat came in. In another hour all our baggage was in a room on the upper floor of the hospital, which serves as the priests' residence. The three rooms occupied by Father Venadam were locked; the others were empty and dirty with windows all broken and even part of one wall missing. After some searching, with the help of the young man who is principal of the school, we managed to find beds. He took us to his home for supper. Monday found us busy making our rooms habitable.

Thus ends the account of the return of our first Missionaries to the ruins of Lishui. Despite all the losses suffered during the long and violent Sino-Japanese conflict, it is encouraging for us to chronicle the return of these young missionaries to our prefecture to begin the work of reh a bilitation and reconstruction. These priests are but the vanguard of a mighty army of missionaries who, please God, will by your generous help and unceasing prayers reap a great harvest of souls in the years that lie ahead.

WANTED, Immediately, 75,000 CHINA Subscribers!

Copies of CHINA October 1944 are urgently needed for our files.

HINA Page Seven

NEWS BRIEFS

Ten Thousand Catholics Die

Ten thousand of Nagasaki's twelve thousand Catholic population died in the atomic bombing of that great Japanese city. It was the largest Catholic centre in Japan and the victims were descendants of the converts of the great St. Francis Xavier. Their forefathers had kept the faith for hundreds of years, although without priests, churches, or Catholic literature.

Not far from the atomic ruins of what once was Nagasaki rises the stately "Hill of Martyrs", where during the dark days of persecution many Japanese Catholics laid down their lives for the Faith. Their deaths but rooted Catholicism more deeply in their native land. May these latest martyrs of Nippon bring to the land of the cherry blossom a new spring of hope in Jesus Christ. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

Unholy Alliance Decried

Pope Pius XII has challenged the unholy alliance between Atheist Joseph Stalin and his eager catspaw, the Patriarch Alexei of Moscow, head of the Orthodox Church in Russia. It was charged in the Papal encyclical that Stalin and Alexei were ruthlessly stamping out Roman Catholicism in Ruthenia. Alexei not long ago sent his delegate to a meeting of the Russian Orthodox churchmen of the United States and Canada in Chicago. The delegate from Russia demanded their submission to Moscow but was

politely told to peddle his peanuts elsewhere. Last February Alexei sent out a mandate to all Orthodox churchmen in North and South America telling them they must "abstain from all political activity against the U.S.S.R."

It is quite evident that Stalin wishes to use the Russian Orthodox Church as a tool for the propagation and strengthening of world communism.

Occupation

The war in the Pacific and the three years of Japanese occupation of the Philippine Islands may bring about a "Filipino Catholic Church that shall have come of age," states a report prepared by Catholic Army chaplains.

Learning the hard way, Catholic Filipinos now know the value of self-reliance after being cut off from outside help for so long; they realise the necessity of standing firm on principles, and the sufferings of war have given them a stronger faith.

Before the war three-quarters of the native population was Catholic. "Each village had its fine stone church, streets and squares have sacred names; there are religious images in every house; the whole tone of life and every tradition is Catholic," states the report.

"Yet large numbers of this Catholic people seldom go to Mass on Sundays; do not contribute to the support of their pastors; send their children to non-Catholic schools; almost never receive the Sacraments; get married before a justice of the peace; are buried in the Government cemetery. These are features which perplex the American Catholic."

But when the Japanese tried to use the Church for propaganda the people and clergy stiffened in opposition.

Towards the end of the occupation, states the report," "the Japanese no longer saw any distinction between the guerrilla leader and the priest—and they were largely right."

Archbishop Piani, Apostolic Delegate, has offered to General MacArthur "the fullest co-operation of the Catholic Church in the Philippines in whatsoever way possible" and has established a Catholic Welfare Organization.

Chinese Minister to Holy See Thanks Pope FOR AID TO CHINA'S WAR SUFFERERS

Rome—The Chinese people will not forget the manifestations of sympathy extended to them by His Holiness Pope Pius XII in their time of darkest trial, Cheou Kang Sie, Minister of China to the Holy See, declared in a statement issued here to mark the surrender of Japan.

After paying tribute to China's ten million war dead and acknowledging the aid furnished China by her allies, especially the United States, Great Britain and Russia, the statement declares that the Chinese people will not forget that the Holy See, in the midst of the war, proceeded with the exchange of diplomatic representatives with China, as it will not forget the Holy Father's manifestations of sympathy for their country, and how much the Vatican has done for Chinese war victims.

The Fatima Column

T IS of the utmost importance that we do not simply remain satisfied with the knowledge of Our Blessed Mother's Apparitions, Prophecies and Promises at Fatima, Portugal, in the year 1917. Nor is it enough that we put Her requests into effect in our own private lives; we must become apostles of Her Cause for it is the Cause of Almighty God Himself.

Recall that Portugal was saved the horrors of war because Portugal was consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary on May 13th, 1931, and this consecration was renewed in 1938. On this latter occasion: "When rumors of World War II were rife in European capitals . . . the Portuguese hierarchy went to Fatima in solemn pilgrimage and repeated the national consecration . . . Fatima yielded peace as Cana had yielded wine, thanks to the heart of a Mother."

Recall also, that "the Holy Father has accorded full recognition to the events of FATIMA. He consecrated the world and Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary on October 31st, 1942, at the close of the Fatima Silver Jubilee. HE CONSECRATED HIS OWN DIOCESE OF ROME, WITH ALL ITS PARISHES TO THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY ON DECEMBER 8th, 1942, and they were spared the horrors of destruction in 1944. He urged all the nations of the world . . . to consecrate themselves in like manner."

Finally, recall the words of Our Blessed Mother uttered on July 13th, 1917:" In the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph. The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me. It will be converted, and an era of peace will be granted to the world."



OW many thoroughly bad people have you ever known? Probably none because they are extremely rare. Even when the other fellow's actions seem thoroughly unreasonable to us, bear in mind that he usually thinks he's right. We all live to regret our harsh and unfounded judgments. And to thank God for the times we have given the other fellow at least the benefit of the doubt.

"There's so much good in the worst of us

And so much bad in the best of us That it ill becomes any of us To talk about the rest of us."

"That guy gets me down". True or false? False. It isn't that guy. It's my reaction to him. In other words I'm getting myself down. The fortress of our emotional reactions is impregnable against attack from without. We are the ones who admit the Trojan horse. The purpose of our emotions is to stimulate us into action. When we race the emotional engine without ever throwing ourselves into gear, we just burn up nervous energy faster than any normal system can replenish the supply. Especially devastating are worry,

envy and jealousy, emotions that burn us up without "getting us anywhere".

All the trouble we make for ourselves by expecting too much of others and of ourselves; deeming the impossible to be normally attainable! Normal life can never be one sweet song of consistent success. Nor can we expect to feel satisfied all the time. One day life is sweet and God is in His Heaven and all is well. Another day we wake up wishing we never had been born. That, my friend, is quite normal. To make a fetish of one's consistency is to invite failure all along the line. Maybe that's why Emerson calls consistency "the hobgoblin of little minds".

Life, after all, is an unending series of "little" defeats and little victories. Each defeat or victory, however, has a direct bearing upon the next encounter. We may feel that the occasional lapse doesn't matter but there we are terribly wrong. It makes another lapse more likely and the next victory more costly and forges another link in the chain of whatever habit we may be trying to overcome. Down that track of brain

grooves, further deepened by the action that we perform so carelessly today, we may rush in an hour of crisis headlong to our destruction.

A quotation from Bede Jarrett, the famous Dominican writer preacher: "Sin as we may, we cannot make God love us the less". A quotation from a fond parent to a wayward child: "Now, Willie, if you do that God won't love you". False and dangerous teaching. Possibly the sort of stuff they fed Major Chisholm in his youth. God never ceases to love us. He does not change his mind in our regard. We are the ones who walk out on Him, into the eternal night.

This stressing of fear rather than love has done a great deal of harm. Too often it has left psychological scars that even the passing of time has not completely erased. It makes the old policeman idea of God die hard. Many people make great sacrifices for God but the impelling motive is fear rather than love. Their sacrifices notwithstanding, they go through life feeling more like escaped convicts than children of a merciful Father in Heaven. They have been more sinned against than sinning.

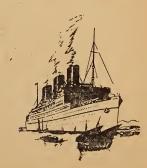
Abandon, that's the great need. Not just Christian resignation. Mere resignation signifies a sort of reluctant acceptance of the inevitable. Abandon means a happy and an absolute conformity with the will of God. "Sure, He knows best" as the simple old Irish mothers used to say in their time of trouble and affliction. By abandon to the Will of God we can cut the Gordian knot of all the difficulties of life. "To those who love God, all things work together unto good".

Our Idea of Futile Assignments

1. The Polish paralyser pitted agains a grizzly bear in Maple Leaf Gardens.

- 2. Eleanor Holm, Buster Crab and Johnny Weismuller racing a school of porpoises around a trans-Atlantic liner.
- 3. A year old baby trying to outswim a month-old duckling.
- 4. The fastest human trying to win the King's Plate or the Kentucky Derby.
- 5. A man expecting to live as long as the average elephant or turtle.

Physically we don't stack up very well against the animal creation. Wherein, then, does the Lord of Creation stand supreme? It is in the spiritual beauty of a soul made to the image and likeness of God, a soul that will one day rise glorious and immortal and be united to a body that will know neither old age nor imperfection. We hear a great deal of metaphorical speaking about eternal youth. One day it will be ours. In Heaven we shall possess it forever. In Heaven we shall know happiness compared to which our greatest moments in life are but as a fleeting and imperfect shadow compared to love, which the greatest of human loves is but the pale flicker of the candle beside the blazing glory of the noonday sun. The trials and tribulations and limitations and imperfections of this life convince us that we have not here a lasting city but we seek one that is to come. The thought of it spurs us on even when we realise that "The Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence and only the violent shall bear it away".





QUALITY * of * MERCY

RONALD W.REEVES S.F.M.



IF one were asked to confine his description of the work of Jesus to one statement, I do not doubt that he would at once think of His kindness to the sick, and express His mission in these words: "He went about doing good". True the fundamental reason for the miraculous cures worked by our Blessed Lord was to prove the divinity of His mission, nevertheless I am sure we can surmise that many a cure of the sick sometimes unrecorded, was done in tender compassion just for an individual soul. It was the infinite pity of Jesus flooding His Sacred Heart that brought sight to the blind man, cleansed the leper, cured the deaf and healed disease and sickness among His people. It was ever the same story,—"He had compassion on the multitude". Who does not remember Christ's parable concerning the Good Samaritan, how He set up as an example of mercy the kindness done by a despised Samaritan when even the priest and Levite had failed.

When one reads the Gospel he is struck by the prevalence of sickness. Today it is the same, especially in mission countries. The blind, deaf.

dumb and paralysed all come to the mission looking for aid, comfort and sympathy. Yes, it seems to be a vast social question and one of great moment. How important it is can be well judged by the action of Christ Himself. After our Lord had finished His work of healing on this earth and had returned to His Father in heaven, He left the power to heal as a mark of the authority of the apostles. How wonderfully well do the Acts relate stories of the apostles power to heal. "They carried the sick into the streets and laid them on beds and pallets that when Peter passed his shadow at least might fall on some of them. And there came also multitudes from the towns near Jerusalem bringing the sick and troubled with unclean spirits and they were all healed." Any wonder then that a missionary should be interested in social science and medicine. Here it is that he gains valuable knowledge in the systematic study of the social organism together with the mutual action of its various elements. Then again, he learns of the many substances that God has given us as a remedy for disease and the alleviation of the suffering of mankind.

The Chinese people being victims of disease suffer greatly but through their own ingenuity have in a special way made use of a multitude of things given by God through nature to aid them in their plight. Their knowledge of healing herbs is tremendous and one has to live in the Orient to realise this to its full.

The example of the Divine Physician has been paramount in the Church. Of this the missionary is keenly aware. It would be impossible to estimate the miraculous cures from the day of the apostles to Lourdes or Fatima. But the Church has busied herself not so much with working miracles as with tending the person of Christ in the person of the sick.

She has never forgotten the words to be spoken at the great assize, "I was sick and you visited me".

Recently our Holy Father has brought to the front the great importance of kindness to the sick and needy in these words, "The cry of children is rising over the land made desolate by war. Hungry, cold, crippled, they are calling alas, in vain, for a mother who would soothe them, for a gentle hand who would soothe their aching, tired bodies. City streets are sadly echoing the braggart shout and hollow laugh of mere children, defenceless and guideless, as they slide along the ways of vice and crime. Theirs is the voice of tomorrow, and it is a challenge. Are such as these to shape and build the future? Through them we hear the voice of their Creator and its appeal welling up from the depths of infinite love; What you will do for them you will do for me.

The love for the sick is peculiar to Christianity. Paganism never guessed it. Amid all the boasted civilisation of antiquity there existed no hospitals, no penitentiaries, no

asylums of worth, although some pagan temples as in Egypt and Greece, had medical clinics attached to them. In Ireland even three hundred years before Christ there were a few places called "Houses of Sorrow" but in the long run sickness was considered a curse of the gods and any care given the sick was more of a propitiation of offended power. Again the healing of the sick was regarded chiefly as a move for civic betterment and certainly not motivated by a real love for God and neighbour. As St. Augustine well puts it, "Hospitals had their real origin in the truth of religion and St. Jerome tells us that the first real hospital was the one founded by the Roman matron Fabiola, at Rome. Fabiola was a rich noble lady who was married to She was struck with a profligate. remorse at her own sins and as one means of doing penance she used her great wealth in turning her country house into a refuge for the sick poor, who up to that time had no one to care for them, but lay stretched in the streets. She tended them herself.

It is not strange that the hospital idea grew so rapidly. We see in the Epistles that Christian charity was well organised but regular institutions were impossible during the persecutions. As soon as the Church emerged from the catacombs there was an open effort to meet the need both material and spiritual. Indeed the need was great, for after Constantine the general state of the people due to economic conditions was deplorable, especially among the poor.

How wonderful was the great example of bishops like Saint Basil and Saint Gregory Nazianzen who tended the sick with their own hands aided by men and women of the highest rank. The hospital erected by Saint Basil was said to be as big

as a town. St. John Chrysostom spent all he could get on building new hospitals and repairing old ones. Another thing so remarkable about this saint as Cardinal Newman so well says was, "His kindly spirit and genial temper". He accepted everyone with discriminating affectionateness for the sake of that portion of good, be it more or less, of a lower or higher order which has severally been lodged in them. The saint, possessed though he be by the fire of divine charity; has not lost one fibre, he does not miss one vibration of the complicated whole of human sentiment and affection but like the miraculous bush in the desert which for all the flame that wrapped it round; was not thereby consumed. Would to God there were many in the world such as this.

In the Middle Ages, hospitals were far more numerous than they are today, but we have never quite repaired the damage done by the Reformation. The destruction of monasteries, the closing of hospitals, the confiscation of endowments and other property that really did not belong to the monks but to the poor, was not only the destruction of property but the destruction of an ideal. Even Luther had to complain that his followers neglected the sick and poor.

Later the Council of Trent tried to repair the damage done and insisted again that bishops provide for the poor and especially supervise the hospitals and their funds. New orders arose to the clarion call of charity and the chief response of course came from St. Vincent de Paul. The work done by him in every branch of mercy seems incredible, and his spirit lives in the rule he set down for the sisters of charity: "The Sister infirmarian". he said, "who has care of the sick should work in union with, and after the example of Him who was full of compassion for all who were in suffering and who healed them of their diseases."

It has been a pecularly Franciscan ideal to care for the sick. St. Francis used to say to his friars, "In the sick you see the infirmities which He took upon Himself for our sakes". Francis himself tended the lepers in Gubbio washing their feet and treating their sores. To him they were "brother lepers", as they were to Fr. Damian who surpassed everyone else in devotion to these unfortunate beings.

During the time of Charlemagne a hospital was attached to every cathedral and monastery. Later there grew up military Orders whose chief occupation was the care of the sick. Now it is true that there are some works of mercy which we may not be in a position to perform. But always we can be kind to the sick. We can visit them and bring them a sympathetic word if we can bring them nothing else. We can also pray for them, seeking the healing of their soul as well as the solace of their pains. Here it is that the missionary should shine. It is in this way that Christ's ambassadors can obtain an entrance into the souls of pagans. This being done, then, with prayer and perseverance the rest is made less difficult. Even the pagan will respond to kindness and there is no doubt that the strongest weapon we have of drawing others to God is love and kindness. How well does Fr. Faber describe kindness when he says: "Kindness is the overflowing of self upon others. It is kindness which makes life's capabilities blossom, paints them with their cheering hues and endows them with their invigorating fragrance." The example of our Blessed Mother at the deathbed of St. Joseph and at the side of her own merciful Son should teach us to always remain faithful to Christ's sick ones for she it is who

Dominican Vignette

arepa, Con Dulce, Senores!

C OME with me, in fancy, to the quiet sunny little pueblo of Monte Plata, in the heart of the Dominican Republic.

Every afternoon just about four o'clock, the air is pierced by a shrill, lilting cry, audible long before its owner comes in view. Yes, it is the voice of the "Arepa" boy, trudging along the dirt road with a wicker basket on his arm. More vibrant in tone than Johnny of the Philip Morris radio show, our young operatic salesman possesses a style all his own. He has for sale hot corn bread or "arepa", sweet and baked fresh every day.

No plain statement of fact in a colourless monotone will do for our Latin-American virtuoso. The inherent genius of his race has been allowed full rein and his youthful lungs and throat burst forth in a brief but glorious melody—a short couplet which advertises his wares to the sleepy populace. This is the very zenith in commercial technique, for in announcing his arrival, he has made it become a thing of beauty. Hear him as he sings away in Spanish—

"Llevo arepa con dulce, senores, Que se va con bulla Hay arepa, hay arepa".

English is a poor substitute for Spanish, but, freely translated, the gist of the troubador's message might read something like this—

"Get yourselves some sweet corn bread, gentlemen.

It's going like hot cakes.

Sweet corn bread now on sale".

You are probably saying to yourself by now—"We also in Canada have our singing ads over the radio, our bellowing fruit and vegetable salesmen on the streets, and even the plaintive chant of a disconsolate looking ragpicker to vie with your "Arepa songster".

In answer to this, one needs only to hear the Arepa boy, in order to be convinced that he sings as much for pleasure as for profit. He springs from a race of music lovers, people who sing at their work and at their play, and who make their work become play because they appreciate and enjoy good singing.

Won't you too, try some arepa condulce? It's tasty and hot and sells

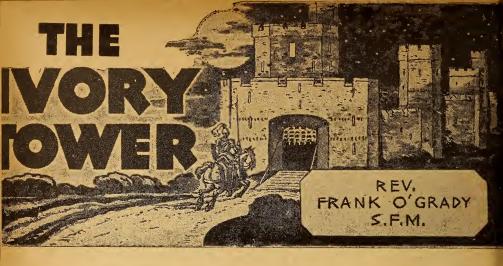
for one cent a slice.

is truly Mother of Mercy and Health of the Sick.

Let us march forward then in this present age trained better than ever to assist suffering humanity both in soul and body. With a keener knowledge of the social order of our day, of its faults and failings, of the Christian remedies to be applied, we shall become instruments in the hands of God, healing the sick of soul and body helping to bring from

social chaos a second spring of social harmony attuned to the music of heaven.

Father Ronald Reeves, the contributor of this article, is at present resident at St. Michael's College, where he is taking a course in medicine and social science, preparatory to returning to the mission fields in China.



A BOOK has recently appeared entitled: 'Modern Man Is Obsolete', written by Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review of Literature. It is an expansion of an editorial which appeared last summer after Hiroshima, and was significant in that it reflected the mind of the 'average man' after the coming of THE BOMB. Of course the 'average man' could not write it so well but the pessimism so well expressed by Mr. Cousins was a good index of current public opinion. We are indebted to the author for this bit of good writing whilst we disagree entirely with his thesis.

Besides the prevalent fear that mankind is about to blow itself into oblivion, one hears variations on the atomic theme. One is a concerto for neurotics which declares that the numbers entering insane refuges are increasing and THEREFORE the world is going mad in the technical, medical sense. We disagree with

this also.

Another phase of this campaign against modern man is the one which begins with: 'Have you heard that the I.Q. of our soldiers rates the average with a mental age of 13?" On this point also we refuse to become even a little bit alarmed.

Perhaps we should explain that

our daily bread is not obtained by working in the busy world but the author of these lines is a professor by trade. Its a pleasant craft, a delightful occupation most of the time, and one usually quite misunderstood by the 'average man'. To express his contempt for us he invents stories about our absent-mindedness, which we know from our reading, is in exact ratio to his own; but we let him have his little joke, like Hildegarde. He also says we are impractical, visionary, speculative, theoretical, idealistic, out of touch with things as they are, finally that we live in 'An Ivory Tower'.

To some extent the charges are true, but we are no better and no worse than others. Now I say this by way of preamble because you can readily see the claim coming that 'professors are human'; brace yourself but that is one of our theses. Besides being merely human, we claim that we know how to read. Now just being able to spell words but as a rule we know their meaning. Thus when we use a technical expression we want it understood as such. Frequently the 'average man' resents this and charges us with attempting to deceive. This is far from true. Even sport has its technical jargon but it is not used to deceive.

Page Sixteen Crin

1.Q. Explained

Now apply this discussion of the use of technical terms to the professor who used the expression 'mental-age' in the newspaper quotation about the I.Q. of soldiers. Since the tests used to measure I.Qs. are meant to be reliable statements of ability between the chronological ages of about 6 and 14, then an I.Q. indicative of a mental age of 13 is almost as high as the tests can reliably measure. Hence, understanding the technical meaning of the term 'mental-age' there is no reason to be disturbed. Another way of frightening or bothering us is to say that the 'movies are toned down so as to be understood by 14 year-olds.

Increasing Need of Mental Hospitals

It is a fallacy to conclude that mental disease is increasing because the number of patients in mental hospitals increases from year to year. The explanation is simply that new and better hospitals are being constructed and relatives of mental patients are more willing than heretofore to send their charges to such institutions. Secondly, the importance of early care for the insane has been stressed in the past few years. Actually the average stay in such a hospital is 6 years; so we must wait until we have sufficient hospital space for all mental cases of any given year, then wait for six years to see if we need more hospitals before we could conclude that insanity is increasing. An analogous case might be presented relative to maternity: let's say that in some county hospital there were 200 cases in 1940 and none in 1930. Before we jump to a conclusion, like the pilot who jumped without a parachute, it might be well to ask if the hospital in question was built back in 1930 or afterwards.

 $NPs \dots$

Quack - psychologists and pulpmagazine psychiatrists have finally

been given the brush-off relative to their tripe concerning our treatment of returning soldiers. They warned us to expect veterans to be epileptics. or paranoids or schizophrenics or psychopaths; at the very least we might expect phobias, obsessions, compulsions, illusions, hallucinations or perhaps multiple personalities like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. We prepared ourselves only to find veterans more mature than the folks they left back home. In fact, the veterans were the ones who had to make the allowances for 'the civilian', that strangest of all phenomena as yet unclassified by medical science. The Nps, or neuropsychiatric cases were simply soldiers who were tired of it all, a little run down and therefore a bit nervous. When we allow the veterans to convince us, we shall send all possible clothing and food to war victims and realize that isolationism in these matters infringes on the Golden Wounded veterans will then get the care they need without the pity they do not want. Who knows, we might even remember to say a prayer for the veterans who will never come back.

But somehow, in spite of the strikes, persecutions, atomic bombs, insanity, low I.Q., from our Ivory Tower we feel certain that modern man is neither obsolete nor to be despaired of. History tells us also that when faced with the greatest problems, man rises to the occasion, not just meddling through, but helped by His Maker to use his intelligence in the best way possible.



Father Steele Honoured

THE emblem for meritorious civilian service has been awarded by the United States government to Rev. Harvey Steele, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Steele of Dominion, Nova Scotia, and a member of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. The award, authorized by General Wedemeyer, United States commander in the Chinese war theatre, was in recognition of Father Steele's services with the United States forces in China from January 1944 to April of 1945.

Father Steele was ordained for the Missions at Dominion, Nova Scotia in 1938 and shortly thereafter went to our Prefecture of Lishui in Chekiang province, China. When the Japanese overran Lishui the Canadian priests and sisters were forced to evacuate and seek refuge where they could. Father Steele became associated with the United States army, and served with various units, including General Claire Chennault's independent air command, the memhers of which were known as "The Flying Tigers". Father Steele was repatriated to Canada last summer and has been at his home at Dominion since then.

The citation accompanying the award says: "Every officer and enlisted man knew him in Chungking and he was one of the hardest working and most zealous chaplains in China. He gave a course of lectures and in this way promoted good will and better relations between the Chinese and American personnel."

"Before the Red Cross and Special

Service Officers arrived in Chungking, Captain Steele assumed those duties. He acted as guide and interpreter on missions to bring back bodies of pilots who had crashed in the mountains surrounding Chungking."

"In the highly meritorious performance of his duties as Contract Chaplain and of other assigned tasks, Captain Steele has made significant contributions to the accomplishment of the mission of the United States Army in China".

CHINA takes this occasion to congratulate Rev. Father Steele on his well merited reward. Father Steele was the procurator and representative of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society in China's war-time capital where he looked after our Mission interests during the turbulent years of the Sino-Japanese conflict.

REMEMBER OUR DEAD

Mrs. Mary Akerley of St. John, New Brunswick.

Mr. William Sharkey of Detroit. Mr. Patrick Stringer of Ottawa.

Mr. J. E. Tallon, K.S.G. (Knight of St. Gregory).

Mrs. Pigott of Guelph, Ontario.

CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. D. E. Stringer, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVII, No. 3, March, 1946. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.



UDS, don't forget to read p. 23 of this issue! That dandy bike is going to belong to somebody-maybe YOU—before very long! And there will be a great many other prizes which I'll tell you about next month. But remember, every Bud who wants to have a chance to win the bike must have a Contest Number. So use one of the two forms on p. 23 and send it in right away, TO-DAY . . An OLD BUD is one who already has his or her certificate or membership card with the three promises and the prayer to St. Francis Xavier on it. That is all. That is all.

There is no age limit in the Rose Garden once you have started to school. High School and College boys and girls will find in our club a means of "thinking of others", especially of the millions of unfortunate pagans who need our help so desperately. If you emerge from your schooling without the clear-cut conviction that Mission-mindedness and Mission activity of some serious sort is essential in the life of a Catholic, then your education is dangerously inadequate, and, in the light of eternal values, your life may become a miserable failure. Perhaps it would be well for you students of higher education to go off alone to some quiet nook with your New

Testament to read and think over with infinite care and humble heart the parable of the Sower and the Seed. Will you allow the cares and pleasures and trials and all the rest of it choke and kill your present aspirations to further the Kingdom of God on earth? Think it over.

Cheers for Madeline Meaney of Riverhead, St. Mary's, Nfld., for her correct answer to January Quickie Quiz,—Sleep, that knits the revelled sleeve of care. It was a toughie, Buds, but the rest will be much easier. See this month's.

The INTER-SCHOOL CONTEST began with the January issue. You read about it didn't you? There are no special rules at all so you have no worries on that score. It is not necessary that every one of the class belongs to the Garden, but if you do, it means that many more points. But definitely! Saving stamps—any kind -, getting new Garden members, offering prayers, hearing Masses, helping by your pennies to teach and baptize China's children,—these are just a few helpful hints . . . The banner up for competition is something really beautiful. Many of our priests are at their mission stations now, others are leaving Canada very shortly. So are the Sisters. Perhaps

you and you and you don't have all the pretty things you want, or the sporting gear you like, but most have a home, decent food and a warm bed and shows and radios and friends and daddies and mummies. Well, Buds, your missionaries leave all these things and people and go into a strange country. Oftentimes they are cold and hungry and tired and sick at the sight of so much paganism. Don't let them feel lonely too. Let them know you are there in prayer and sacrifice, helping and cheering them on in the battle for God and souls.

Want your picture published? Just send it in. That is all.

STAMP COLLECTORS! ATTENTION.



Newfoundland sets and packets. Postal issues only. Condition fine.

SETS

1.	Caribou (1918)	5	vars.,	10	cts.
2.	Pictorial (1923)		** ′		
3.	Publicity (1929)	5	**	10	"
4.	Issue of 1931	7	**	10	**
5.	Gilbert (1933)	4	**	15	**
6.	Coronation (1937	3	**	10	**
7.	Publicity (including				
	watermarks	12	**	25	**
	Gilbert		**	25	**
	Long Coronation	5	**	25	**
	Issue of 1938-MM.	7	**	10	**

PACKETS

25	different		20	cents
30	**	•••••	35	**
40	**	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·		**
50	**		\$1.	.00

Minimum Order, \$1.00

STAMP DEPT, CHINA Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario



Gerry, Buds, is the honoured one this month. She draws, paints and loves sports. But, she also has learned in her short seventeen years of living that love of God and souls means a great deal of self-sacrifice. She had made a mite-box and labelled it "China Missions" and kept it on the kitchen cupboard. It used to say "Yoohoo!" at everybody coming in. Didn't exactly speak, you know, but then you know too there are people even who don't have to speak to get you to do something. But definitely! If you want to write her the address is, 693 Front St., Pembroke, Ont. Cheerio, Gerry!

Word Contest Winner

The winner of the January Word Contest was Lorraine Mahoney from Rockland, Ont., Box 71, with a total of 228 words correct out of 371 sent in. Clare Connelly, 3587 St. Urbain St., Montreal, had 211 out of 350. Ambrose Garrah, 172 River St., Gananoque, Ont., had 202 out of 426. To Lorraine goes a year's subscription to China. Better luck next time, Buds!



Hello Buds:

Last month I told you my Guardian Angel was out West. I think he met all the Angels of the childdren of Grade V in St. Stanislaus' School, Fort William. Whatever he did or said I am not sure, but the results came with a bang. I received a letter which took twelve postmen to carry. Well, maybe not twelve, but golly, was it big!! And it contained some smart ideas for our Rose Garden pages which will be used as time goes by.

When he got back I thought he might as well have a little rest, but no, nothing would satisfy him except to rush off to Holy Redeemer School in Sydney, N.S., to bring bouquets to the Sisters and Children for their grand gift to our Missionaries. From there he flew on to Conception in Newfoundland to see the real livewire mission workers in the schools there and nearby Colliers. They all put on a blitz and sent twenty-five dollars for China's children. Aren't they just grand, Buds?

Arriving back at the Seminary he rushed into my room wide-eyed with excitement. He had heard Patricia Milks of Sudbury say she tried to get a little something to help the Missionaries by minding babies! Well done, Pat, where there's a will, there's a way. And she's only ten, Buds! Rock-a-by baby on Paddy's lap, don't start to cry or she'll give you a —hug! Fooled you, yes?

While we were chatting about this and that, a letter came from Patricia McDermott in Cornwall, (No, Buds, I'm no picking out the Pats because this is March) who made us dance a jig for joy. She sent in the names of forty-three—Yes, Buds, that's right —forty-three new members for our Rose Garden. And she would like us all to pray for a special intention. We will, Pat, we will for sure. And lest we forget, one of our latest Buds would like very much to receive Pen Pals. She is confined to bed with illness. Just write her, Irene Smith, Avondale, Nfld. Older Buds please take note.

Golly, did I blush when Anna Mae Moore told me she cut out my poem (ahem!) from January China and put it on the wall above her mitebox? Ah! how sweet to be a poet—Ouch! Say, Buds, do your Guardian Angels; pull your ears when you start

bragging?

There are two little stamp-collectors in St. John, N.B. Marie is eleven and Miriam is six. Their last name, Landers. Imagine them saving up one thousand, five hundred and thirty-five stamps! Zowie! Bless their hearts! And talking about stamps, there's a sweet little lassie Teresa Cayer, St. Ann's Convent, Rigaud, Que., who sent in her collection of stamps to help on God's work. Do write her, Buds; she's twelve.

Bye for now, Buds, and remember

your promises.

-Father Jim.



Learn to Draw









Wotizit Test

1. Quadrant; 2. Hansom; 3. Conch; 4. Capstan; 5. Cresset; 6. Samovar; 7. Collander; 6. Creel; 9. Peruke; 10. Dove-cote.

(Answers on Page 29)

What is the Solution of This Story?

A man had a field full of watermelons and they were being continually stolen from him. One day he noticed a suspicious-looking character in his watermelon patch and saw the man stoop down, pick up one of the fruit and run away. The farmer rushed into the house, grabbed a shotgun and took after the thief. Just then he saw the culprit crossing the nearby river, on which there was a very thin sheet of ice. He fired at him and as he did he saw the man fall through the ice into the river. Rushing up he succeeded in pulling the man's body out of the river. The man, of course, was dead, but the question afterwards arose as to whether he had died from the gunshot or had drowned. What do you think? (Turn to page 29 for the answer.)

What is the Plural of the Following?

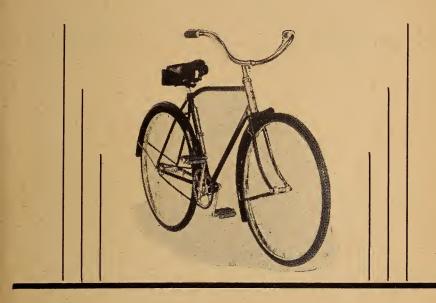
1. Mouse; 2. Ox; 3. Echo; 4. Mary; 5. Chateau; 6. Alto; 7. Embryo; 8. Talisman; 9. B; 10. Taxi.

(Answers on page 29)

Dear Buds:

Some one of you will own this grand bicycle before very long! I have had to postpone the start of the big contest until April to give all Buds a chance to write in for their Contest Numbers. So write today the information asked for below.

Remember, boys and girls, only members of the Garden have a chance to win. So write NOW!



NEW BUDS

Dear Fr. Jim,

Please enroll me in the Little Flower's Rose Garden and send my Contest Number.

Name

Age

Home Address H U R R Y

OLD BUDS

Dear Fr. Jim,

I already have my membership card. Please send my Contest Number.

Name

Age

Home Address



Dear Fr. Jim,

I am learning to use daddy's typewriter . . . here are some stamps . . . am eleven years old.

> Eleanor Currie, 5½ Bruce St., Glace Bay, N.S.

A few more years, Eleanor, and you can be my typist.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Thank you for my membership in the Rose Garden. I was sick this time last year . . . but how the children of CHINA must have suffered . . . here are some stamps and a dollar to help them.

Frances Cook,*
393 Eva Ave.,
Sudbury, Ont

Your sufferings, Frances, have been, and can always be, spiritual gold to help others. Remember what the Little Flower said?

Dear Fr. Jim,

I have a new member for you and her mother wants you to start sending her the CHINA... Tonight I am going to be received into the Children of Mary.

Therese Taylor, 270 Rideau St., Kingston, Ont. Dear Fr. Jim,

I am very happy to be a Rose Bud
... am nineteen years old ... love
painting in oils ... collecting songs,
games and riddles which I keep in
a book ... have a pet Angora rabbit.
Margaret Deturck,*

Norwich, Ont.

Marg, in your honour let's have this month's Quickie Quiz. What nation has given most martyrs to the Church? Come on, Buds, there's a prize waiting the first correct answer.

Dear Fr. Jim.

As I know our missionaries need stamps I am making the collecting of them my hobby . . . am sixteen years old.

Genevieve Colombe,*

St. Georges, Nfld.

Now, Buds, there's a hobby with a tang to it!

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am a sister of Anne FitzPatrick and play the piano. I just love the contests we have. Is there anyone else with the same name as mine anywhere?

> Charlotte FitzPatrick, Tracadie Cross, P.E.I.

Charlotte is 14, Buds, and likes China's jokes. Ahem!

Dear Fr. Jim,

Enclosed you will find some stamps and our renewal for CHINA. Please send out an S.O.S. for Pen Pals . . . I just love 'em; will be twelve in February.

Teresa Jean Funnell,*
106 E. 18th St., Hamilton, Ont.
Zippee! Who wants a snappy penpal? Let's go, Buds; send a truckload of letters to our Terry.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I have heard so much about the Rose Garden and here I am. I'd just love some pen-pals as I am sick in bed. All of us at home read and enjoy China every month . . . and I'm offering my illness for souls.

Shirley Abbott,*
87 Britain St.,
St. John, N.B.

Shirley is fourteen years old, so Buds of that age and older can drop her a line. It gets pretty lonesome at times just lying sick in bed, doesn't it Buds?

Dear Fr. Jim,

How are you? I'm as busy as can be in 3rd. Yr. High, but still find time for my pen-pals. I'm sure you'll agree that the daily saying of the Rose Garden prayer and saving stamps is not as hard as sacrificing to save pennies. . . . I just love CHINA. Rita Fallu,

Blind River, Ont.

You'll go far, Rita, with that clearcut vision of realities you have. When we learn that sacrifice is a great big part of love, we've really got something.

Dear Fr. Jim,

The new mite box is a peach, Father, and so is the stationary . . . I've saved up two dollars worth of pennies and have lots of pen-pals.

Pat Flanagan, 346 Belfast St., Medicine Hat, Alta. Pat's doing a swell job of holding up the honour of Medi-

cine Hat, Buds, and will try to get others there to join.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am sending you my mite box and some stamps . . . one dollar is from Anne Stadnyk . . . I'm fine; how are you?

Ronnie Borai, 11215—87th St., Edmonton, Alta.

Ronnie's pennies weighed almost as much as himself. He is a little gentleman of eight

gentleman of eight years but he has a great big heart. Bless you, Ronnie, and Anne too.



Dear Fr. Jim,

I was talking to the girls at school about the Rose Garden . . . and here are three of us to start . . . Please pray that we'll do well at school.

Rita O'Leary,*
327 Danforth Ave.,

Toronto.

They think St. Mike's are grand, Buds, and they are too. That's a puzzle sentence!

Dear Fr. Jim,

It's almost a year since you heard from us. We kept dropping pennies in our "Developing Tank" and here is ten dollars for the noble work of the missionaries.

Jim, Ted, Michael, Betty, Mary, Gerald, Billy Fewer,

97 Gower St., St. John's, Nfld.

The tank, Buds, is their name for the mite-box! What a jolly crowd they are: I bet they all help with the dishes too!

Dear Fr. Jim,

We live in Havelock, Ont., R.R. No. 2, and there are four of us. I go to High School and help teach



Imagine helping to save a soul by washing dishes! And by chopping the wood Daddy told you to; and by letting little sister have the bigger piece of cake; and by coming when mother calls even though you are at the most interesting part of the 'funnes'; and by willingly lending older sister your new lace handkerchief. I could go on and on with *little* things like these that are ways of practising self-denial.

You know, Buds, the hardest thing in the world to do is to "give in". We always want our way. And yet by being gentle and courteous and thoughtful of others we can gain many graces for ourselves and for poor pagans. God always listens to the unselfish prayer, always blesses the unselfish act. Remember that and you will be the charming Bud St. Theresa wants you to be and your work for your missionaries will be that much more effective.

Fr. Jim.

Catechism in Church which is five miles away and we generally have to walk it in wintertime. It's just a mission so we don't have many activities. The Rose Garden is just the thing for us.

Kay Rooney,* 15; Bridget, 13; Joe, 11; Francis, 9.

You're a real missionary, Kay, and St. Theresa will have an extra fine blessing for you. City folks never do see the stars,—much.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am thirteen years of age and my hobbies include playing the

piano. I'm saving stamps too. Please send me a mite-box and some penpals.

Mary Ann Hunt,*
Walkerton, Ont., R.R. 2.

Mary is going to get us some more members and if I ever get near her home I'll ask her to play for me. Dear Fr. Jim,

Hello and God bless you and here we are again! Please accept this two dollars for our missionaries.

Vera, Mary, Leo Fitzpatrick, Box 14, Carbonear, Nfld.

All praise to Fi,—I mean, St. Patrick! I just knew I'd get that in!!

WANTED—Used Newfoundland Stamps. We appeal to Newfoundland Buds of the Rose Garden to stage a stamp drive to help our work in China.

Please leave a quarter-inch margin around edges.

Please do not tear stamps from paper.

New Members and Pen Pals

- 10
- Raymond Antoniak, 446 N. Syndicate Ave., Fort William.
 Rosemary Antoniak, 446 N. Syndicate Ave., Fort William.
 Lorraine Barbini, 437 Southern Ave., Fort William.
 Theresa Belanger, 222 Cameron St., Fort William.
 Maria Benedet 200 S. May St. 12
- 10
- 12
- St., Fort William.

 -Marie Benedet, 309 S. May St.,
 Fort William.

 -Rose Marie Blais, 125 S. Brodie
 St., Fort William.

 -Maurleen Carney, 311 S. May St.,
 Fort William.
- 10
- Harold Coffey, 118 Pruden St., Fort William
- Gerald Colosimo, 321 S. May St., 9
- Fort William. Tom Cook, 351 N. John St., Fort 9
- -Tom Cook, 351 N. John
 William.
 -Annette D'Angelo, 104 Northern
 Ave., Fort William.
 -Valerie Del Pino, 314 N. Marks
 St., Fort William.
 -Jim Douglas, 370 N. John St.,
 Fort William.
 -Ida Marie Dubey, 1014 Victoria
 Ave., Fort William.
 -Marguerite Eccles, 205 S. John
 St., Fort William.
 -Peter Eccles, 205 St. John St.,
- 10
- 10
- Peter Eccles, 205 St. John St., Fort William. 11 10
- -Eleanor Ferguson, 112 S. May St., Fort William. -Eugene Ferris, 319 Cameron St., 9
- Fort William. 9 Lawrence Ferris, St., Fort Willaim. 319 Cameron
- St., Fort William.
 -Shirley Franchi, 708 N. May St.,
 Fort William.
 -Billy Hay, 365 N. John St., Fort 10
- Willaim.
- -Patricia Kempenski. 435 S. Archi-bald St., Fort William. -Noreen Kennelly, 119 Cameron St., Fort William.
- 10 9
- Helen Kerr, 210 S. Archibald St., Fort William. 12
- Romeo Kowalski, General Delivery, Fort William. 11
- Robert Lazinski, 120 Bethuno St., Fort William. 11 -Lucienne Le Page, No. 1 Corona-
- 9
- 9
- Leo Levesque, No. 6 Left Blk., 433 Simpson St. -Laurie McCart, 476 N. Vickers St., Fort William. -Lucy McNeil, 209 Bethune St., Fort William. -Raymond Marcard 10
- 9 Raymond Margarit, 115 Bethune St., Fort William.
- 10
- Gloria Mascetti, 328 Empire Ave., Fort William. -John Massaro, 313 Heron St., Fort William. -Frank Matarazzo, 136 Finlayson 12
- 13 St., Fort William. Yvonne Migay, 210 10
- -Yvonne Migay, 210 Heron St., Fort William. "-Patrick Murro, 231 Leith St., 9
- Fort William.
 Bernice Pasko, 715 N. Brodie St.,
- Bernice Pasko, 715 N. Brodie St., Fort William. John Preston, 511½ Simpson St., Fort William. 9 10
- Wayne Prouse, No. 6 Enzer Blk., Fort William.

- 10
- 10
- 10 10
- Patricia Rickards, 351 N. Vickers St., Fort William.
 Rita Sorel, 343 N. Archibald St., Fort William.
 Evelyne Testori, 233 Dease St.,
 Mary Cecile Wood, 563 S. Syndicate Ave., Fort William.
 Danny O'Neill, 863 College St., Toronto 10
- Toronto 12 -John Ohnmacht, 448 Shaw St.,
- Toronto. Phyllis Primerano, 481 12
- -Phyllis Primerano, 481 Roxton Rd., Toronto. -Shirley Quigley, 108 Harrison St., 11 Toronto.
- 10 Louis Quinn, 411 Ossington Ave., Toronto.
- 12 -Thos. Quinn, 411 Ossington Ave.,
- Toronto.

 -Walter Raniowski, 287 Ossington
 Ave., Toronto.

 -Helen Roman, 108 Harrison St., 10
- 14 Toronto
- 13 -Agnes Roman, 108 Harrison St., Toronto.

 -Angelo Ruffo, 330
- 12 Harbord St., Toronto.
- 12 -John Salerno, 186 Roxton Rd., Toronto.

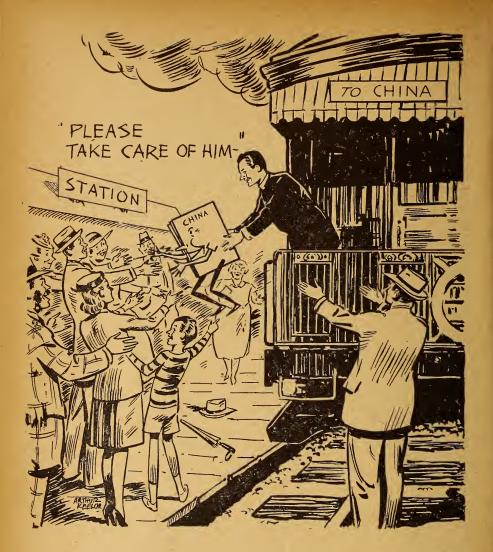
 Toronto.

 Schmidt,
- -Bernice Schmidt, 390 Ave., Toronto. -Joy Anne Tombosso, 11 390 Montrose 10
- Joy Anne St., Toronto. 339 Shaw 12 Roland Tombosso, 339 Shaw St.,
- Toronto. June Tattersall, 108 Harrison St., 11
- Toronto. -George 12 Taylor, 37 Grove St.,
- Toronto. -Agnes Thivierges, 656 Ossington 12
- Ave., Toronto.
 -Lucy Trasiewicz, 393 Shaw St., 12
- Toronto. Beverly Wearing, 88 Pendrith St., 13 Toronto.
- Jack Weiler, 20 Lakeview Ave., Toronto.
- 14 Georgina Redmond, 534 Crawford St., Toronto. 17 yrs.-
- —Dorothy Ascroft, 202-15th. St., Lethbridge, Alta. —Monica Barrington, Badger, Alta. —Gerald Beattle, 3510 Prudhomme 13
- 11
- Ave., NDG, Montreal.

 -Anne Bennett, Buchans, Nfld.
 -Barbara Black, 15 McRae Drive, Leaside.
- -Thomas Bown, Main St., Sydney 14
- 12
- 9
- -Thomas Bown, Main St., Sydney Mines, N.S.
 -Dorothy Brennan, Summerville, Bonavista, Bay, Nfld.
 -Lorraine Brennan, 7A Church Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.
 -Mary Brennan, 7A Church Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.
 -Ann Burns, 1112 Allard Ave., Verdun, Que.
 -Dorothy Burns, 7 Clarendon St., St. John. N.B. 12
- 12
- Dorothy Burns, St. John, N.B. St., 7 Clarendon St., 14
- St. John, N.B.
 Frank Burns, 7 C
 St. John, N.B. 10 -Maurleen Carne St., Ft. William. 311 S. Mary
- 9 -Edward Case, 10 Garth 12 St. Anne's Con-
- Guelph, Ont.

 -Theresa Cayer, St. Anne's Convent, Reyaud, Que.

 -Colleen Cheney, 57 Pine St. N.,
 Thorold, Ont. 11



Your Missionaries leave their loved ones at home. Your Missionaries face a tremendous task in Foreign Fields. When you receive CHINA into your home, you do more than just a favour, you are JOINING HANDS WITH THEM ACROSS THE SEAS. They will know they are not alone in the battle for God and Souls.

75,000 Readers . . . That's Our Aim . . . 75,000 Readers

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA!

\$1.00 per year





\$20.00 for life

Books Wanted

We shall be ever so grateful to any of our friends for a copy of the books listed here. Gilson: The Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, Unity of Philosophical Experience.

Berdyaev: The End of Our Time, The Russian Revolution, Freedom of the Spirit.

Chesterton: St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Francis of Assisi, What's Wrong with World, Orthodoxy.

Belloc: How the Reformation Happened, The Servile State, Shorter History of England.

GAME PAGE ANSWERS

Wotizit Test

1. A geometrical figure; 2. A twowheeled buggy; 3. A seashell; 4. A naval windlass; 5. A steam valve; 6. An urn for beverages; 7. A deep metal serving dish; 8. Fisherman's basket; 9. A wig; 10. A bird's house.

Piano Wanted.

To aid our students learn the rudiments of music-a great asset on the Mission—a piano is needed immediately. Our address is on the cover. telephone: HO. 5414.

The Solution of the Story

The story is impossible since watermelons would hardly be growing in the dead of winter and it is indicated that it was winter by the fact that the river was frozen over.

The Plural Is

1. Mice; 2. Oxen; 3. Echoes; 4. Marys; 5. Chateaux; 6. Altos; 7. Embryos; 8. Talismans; 9. B's; 10. Taxis.

More Pen Pals

- 11 yrs.—Paula Clary, 2355 Lillian St., 13
- 14 10
- Paula Clary, 2355 Lillian St.,
 Windsor, Ont.
 Mary Cockburn, 14 Morton Rd.,
 Toronto.
 Anne Cocklin, 500 St. Clair Ave.
 Margaret Cocklin, 500 St. Clair Ave.,
 Toronto.
 Barbara Collier, Box 355, Oakville, Ont.
 Joan Collier, Box 355, Oakville,
 Ont. 17
- 16 Ont. 9
- Ont.

 -Danny Comerford, 272 Cassells
 St., North Bay, Ont.

 -Marguerite Conners, 9 Barrack
 St., Kingston, Ont.

 -Clare Connolly, 3587 St. Urbain
 St., Montreal.

 -Margaret M. Conwell, Pocologan,
 Char., Co., N.B.

 -Marie Costello, Avondale, C.B.,
 Nfid. 13
- 14
- 16
- 14
- -Patricia Counahan, 500 St. Clair
- Ave., Toronto.

 -Patricia Crowley, 90 Exmouth
 St., St. John's, Nfid.

 -Doris Dafnas, 114 Clergy St.,
- 13 Kingston, Ont.
 Robert Dale, St. Louis College,
 Moose Jaw, Sask.

- 11 yrs.-Ella Dalton, Cape Broyle, South
- Shore, Nfid.

 Dalton Josephine, Cape Broyle, South Shore, Nfid.

 Rose Marie Dalton, Cape Broyle, 9
- 8
- -Rose Marie Datton, Cape Broyle, South Shore, Nfid. -Mary Xavier Davis, 9 Circular Rd., Grand Falls, Nfid. -Mary Deagle, 4078 W. 13th., Van-couver, B.C. -Theresa Dietrich, Zurich, Ont. 11
- 12
- -Emily Doherty, 19 Lawlor Ave., 15 Toronto.
- -Louise Doiron, Hunter River, St. Mary's, R.R. No. 1. 13
- 9 -Ann Marie Dolan, Norwich, Ont.
- 11 Francis Dolan, Norwich, Ont.Catherine Ducey, Summervi 66 11 Summerville,
- Nfld. Martin Ducey, Summerville, Nfld.
 William Ducey, Summerville, 10 14
- Nfld. -Marie Duffy, 500 St. Clair Ave., 8
- Toronto.

 —Alice D Dulong, Wheatley River, 12 P.E.I.
- 10 -Maureen Dunlop, 547 Mackay St., Pembroke, Ont.





An Irishman, termed by some as a humorist, entered a local restaurant, spread a napkin over his prominent stomach and glanced at the menu handed to him by a waiter. After some thought, he suggested: "Waiter, you may bring me a bowl of fly specks." "Heavens, sir. What did you say?"

"I said, fly specks. They're on the menu, aren't they?"

"Why do you wear your socks wrong side out, darling?"

"Well, dear, it was so hot, I just turned the hose on my feet."

Johnson (incredulous) - "You don't mean to tell me that your memory is absolutely perfect?"

Jackson—"Well, to be honest, right now I can't remember anything that I've ever forgotten."

A Catholic Guild speaker was talking to a crowd about heaven.

"Look here," cried a heckler, "what worries me is how I am going to get my shirt on over my wings.

"Don't worry, my friend," said the speaker, "your particular difficulty will be to get your trousers on over your

Harry-"I hear the captain has had hard luck. His wife has run away from him.'

George—"Yes, he took her for a mate, but she proved a skipper!"

Teacher-"What is the most important organ of the body?"

Student-"The nose."

Teacher—"Why the nose?" Student — Because it is the human scenter.'

There was a dense summer fog and the officer on the bridge was becoming more and more exasperated. As he

leaned over the side of the bridge trying to pierce the gloom, he saw a hazy figure leaning on a rail a short distance from his ship. He almost choked: "What do you think you are doing with your ship? Don't you know the rules of the sea?"

"This ain't no ship, mister," called a steady voice. "This is a lighthouse!"

Did you ever hear of the boy who had his nose cut off and put it back hurriedly? When all the bandages were removed he found he had put it upside down. It was bad enough that his hat should be blown off every time he sneezed, but one time he got caught in a downpour without his umbrella and drowned!

Window cleaners aren't the only workers whose occupation is hazardous. We read recently of a magazine editor who dropped eleven stories into a wastebasket.

Editor - "Are you the chump who wrote about the dinner dance?"

Reporter—"Yes."

Editor-"Well, look at this: 'Among the prettiest girls in the room was William Shuler.' Nice rubbish that is. Don't you know that William is a boy?"

Reporter—"Sure, but that's where he was."

A Scottish clergy man who was a very keen golfer, used to puzzle the friends with whom he played by muttering "Loch Lomond," in ferocious ac-

cents every time he fozzled a shot.

"Excuse me," his partner said
frankly, but why do you say 'Loch Lomond,' every time you miss a shot?" The minister's eyes twinkled. "Loch Lomond," he explained with a chuckle, "is the biggest dam in Scotland."

Bombs Over China



From Canada's far north came Uranium which made the Atomic Bomb possible.

The bombing of Hiroshima, which was largely a Catholic centre, abruptly ended the Pacific War. It also ended the years of long war between China and Japan.

Now from Canada, must come the money to rebuild our Missions, reopen our Hospitals and re-establish our Schools in China.

Never was the Church's opportunity greater, never was China and her five hundred million people more ready to accept the Faith, never a group of Missionaries so eager and anxious to take up their task again as those of our China Missions.

BUT

They need HELP, YOUR HELP.

Send in your contribution to this worthy cause TODAY to:

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

CHINA

A MISSION PROGRAMME

FOR YOUR CLUB OR SODALITY

A SUCCESSFUL CATHOLIC CLUB MEANS

HELPING OTHERS BESIDES OURSELVES

THE BEST WAY POSSIBLE TO HELP OTHERS IS
THROUGH THE MISSION WORK OF THE CHURCH

How Can We Do It?

HERE IS A WAY-Simple-Definite-Precise . . .

1. Scarboro Foreign Mission Society is the only English-speaking Foreign Mission Society in Canada. Its members come from our own schools and parishes. They need our help! They carry the torch to far-flung lands. We, on the home front, can back them up. The mission fields are again opening up. A new offensive is about to be launched.

2. Their life-line for support, and to keep our Catholic people informed about the missions, is a monthly periodical called "China". It spreads

the Gospel of the Missions. We can help keep that life-line intact.

3. "CHINA" comes into Catholic homes in our individual parishes each month. Our job is to "keep them coming" — by picking up the renewals for the coming year. We are not asked to sell the magazine—just keep the good work rolling.

4. It's simple! Suppose ten members of your sodality or club take 5 or 6 names each. They call on those who live close by — already these people will be informed that your members are calling on them. The names

and letters will be supplied.

5. Within a week or so, this valuable mission project could be accomplished. Perhaps it would take but a single evening. The time would be short and the work slight but the help is invaluable. Catholic young people — you would be promoters of the Foreign Missions.

6. This work could be accepted as an annual mission project. It entails no obligations or responsibilities — it requires no special meetings. It will

give a definite "lift" to a good club spirit.

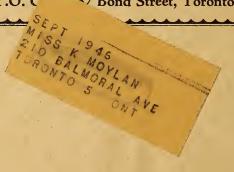
To introduce this work, a missionary priest will be glad to come to talk to you members.

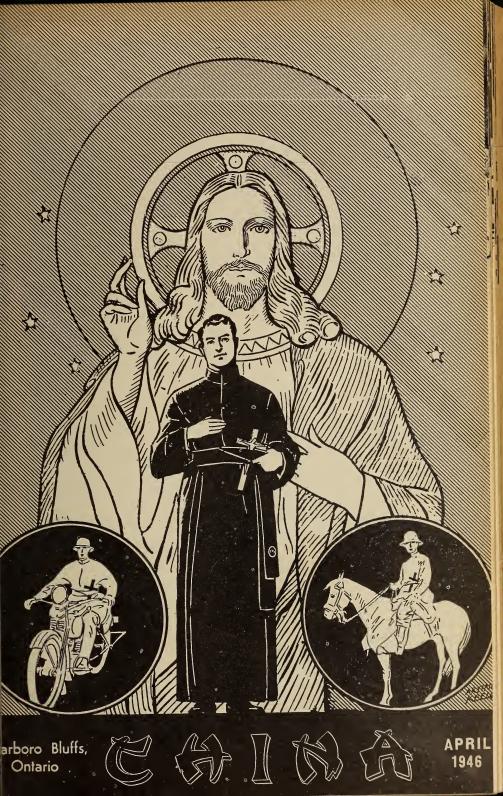
PLEASE! WRITE NOW - RIGHT NOW, to:

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

or to

C.Y.O. C 57 Bond Street, Toronto, Ontario





THREE OF OUR LIBERATED MISSIONERS-Reading from left to right: (1) Fr. P. McQuade; (2) Fr. J. Murphy, and (4) Fr. Carey. Fr. Venedam, Acting Superior, and his mission staff molocomes them of the



SOME miles from Bengal's western border lies the town of Vishnupore whose inhabitants — all pagan — are kept in a state of perpetual poverty through their attempts to maintain more than twenty temples wherein incense rises aimlessly before clay images . . . The silence is never broken by the tinkle of the Sanctus bell.

For a time I was chaplain at an R.A.F. base some miles from Vishnupore and on occasion passed through a small village midway between the two points. It lay on the dusty plain, baked and seared by a tropic sun, where the monsoon rains failed even to preserve palm growths. In such naturally arid surroundings stood rows of primitive huts from which brown-faced naked little emerged to gaze at me with starry eyes and then scamper shyly away. The adults numbered about two hundred and earned their daily bread chiefly in building roads. They were kept "on the road" in more senses than one.

Yet this same village was one of the most vivacious colonies of Catholics I had ever come upon. The Faith of all was strong and vibrant, suffusing their natural characteristics of goodness and intelligence with a high culture their extreme poverty could not cheapen. They were aborigines, the earliest known race to have settled in the Indian peninsula, long before 1500 B.C.

In the Catholic Church and Her missionaries they found protection and relief from the rapacious greed of landlords and landowners. It all started when a Hindu policeman told Father Lievens, a Jesuit missionary, how these avaricious holders were mulcting and rooking the poor right and left. Case after case was pleaded and won before the Courts and soon the people realized that Catholicism offered not only Justice but Charity and Hope as well.

I had gone to see them and fulfill a promise made to them by Father Russell White of our Society, that on the Feast of the Sacred Heart they would have Mass, Benediction and a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. In all these functions they took part with a childlike joy and enthusiasm

that made my heart sing.

The religious customs of these people are lovely. When I first came —and each time after that—I was greeted by all at once and then by their Head Man. Two young girls would bring a brass basin and gourd of water with which to wash my Then they dusty face and hands. placed a long lei of flowers around my neck. Before I left they did the same again. Even the jeep by which I came and went, was decorated from front to rear with palm fronds and flowers, and as I passed slowly through them out onto the dusty road, all would bless themselves and wave farewell.

The good Fathers are still there looking after these "children of the plain". The last I heard of their Pastor he was investigating as to why no food had been given these hard-working people and why, too, their pay was not forthcoming . . . Yes, they are in safe hands.

Montreal

At the Annual Meeting of the Montreal Unit of the Mission League of the Little Flower, held on February 1st ('46) the following executive officers were elected:

Honorary President — Mrs. E. O. MacDonald.

President—Mrs. K. J. Turner Vice-President—Miss Kay Gibbons Secretaries—Miss Lynas McMahon and Miss Mary Turner.

Treasurer—Mr. Raymond Gendron Ticket Convener — Miss Monica McFee.

It was decided at this meeting to hold the annual SCARBORO NIGHT at St. Malachy's Hall toward the end of April.



A group of our missionaries in Santo Domingo.

"CI	HI	NA'	,
c.	*	37	ď

St. F. X. Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

subscription to "China" for	
Name	
New Address	
Name	

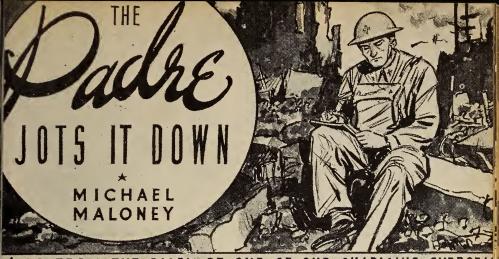
(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one.)

Old Address

¶ Store Manager: "I can't do a thing with Jones. I've had him in three departments, and he dozes all day."

Proprietor: "Put him at the pyjama counter, and fasten a card on him with these words: 'Our Pyjamas Are of Such Superior Quality That Even the Man Who Sells Them Cannot Keep Awake.'"

Page Four CHINA



N December 6th, 1944, while I was stationed with a unit in Fano. Italy, news was brought to me that I was to be ready to leave for the Eternal City to take over the job as temporary Chaplain at No. 5 Canadian General Hospital, which was at that time only a few blocks from the Vatican. The job was a temporary one, for I was selected to be posted to a front line unit at the beginning of the new year.

As I was eating dinner in the Officers' Mess on December 7th, one of the stewards told me that there was a car waiting to take me on the first lap of my journey. The deputy assistant principal chaplain was to

be my travelling companion.

I shall not dwell on that journey, but shall merely mention the fact that we passed through places which must be familiar to you as they are to every Christian. Such places as Sienna, Florence, Perugia, and Assisi; Sienna of course being made famous by St. Catherine and Assisi by St. Francis.

As this article does not really concern Rome, I shall pass over the thoughts which came to me as I walked through the streets of that holy city.

December 24th of last year was, as you no doubt recall, on a Sunday and therefore, the places of business were closed. Having some friends I was invited out to my Sunday dinner. These friends lived on Via Piaroli. which is some distance from St. Peter's.

As the Pope had announced that he was going to say the Midnight Mass, a number of the other churches had their Midnight Mass late in the afternoon. At least, I think that is the reason they had their Mass in the late afternoon, for I know if I was a pastor there, and the Pope was going to say a Midnight Mass which would be history-making and would be broadcast to the whole world, I certainly would leave no stone unturned to be present. It was going to be history-making, for that was the first time since 1900 that the Pope had celebrated Midnight Mass in St. Peter's and he celebrated it then to commemorate the closing of one century and the opening of the next. It

was to be a big event. Special tickets for extra special sections of the church were issued. All the ambassadors and diplomats of the foreign governments stationed in Rome were to be present. The newspapers had given the event great publicity, tension was high, and if there was any way to be there everyone decided they would be present.

At about 4.30 p.m., I excused myself from a sing-song which had just begun. I wished to go to the Gesu Bambino Church. My friends would not hear of me going there by myself, so they got a car and drove me. The Gesu Bambino, as it is called in Italy, is a church which is situated in the heart of the shopping district

adorn the ceiling, dome, and apse, while rich bronzes adorn the altars and precious stones the pavement. In the left transcept is the altar-tomb of St. Ignatius of Lovola. The altar here is said to be the most splendid of any in Rome. The altar steps, my friend tells me, are of porphyry, while the predella is of rich inlaid work and is a gift of Philip II of Spain. To really do justice to this altar, let me quote for you Fr. Chandlery, who is himself a Jesuit, and who has written especially about this altar. He says: "The four fluted columns that support the entablement of guilded bronze are lined with lapis lazuli; the bases and pilasters of black and white marble; the pedestals

¶ A Kansas editor thought to poke fun at Dr. C. Oscar Johnson because of the statement that appeared somewhere that there were 2500 people at a service in his St. Louis church. Said this editor: "Everyone knows that your church seats only 1800 people." Dr. Johnson refused to be drawn into a controversy, simply retorting: "You do not know what narrow Baptists we have in Missouri."

of Rome. It was one of the churches which was to have its Midnight Mass at 5.00 p.m. I had been in this church many times before and thought that I had seen all of its beauties, but as I entered it that afternoon, I had the feeling that everything I had seen there before paled in comparison to the sight which now met my gaze.

I should, perhaps, give you a little of the history of this great church. The church was built for the Jesuits between the years 1568 and 1584. The interior is exceedingly rich and ornate, while the profusion of decorations in marble, bronze and frescoes is almost bewildering. It is, I believe, the most richly decorated church I have ever been in, for its walls are hung with red tapestry suspended from about the base of the ceiling and hanging to about a depth of 5 feet all around from the top. Frescoes

of verde antico adorned with reliefs and foliated ornaments of bronze. The summit is crowned by the figures of the three Divine Persons in white marble encircled by rays of glory. Between the Father and the Son is a richly decorated niche lined with lapis lazuli where stands a noble figure of St. Ignatius surrounded by silver statues of angels".

Once prior to 1797, there stood a silver statue of the Saint in that niche but that solid silver statue was melted down to pay the French after the treaty of Tolentino. Now, to return to Fr. Chandlery: "In the bronze shrine beneath the altar lie the remains of the great saint. The right arm of St. Francis Xavier is also preserved there still incorrupt, as is his body, which rests at Goa. The arm is in a large oval reliquary on the altar in the right transcept. The high altar is a mass of costly marbles

several being of rare kinds. Beneath the high altar is the small chapel in which St. Aloysius heard Mass before entering the Jesuits. It is the shrine of Sts. Abundius and Abundantius."

This church is also rich in religious historical memory for the society. It is filled with traditions of the Jesuits. Besides the body of St. Ignatius which was translated here in 1587 from the now destroyed church of St. Mary Della Streda (St. Mary of the Street) and which rests here, this church could tell of the time when the body of St. Francis Borgia rested in it until it was translated to Madrid in 1617. It could also talk about the many times St. Aloysius and St. John Berchmans said Mass at its altars: when Blessed Edmund Campion, now St. Edmund I believe, prayed before its shrines; of the time when St. Benedict Labre received Holy Communion just before his death at St. Francis' altar, and of the time the bull of canonization of St. Alphonsus Ligouri was read for the first time at the same altar. Near the entrance to the sacristy, the first companions of St. Camillus de Lellis are buried. The Gesu Church was plundered following the suppression of the society in 1773, while on August 7th, 1814, Pope Pius VII came to this church and proclaimed the restoration of the society. About 100 years ago the Pope came with the clergy of Rome to the Gesu carrying the miraculous picture of St. Mary Major to obtain the cessation of the cholera which was devastating Rome. The picture was exposed, and the Pope said Mass at the high altar on the cessation of the plague. Somewhere in the nave Blessed Peter Faber, St. Ignatius' first companion is supposed to be buried.

In a little chapel near St. Ignatius' altar is preserved what the society regards as one of its most precious possessions, namely a picture. It is an ancient fresco of our Lady and

Child. Its date and origin is unknown but the popular story - not based on historic fact as far as I could find out,-is that it at one time stood on one of the side walls of an ancient street leading to the Capitol. The people had great veneration for it. In the course of time, one of the families of Rome, the Astalli family. built a church on or near the spot enclosing the picture. The new church bore the official name of St. Mary degli Astalli (St. Mary of the Astalli), but to the people who remembered the picture it was spoken of as St. Mary della Strada. Whether or not this story is true is difficult to say. My friend could not give any authority for the story, so accept it as you like. In any case, it seems to be very certain that the Astalli family built a church to our Lady close to the present Gesu; it also seems quite certain that in this church a picture of our Lady della Strada was venerated and that the picture was removed to the church of St. Mark when the old church was torn down and remained there until the new church of the Gesu was built, and that in 1575 it was brought to the present chapel. The chapel is entered through a small porch and is very small. The dim and uncertain light makes it difficult to distinguish the details. However the real beauty and treasure that afternoon for me was none of these things but the scene which I beheld upon entering the church. The whole church was one blaze of lights and the people all seemed to have lights. They actually didn't, but to me they seemed to be a part of that blaze of glory. I have never seen, at any one service, so many lights and candles. And then at Communion time to see the people receiving as they did is something which has to be seen to be believed. I cannot describe it, and in looking over my diary for that date, the only words I seem then to

(Continued on page 15)

Destination

CHINA



FOUR of our missioners—Fathers Moriarity, McKernan, Morrissey and Reeves—will soon start on their return journey to our prefecture of Lishui in far-off China. It will cost the Society over two thousand dollars to send them back to the Mission Fields where they are urgently needed. We appeal to those who are in a position to help. Please aid us in financing the passage of these four young priests. They willingly give of their youth and strength and life (if need be) to the glorious cause of the salvation of souls and the spread of the kingdom of Jesus Christ on eath.

The actual cost of sending one missioner from Toronto to far-off Lishui is five hundred and ten dollars. Some individual, some group of people, some parish or some Catholic society, could adopt one of these departing priests and pay his Pacific passage.

These brave missioners have not counted the cost—they very gladly give themselves, their lives, their all. Is it too much to ask of you that you should help him make this great and

generous sacrifice?

For thirty pieces of silver Christ was betrayed and in that betrayal we all had our part. Let us buy back the betrayed Christ, in the souls of China's four hundred million through the help we extend to these, His missioners, His Other Christs.

FOR OUR DEPARTING MISSIONERS

NAME	
ADDRESS	
AMOUNT	

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

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Fatima Column

THE Rt. Reverend Abbott Maur Daniel, O.C.L., writing from his Cistercian Monastery in Normandy, France, has this to say in reference to the revelations made at Fatima: "Let me tell you that, for my own personal share, I endeavour to say often the offering to the Holy Trinity: that formula is like a short Mass for the use of those who aren't priests and for the priests themselves, since we cannot offer up the Sacrifice of the Mass more than once a day."

The formula referred to by this Abbott was revealed to the three children at Fatima and follows:

"O Most Blessed Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I adore You profoundly. I offer You the most precious Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ present in all tabernacles of the world in reparation for fhe insults, sacrileges and indifference whereby He is offended. By the infinite merits of His Most Sacred Heart and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and I beg of You the conversion of sinners."

It would be well to recall the thoughts of this prayer at the Consecration of the Mass.



Students of High Schools have responded magnificently to the message of FATIMA. For example, the Sodality Union of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee—the SUMA, devoted many of its monthly meetings to installing or renewing devotion to Our Lady of Fatima. A series of tableux presented the message of inspiring reverence. With this inspiring inception a campaign of Family Rosaries and First Saturday Communions was launched.

Perhaps the most splendid work being done in promoting devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary of

Fatima, in the Great Lakes region, is being sponsored by the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary at their convent in Milwaukee. On the 12th of May 1945, the twenty-four hour vigil opened with an evening torchlight procession in which the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Fatima was borne on the shoulders of a band of high school lads. The procession included many Church dignitaries who marched through the streets in the vicinity of the Convent of the Perpetual Rosary, the impressive display of faith terminated in the convent chapel where the all night vigil then began.

(Gleaned from an article by Thos. A. Halley, S.J.)



Remember Our Dead

Nicholas Edward Plante of Windsor, Ontario.

Domitien Gallant of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Sister M. Clementine Pauly of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto.

Mrs. McGuire and Miss Ella McGuire, Pickering, Ont.



CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. D. E. Stringer, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVII, No. 4, April, 1946. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. Entered as Second-Class Matter and Admitted to Privileged Postage Rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, July 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ontarional Printed Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ontarional Press Co-

China's First Cardinal

A Missionary Profile by. Clifford J. King., S.V.D.

By Courtesy of The Shield.

A NYONE expressing surprise at the appearance of the name of Thomas Tien among the names of the thirty-two cardinals created by the Holy Father last December would not offend China's first cardinal in the least. He would be the first to agree. Being intimately acquainted with him, I know for a certainty that no one in the world could have been more surprised than he by the announcement. For Cardinal Tien is a very humble and a very holy man.

Of course, any possible element of surprise is heavily outweighed by the sound reasons for creating a Chinese cardinal, and for doing so in the person of Thomas Tien. In the first place, the Holy Father informs us that, by elevating sons of diverse nations and races to the cardinalate, wished to demonstrate Church's supra-national character as well as her universatility. Then too it is certainly most appropriate that the nations of Asia, comprising twothirds of living mankind, should be represented by an official spokesman in the Senate of the Sovereign Pontiff. This choice is also in line with the insistence of recent popes upon the urgency of building up the native clergy and hierarchy in countries under evangelization.

Another important reason for giving China a cardinal was, no doubt, the Holy Father's desire to manifest his especial esteem and good will toward the grand old Chinese nation,

just now emerging from a long and frightful martyrdom which might have utterly crushed the spirit of a weaker race of men. Finally, in regard to the choice of Thomas Tien as China's first cardinal, it is clear that in elevating him, Pope Pius XII has manifested his wish to have as one of his counselors a man who, born and bred in the midst of the poverty and sorrows of China, is intimately acquainted with the hardships and hopes of his fellow-nationals and is thus qualified to speak for China's Catholic Hierarchy, clergy, and laity, and also to represent the spiritual interests of the 400,000,000 non-Christian Chinese, who are potential members of Christ's Mystical Body.

Aged 55, Cardinal Tien is physically no giant; his height does not exceed five feet, four inches. However, there is a suggestion of solidity and massiveness about his person that bespeaks a great reserve of energy and endurance. Nor would Cardinal Tien himself wish to be thought of as an intellectual giant, though his endowments of mind are of a high order. He is, naturally, a good Chinese scholar; and besides speaks and writes Latin with great ease, and can carry on a conversation in English or German.

His knowledge of China's poverty is not academic, but real—and firsthand. A man of humble origin, he lost his parents at an early age and spent his childhood in the poor little mission orphanage of Puoli in Shan-

tung. Hence, in the most direct sense, the Church has been a mother to Thomas Tien from earliest childhood; and he, in the best Chinese tradition, has lived up to his duties of filial piety and affection toward that kindest of parents. It was the generosity of the German Catholics who supported the Puoli Mission that supplied him and his orphan companions with the nourishing wowo biscuits and millet porridge, and with the warm, padded clothing needed for the maintenance of life; and it was the Venerable Father Joseph Freinademetz, S.V.D., who supplied his spiritual needs. him, Thomas literally learned to live the Faith, for Father Freinademetz was a man of surpassing holiness; the cause of his beatification is quite far advanced at Rome.

From the orphanage Thomas went to the seminary, and was the top man in his class when he was ordained in 1918. After ordination, he was a teacher for some years and then served as pastor in several important

mission stations.

In 1929 Father Tien entered the novitiate of the Society of the Divine Word at Taikia in Shantung. In 1931 he made his profession, and in 1934 he pronounced his final vows as a member of the Society. The ascetical training and thorough spiritual formation of those years greatly enhanced his effectiveness as a pastor and director of souls.

These spiritual assets were of great value to Father Tien when, in 1932, he was given the title of Monsignor and the appointment of first Prefect Apostolic of the Yangku Mission, assigned to the native clergy, with headquarters at Puoli. As the superior of a poor mission in a troubled

corner of Shantung, he had need of all the natural and supernatural energy he could muster, for, through a period of ten years, he had to contend not only with poverty, discomfort, shortage of personnel, and other problems characteristic of all missionary pioneering, but also with famines, floods, banditry, and the hostility of the communist faction. However, a far worse setback than any of these came with the invasion of the Yanku sector by Japanese troops in the autumn of 1937.

One of the bitterest sorrows in Monsignor Tien's life came at this time in the death of a young Chinese priest along with a number of other people at the mission station. The priest, Father Joseph Suin, but recently ordained, had been working as assistant to the pastor in the mission at Puchow and he was in charge when the Japanese arrived and began looting. When Father Suin protested, he and the others at the mission were driven into a small thatched house, which was then set on fire. After the fire, when the charred remains of the victims were recovered from the ruins, it was impossible to distinguish one from another.

In 1939, Monsignor Tien was made a vicar apostolic and raised to the rank of bishop. He was called to Rome for consecration at the hands of Pope Pius XII, as one of twelve missionary bishops to be so honored.

After his return from Rome, the Bishop stopped for a day at my station while on the way to his own mission. We gave him as warm a welcome as could be managed at that out-of-the-way village. He was met at a great distance from the village by a great crowd of enthus-

The following item appeared on the factory notice board:

[&]quot;Applications for leave of absence on account of sickness, domestic troubles, political meetings, relatives' funerals, etc., must be in the hands of the shop foreman not later than 8 a.m. on the day of the game."

iastic Chinese, both Christian and pagan, who wished to honor their fellow-countryman who had received such high honors from the Head of Christendom. Great rolls of firecrackers were set off, causing an earsplitting noise, while a band of local musicians kept playing on their screechy instruments. Clouds of dust arose, as boys and girls and curious old women elbowed, pushed, pulled one another in their eagerness to get near the honored visitor. The Bishop remained calm amid all the turmoil and he was in high spirits when he reached my mission rectory.

In the evening we had a banquet (at which my cook and his friend had worked for five days) to celebrate the home-coming. It was clear that His Excellency was delighted with the welcome given him by these poor peasants; and again and again he expressed his appreciation. After the celebration we sat chatting far into the night, listening to the Bishop's enthusiastic description of

the splendors of Rome.

On that occasion I discussed with Bishop Tien a pet scheme of mine. Its aim is to help large numbers of promising Chinese boys and girls to improve their social and economic standing by qualifying for positions of leadership in various trades, handicrafts, and professions. The means to accomplish this would be a group of vocational schools in which our young people could receive specialized training while undergoing a spiritual formation intended to qualify them for Christian leadership also.

Three years later, in 1942, Bishop Tien was transferred from Puoli to Tsingtao, after the death of Bishop George Weig, S.V.D., first Vicar Apostolic of that city and region. This promotion was a further testimonial to the high esteem in which Bishop Tien was held in Rome.

Tsingtao is a great modern city,

with a population in excess of a million and a half souls. It is the chief harbor and trading centre for the forty million industrious inhabitants of the bustling Shantung Province. No doubt, Tsingtao is destined to become one of the world's great cities.

Fortunately, Tsingtao's first bishop was a great builder, and the mission centre that he set up is the pride of the city. The mission buildings clustering around the beautiful cathedral, at the top of a steep hill, dominate the city like a medieval citadel. There is a splendid high school in charge of the Franciscan nuns from Milwaukee, a big school for boys in charge of the Chinese Brothers of Mary, and an academy for white girls, as well as a hospital in charge of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. Besides these, there are many other institutions, under the care of the mission, in outlying sections of the vicariate.

Thus it will be seen that Cardinal Tien, over and above functioning as the chief spokesman of three and a half million Chinese Catholics, is responsible for the administration of an important missionary diocese. This administration has, it goes without saying, been made inexpressibly more difficult by the death of many missionary priests and the great material damage caused by the recent Twenty thousand American Marines now stationed at Tsingtao maintain peace and order in that city, but the outlying territory is largely under the control of communist troops who are bitterly anti-Christian. From a missionary point of view, the situation in that area, already very bad, threatens to become more severe in the near future.

And so I most earnestly recommend to the prayers and sympathy of our American Catholics, China's first cardinal—the orphan boy who became a Prince of the Church.



APOSTLES of Christ have ever tried to be all things to all men. And Robert de Nobili was no exception.

Attracted by the foreign missions early in his religious life as a Jesuit, Robert de Nobili yearned to plant the standard of Christ in the distant lands of storied India and China. By reading about the travels and labours of the great Xavier, he heaped fuel on the flame of his zeal.

Then at last his fondest dreams were realized . . . On a sunny morning in May 1604, Robert de Nobili, now Father Robert, crossed the gangplank of a small ship that lay at anchor in the harbour of Naples.

For twelve long months the small ship tossed on half of the world's seas, grounding on sand bars and rocky beaches, huddling under the wild lashing of wind and rain. At length, just before sundown on a May evening of the year 1605, the battered but gallant little ship nosed its way through the harbour of Goa, which was dotted with pearling sloops and fishing smacks.

After studying the Indian language and customs for two years, Father

Robert was ready for the apostolate. God blessed his labours, and great numbers of pariahs, the lower caste in India, flocked to be received into the Church. Father Robert rejoiced, but his joy was short lived. He learned that the priestly order of brahmins would have nothing to do with missioners who served the pariahs. The problem had him stumped.

Then late one night while deep in study, he was struck by an idea. Snuffing the tallow candle, he walked to the window and looked out into the blackness of the tropical night. "I have it. It means sacrificing friends, brethren in religion, perhaps even my reputation. But souls

are worth any price."

So, with the full approval of his superior, Archbishop Roz, Father Robert turned brahmin in his externals. He left the Jesuit house and became a hermit in the lonely woods. Shedding his cassock, he donned a deerskin; he allowed his hair and nails to go uncut; he lived exclusively on the roots and herbs growing wild in the forest.

Soon, reports of this new brahmindrifted to the other brahmins sprinkled throughout the countryside. They came to visit Father Robert and with quizzical eyes observed the brahmin in action. Along with them, Father Robert practised those customs which were mere tokens of ancient nobility, and in no way contrary to his own Catholic creed. In short, he fulfilled the most minute exactions of brahminic austerity and in his externals became more of a brahmin than the brahmins themselves.

His sacrifice had marvellous results. The doubt of the brahmins soon gave way to admiration. Won over to Father Robert, they listened attentively to his story of Christ. The One, Eternal, Personal God supplanted the shadowy pantheistic deity of brahminism; the Divine Trinity, the crude Tri-murti; the Incarnation, the coarse and degrading avatars of Vishnu; the beautiful liturgy of the Church, the idolatrous and immoral Hindu rites; and finally, the Cross replaced the abominable lings.

But as always, success brought its cross. Father Robert's sacrifice was too novel a missionary method to escape criticism. Detraction raised its ugly head. News trickled through to Europe that Father Robert had abandoned the faith, or at least was making a hideous amalgam of Christianity with pagan superstition. In Rome messengers hurried back and forth between the Vatican and the professed house of Gésu. In Montepulciano Father Robert's relatives and friends were stunned and dismayed. Cardinal Bellarmine wrote imploring Father Robert to remember the honour of God, of his Order, and to return to the faith. Father Robert fastened the Cardinal's letter to the foot of his crucifix and left everything in God's hands.

Archbishop Roz, learning of Father Robert's grief at the Cardinal's letter, wrote to tell Bellarmine the true state of affairs. Henceforth, the Cardinal became Father Robert's stoutest champion against all his foes and detractors.

In the years following, opposition to Father Robert's way of life increased by leaps. He was summoned before ecclesiastical commissions in India, condemned and denounced to the Inquisition and the Holy See. But finally, it seems that God Himself intervened; for in 1623 Pope Gregory's encyclical HUMANAE INFIRMITATIS MISERANDO completely cleared Father Robert's good name and gave the Church's blessing to his heroic apostolate.

A quarter of a century and the twilight of Father Robert's life drew near: this brahmin for Christ had run his course, he had kept the faith; now he awaited the crown. Late one night a priest was called to Father Robert's lonely hermitage in the forest. After receiving Holy Viaticum, Father Robert listened to the voice of the priest reading the prayers for the dying, "May the noble company of Angels meet thy soul at its departure; may the court of the Apostles receive thee; may the triumphant army of glorious Martyrs conduct thee . . ." And at the end the priest might have added, "May the grateful band of Brahmins welcome thee . . . thee who brought them to God."

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[¶] The doctor answered the phone. Turning to his wife he said, "Quick, get me my satchel. The man says he cannot live without me."

[&]quot;Just a minute," said his wife who had picked up the receiver, "that call is for daughter."

The Padre Jots It Down

(Continued from page 7)

have been able to use are 'superb, magnificent, and breath-taking'. Maybe that impression was but the effect of my visit to many other churches on the continent and finding them richly decorated, etc., but empty. Churches where the men are seldom found except on great feast days. And now to come upon a church filled with people, well, it gives a person a thrill. I thought of the story of Cornelia and how when the Roman women asked her where her jewels were she pointed to her two children and said "These are my jewels. thought that if that church could speak, it would say about these people "These are my real jewels, my REAL treasures". That was my thought as I left that church and walked five or six blocks to the hospital on the river Tiber, my home in Rome.

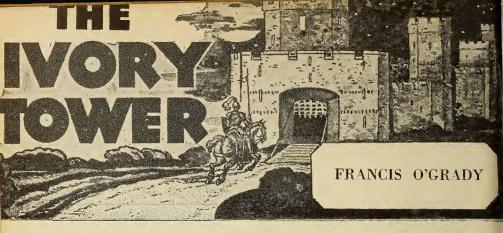
After our meal in the mess, I sat around talking to a number of the officers. They all said they should like to go to the Midnight Mass and would I kindly take them over and be their interpreter of the ceremonies. etc. I told them they were welcome to come over with me but I was indeed extremely sorry but I could not explain the different things there to them tonight as I had work to be done. Being the only Canadian Chaplain stationed in Rome and wishing to have as many chaplains at the Mass as possible, I was asked if I would like to hear confessions. I am informed that even a bishop needs special permission to hear confessions in St. Peter's, even though they may have permission to hear confessions in the city itself. In any case, I thought of what a privilege it was to be able to hear confessions at a Mass said by the Pope himself so I had accepted with celerity and so I "was very sorry but I could not oblige and be a guide for tonight". By the way, these confessions were for the troops, especially the English troops and the Canadians. I wish to make this clear for in looking over my shoulder one of the men here had asked me if I could speak Italian.

At about 10.30 p.m. a number of us left the hospital to go over to St. Peter's. As we came near the church, we met a number of people all on their way to the Mass. The nearer we came to the church the denser the crowd got until it became a mass of people in the Square directly in front of St. Peter's. People were pushing and shoving for many of them realized that they would not all be able to get into the cathedral, big as it was, and everyone there was determined that they were not going to be the ones left out. Being soldiers of course we had little trouble for there was quite a large section of the church reserved for servicemen and women. Anyone of course having a special ticket could get in easily through a special door. I had given out all of my tickets for I didn't need any of them as they were for extra special reserved places. I had my own reserved seat—the confessional.

The diplomats and ambassadors were arriving in their furs and ermines and ties and tails. It was strictly formal as far as they were concerned.

It may seem strange that we should go as early as 10.30 for a Mass that would not begin until Midnight, but the different choirs began their singing long before midnight. They began in fact at 11 o'clock. The Italian choir opened the singing by rendering Christmas Carols in Italian. They sang from 11.00 p.m. until 11.15 p.m. Then the Polish choir took up the Christmas hymn as they sang Christmas carols in Polish from 11.15 until 11.30 p.m. The English choir followed with Christmas carols in English and they sang for 15 minutes

(Continued on page 18)



T was not John Steinbeck but Robert Burns who first wrote that "The best laid schemes o' mice and men

Gang aft a-gley."

But the idea of planning is as old as Providence. It is simply the application of intelligence to devise a certain procedure which can reasonably be expected to produce the desired results. With reference to Society, historians would have us believe that for centuries masses" either had no vision or if they did have some dream they had to entrust it to others, lacking the brain-power to work out their own destiny. Steinbeck illustrated this in his book and motion-picture: Of Mice and Men. Lenny Small is the big man with great strength and a moronic mind. As Mark Twain would have it: He didn't know his own strength; or anything else.

A common impression is that the dreams of the masses have been unrealized because man has been betrayed by evil leaders. These were all Machiavellis, in one form or another. Hence there arose a definite repugnance towards any form of government having one man at its head, through fear of tyranny. The logical (?) conclusion was that democracy was the best possible protection. If it is foolish to believe in the Divine Right of one man, it is

many million times more foolish to believe in the Divine Right of the whole mass of men lumped together. Now this was soon seen and refuge was taken in the belief that once the COMMON MAN would be educated, then you would have a new type of aristocracy.

The New Aristocracy

The word aristocracy simply means government by the best. Once the whole population is educated for citizenship, you can have government not merely by the best people (in the sense of a ruling class) but within your reach is government by the best which is in every man, the ideal democracy. Underneath this lies the principle called: the infallibility of the 51%, or majority rule. It is assumed that an educated people will necessarily vote in the best interests of the community. Unfortunately this is far too idealistic. There is confusion here concerning the nature of man. He is not just an intellect; he also has free-will. The first faculty has TRUTH for its object; the second has GOODNESS. If they were always in perfect harmony the thesis would stand.

Ovid said:

I see the right, and I approve it too, Condemn the wrong and yet the wrong pursue. Were the thesis correct necessarily, then all university professors would be saints; unfortunately experience teaches us otherwise.

Constitutional Government

When mankind lost confidence in the personal rule of individuals it was thought possible to avoid this stumblingblock by devising a plan, extrinsic to man, which all should know and which public opinion could compel leaders to follow. Thus each country was anxious to have its own constitution. This was the Plan to safeguard the common man. Courts were soon multiplied to interpret this constitution and more and more laws had to be passed to enforce it. As the number of laws increased, rugged

insurance is planned; housing and education and food and wages and unemployment and social security and rents are all planned. Vocational Guidance calculates the number of workers there are to be in each trade and profession for a given population and then through propaganda in our schools the needed quota will be provided. In Toronto, to take a concrete example, it is known that 1,000 carpenters, 150 bricklayers and 175 painters are needed. Our technical schools will simply stress the advantages to be found in these trades until the proper number of apprentices enroll from among the student-body. Thus the planners fill our need.

 \P A certain well-known general, returned from the war, was accosted by a beggar.

"Don't refuse an old soldier," the man begged.

"Old soldier, eh!" barked the General. "Then I'll give you a test. "Tenshun. Eyes right. Eyes front.—Now, what comes next?"

"Present alms," was the instant rejoiner. He got the handout.

individualism died out. Today the problem facing the world is the choice between (so we are told) an extreme number of laws or no law at all; between totalitarianism or chaos; between complete planning or no plan whatsoever. This is our modern version of Hobson's choice.

Planned Freedom

Sir William Beveridge participated in a transatlantic radio debate carried by the C.B.C. last October on the subject: Full Employment in a Free Society, Can It Be Done In Peace? Sir William was quite convinced that Freedom could and should, nay must be planned. You have read of his crib to coffin, or cradle to grave plan. The government takes care of everything from some time shortly before your existence until some short time after your death. Life and accident

We wonder how far this can go and leave us free. By now they have even planned our leisure! One night a week we must spend with the Red Cross; another night weekly at the Community Center; another night per week at a Citizen's Forum; another . . . another . . . And what if you dare refuse? Ah then you are not the best type of citizen! One can get lost in this sort of planning.

Bureaucracy; an example.

DEPARTMENT OF CUSTOMS AND EXCISE:—Have you gone to the 'Customs' lately? Its quite an experience. The idea seems to be to make the citizen who dares enter feel like a smuggler, swindler, receiver of stolen goods, thief, moron and perhaps a panhandler. Every device known to a person is used with telling effect. They begin by making you wait, and wait and WAIT! When you finally get to the head of the

CHINA

line, they get your parcel out of the bins and begin to shake their heads. They try to convey the idea that there is no category for your particular type of parcel and hence the Mounted Police must be called in. They look at you in civies and remark that its too bad you're not in uniform as there are special exemptions for the servicemen (If you are in uniform this story is reversed).

They next ask if you have an invoice. You haven't. That, my friend, is BAAAD. They shake their heads again. Next they call Mr. Throckmorton and tell him about you in a whisper. He looks over at you; the people in line behind begin to wonder. They stare at you; some cough, stare and then look away. By now you squirm. The clerk comes back and asks: "Are you sure there's no invoice?" You are sure. He goes through the parcel again; he finds a card marked 'gift'. At this point he looks offended, gives you a dirty look, sends Mr. Throckmorton away with an apology and some meaningful jumble over his shoulder at you, you heel. By now you turn hot and cold alternately every ten seconds, you grow pale and scarlet periodically balanced by a nice light green. You stand there meekly until he finally does up your parcel and pushes it disgustedly across the table and shouts: 'NEXT'. You gather up the bundle and leave hurriedly. One such experience is enough to make you vote against Planning for the rest of your life.

We favour limited planning; free-

dom within law.



The Padre Jots It Down

(Continued from page 15)

when the French choir sang carols in French until 11.59, at which time the silver trumpets were sounded to announce the Pope's arrival.

As the Pope entered St. Peter's, the cry of "La Papa, La Papa" echoed throughout the ancient edifice. Then the people stood on boxes they had brought in order to get a glimpse

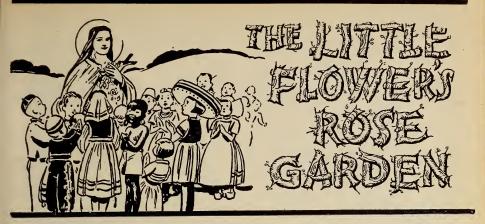
of the Pope.

The Mass started and I began to hear confessions. Now and then however, I got a glimpse of the Pope as he said Mass on the Pope's altar, i.e., the altar directly above the tomb of St. Peter. The Sistine choir of course sang the Mass, and after it they also sang the Christmas carols in German, so that that night in that church the carols of Christmas were sung in many tongues by many different choirs.

I left at 1.30 a.m. for home as I had to say Mass at two different

places that day.

As I arrived in my room, I beheld on my bed a big parcel. This was my first one for Christmas. My room-mate was all excited about opening it and sampling it. As I had to say Mass that day I told him I could not eat anything but he could have anything to eat that he wished. And so I proceeded to open that parcel. Lo and behold my surprise when I began to pull out socks and shirts and other garments. I looked at the stamps, they were Canadian; I looked at the post-mark and it was Canadian, and yet here were my own socks, shirts, etc. in the parcel. Suddenly it hit me. I had left Toronto in such a hurry that I didn't have time to pick up my laundry. I had given Fr. Pat Moore the check and had asked him to pick it up for me and send it to me. That was early in June. It had finally caught up with me. I am still living down my first Christmas present overseas.



Bicycle Contest Rules

Just some of the prizes, Buds, are shown on page 25. More will be added in May and June CHINAS. For instance, in May edition will be aeroplanes, sail-boats, be a u t i f u l chemistry sets, boys' carpenter sets, etc. Read the lists carefully, select the prizes you want and go get them.

Now here are five important

things to remember:

(1) The Contest ends mid-night September 1st, 1946. All mail must be postmarked not later

than that date.

(2) For each subscription you send in your Contest Number will be marked on a tab and dropped into the Contest Box. So, for example, if you send in fifty subscriptions your number will be dropped into the box fifty times. On September 2nd three of our Missionaries will oversee the drawing of one number, and that number wins the bicycle.

(3) REMEMBER that ONLY the bicycle is being drawn for. You will be sent whatever of the other prizes you want to try for.
 So you have the opportunity of winning these other prizes AND as many chances on the bike as you have subscriptions.

(4) It makes no difference whether you send in new subscriptions

or renewals of old.

(5) REMEMBER, you must have your Contest Number to try for the bicycle. You get your Contest Number on joining the Rose Garden. The other prizes can be won by anybody.

Inter-School Contest

Besides the Schools mentioned in Garden Gossip, the following have already made returns. A careful accounting is being kept so that every School will be given exact crediting.

St. John's, Room 2, Timmins, Ont. Notre Dame Academy, Grade 7,

Grand Falls, Nfld.

St. Mary's Boys', Halifax, N.S. Immaculata High School, Ottawa,

St. Michael's, Cobourg, Ont. St. Joseph's, Port Arthur, Ont.

Holy Cross, St. John's, Nfld.

Our Lady's, Ottawa, Ont.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Dalhousie, N.B.

Notre Dame High, Toronto.

Presentation Convent, Renews, Nfld.

St. Patrick's Lyceum, Ottawa, Ont. We are deeply thankful to the boys and girls of these schools, and to their teachers, for their thoughtful care of China's children. Your deeds of mercy, children, will be fully blessed by our Divine Lord.



Dear Buds,—

My Guardian Angel and I have really been working overtime since I last wrote you. I wish I could be as tireless as he! He's getting Buds into the Garden by the hundreds!

Last month, as soon as he saw the beautiful Valentine sent me by the Buds of Grade 3, St. Joseph's School, Halifax, he waved me goodbye and flew down to thank them for the gift of \$25,00 to help their Missionaries along. I was more than surprised when he got back and set down in my room a box. And guess what was in it? Stamps! Five thousand, four hundred of them! They were a present from Grade 7 of Presentation Convent School, St. John's, Nfld.

The next day he looked over the shoulder of Lisette Le Fevre and watched her write me a letter telling how they made \$25.00 for the missions by having a paper sale, and getting the Senior Room pupils to sacrifice a few shows. Oh yes, he knew it was the Buds of Holy Cross School, Toronto. You can't fool him, you know.

With a very mysterious look about him, he disappeared for over a week. But when letters started pouring in from *Tecumseh*, I knew what he was up to. And from *Twin Falls!* And from *Douglas, Ont.!!* He was having a merry time. As for myself I doubt if there are any children left in those places who are not Buds now!

Just when I was wishing he'd hurry back for a very important reason, he came into my room and as soon as I looked at him, his face all bright and smiling, I knew he had been up to one of his favorite pastimes, the visiting of orphans. He just loves them, I thought to myself that God must love them, oh so very, very much too. Yes, he had a lovely time with the new Buds from St. Michael's Orphanage, Belvedere, St. John's, Nfld.

That important date I had for him was to go to St. Joseph's School in Toronto and thank everybody for the wonderful reception given to Fr. Beal. Do you know, Buds, that the pupils there want to build a Chapelschool in China? İsn't that just wonderful?

I want to thank every Bud, big or small, who sent in stamps. They are a great help to us. So keep up the good work, won't you please?

Now, Buds, Lent will be well on its way by the time you read this. Have you kept up faithfully whatever sacrifice you resolved to? know it's hard sometimes, but we have to do hard things if we are to become—and remain—fearless soldiers of Christ. Our Holy Father has appealed to you children to save the children of war-torn countries. They need food and clothing. China suffered eight long years of cruel war. If you saw the thousands of children that I did, children who were frightened, and hungry, and homeless, then you not only wouldn't mind making your Lenten sacrifices, you would want to do ever so much more. It is these boys and girls your Rose-Garden pennies are to help. These pagan children have to be prepared for Baptism and First Holy Communion. You'll help, won't you?

Father Jim.



Dear Fr. Jim.

We are twins and wish to join the Rose Garden. Our names are Joan and Jean Vaughan. We like you!

17 Room St., Halifax.



I'd just love to hear Joan and Jean sing "Onesie, Twosie", wouldn't you, Budsies? By the way, they are eight years old.



Dear Fr. Jim,

My eight year old sister Marguerite and I, who am eleven, would just love to join the Garden and receive pen-pals from all over.

Mary Isabella Ryan,*
14 McDougall St., St. John's, Nfld.

Remember the song My Sister and I? Here they are, Buds, and welcome.

$$\Rightarrow \Rightarrow \Rightarrow$$

Dear Fr. Jim,

I have been going around getting new members for the Garden and here is the lot of them . . . also a dollar for my missionaries.

Mary Doreen Glover, 29 Queen St., Thorold, Ont. Orchids to you Mary, on a swell job done well. China's children will be helped that much more to get to Heaven. And you too.

Dr. Fr. Jim,

I'm always waiting to read the swell letters that come in the MAIL BAG. My pen pals and horses keep me busy. Being a Rose Gardener lets me roam all over the world while I work on the farm.

Lorretta Antoine, Williamstown, Ont.

Lorretta, Buds, is a fine Canadian Catholic girl. She has courage and brains to burn. She took quite a few spills while learning to ride but you should see her *now!* Move over, Paul Revere, here I come!!!

$$\Rightarrow \Rightarrow \Rightarrow$$

Dear Fr. Jim,

I would like to join the Rose Garden. Boys can make as many sacrifices, Father, as girls, can't they? I'm glad to see so many boys joining our Rose Garden.

Jim Sullivan,

28 Mortimer Ave., Toronto. Sure, Jim, boys can make as many sacrifices as girls! The Little Flower was no sissy. No Saint ever was. It takes courage and will-power to remain a good member of our Garden, because it means self-denial. It's the 'toughies' who are the real sissies. Ever see a bully with a tooth-ache?

Dr. Fr. Jim,

Thank you for the Pen Pals you sent me. Belonging to the Rose Garden is thrilling. I'm nineteen and going into 5th Form. My mite box contents are going to help some Chinese children too.

Agnes McKenna, Oakville, Ont.

Thanks for your lovely letter, Agnes. I hope all you Rose Gardeners in Oakville get together and bring others in.



 $\Rightarrow \Rightarrow \Rightarrow$

Dear Fr. Jim,

My teacher and my mother each gave me a dollar for the CHINA. I'll have another next time I write because now "she has the measles". Ann Marie Moriarity,

46 Metcalfe St. S., Guelph, Ont. Ann is only eight years old but she certainly is a wide-awake mission worker, bless her heart.

 $\Rightarrow \Rightarrow \Rightarrow$

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am seventeen, in fifth form High, ski, read and knit, read CHINA and enjoy it immensely. Am enclosing some stamps.

Therese Gribben,

Carleton Place, Ont., Box 209
Hi-ya Terry! Welcome to our
Garden. When I was in Almonte, a
few of us walked to Carleton Place
every week and took the train back
That toughened us up for China, but
definitely!

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am an Altar boy in our Church. As there are only three Catholic boys here—my two brothers and myself—we would be very happy to have many pen-pals.

Billy Sullivan, Trinity, T.B., Nfld.

Billy is fifteen, Buds, and a clever boy. Don't forget to write him. And now for our Quickie Quiz: What Order of Sisters works in our missions in China?

Dear Fr. Jim,

I read CHINA every month and am sending you six hundred stamps. . . . I am an Altar boy and so are my brothers.

Jerome \overline{V} an Daele, Merlin, Ont. R.R. No. 5.

Jerome is twelve years old, Buds, who plays a lot on the accordion. He is very thankful for this talent and shows it by thinking of others, especially China's children. Music maestro, please!

 $\Rightarrow \Rightarrow \Rightarrow$

Dear Fr. Jim,

I received your letter and like the little booklet you sent. I am an Altar boy . . . in my next letter I will send a Spiritual Bouquet for the missions.

Dennis March, Jr., Deer Lake, Nfld.

Dennis is one of our new Buds, O Members of the Garden, and writes a very nice letter. Just send him one and you'll see.

NEW BUDS — DOUGLAS, ONT.





Well, Buds, there were so many who qualified to be Bud of the Month that I had to put them all in a box and pick one. And it was Annie who won! She lives in Bell Island, Nfld., is 11 years old and works hard for the missions every day and just can't wait until the next CHINA comes out. All of us thank you, Annie, and offer our congratulations. May God bless you for what you are doing for China's children.



From the correct guesses sent in answer to our February Quickie Quiz, the lucky draw was won by Mary Helen Gallant, Fredericton, P.E.I. Congratulations Mary, your prize will be sent immediately. The correct answer: Father Fraser.

$$\Rightarrow \Rightarrow \Rightarrow$$

Buds!!! I waited until the last possible moment for a correct answer to our March Quickie Quiz, but none was sent in. The question was: What nation has given the most martyrs to the Church? And the answer: Japan. Surprised???

Dear Fr. Jim,

I have been an Altar boy at the Cathedral for five years. Here is my gift to China's children. It must be awful not to be baptized!

> Bill Fitzpatrick, 205—5A St. W., Calgary, Alta.

A great boy from a grand part of Canada, Bill is thirteen years old, Buds. Bill, I know your beloved Bishop won't give the secret of Fr. Jim away, so I can tell you I served his Holy Mass long (?) before you were born! His Uncle, you know, is the Founder of our Mission Society.



Dear Fr. Jim.

I want to become a member of the Garden and also to get others to join. I'm not a boy, but I love chemistry. . . . Please send me a mite box.

> Dorothy Cassidy, 26 Price St., Toronto.

Eva Currie wasn't a boy either, Dot, nor was Joan of Arc, but look at what they did! A chemistry set will be among the prizes for our big Subscription Contest. Read about it on another page.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Please publish my request for Pen Pals in the Garden. I'm fourteen years old and in first form at Cathedral High.

Rita Centner, 144 Avondale Ave., Hamilton, Ont.

Rita's handwriting, Buds, is a joy to behold. She is going to get others at school to join up in our army to defend China's children. Write her, because there are many interesting things to tell about her home city.

New Members and Pen Pals

 15 yrs.—Loretta Dunne, Harvey St., Harbor Grace, Nfld.
 13 "—Patricial Fardella, 270 Johnson St., Kingston, Ont. —Yolanda Filippini, 20 713-12th. St., Lethbridge, Alta. -Helen Fitzgerald, Main St., Bell 14 Island, Nfld. Fitzpatrick, -Charlotte Tracadie 14 Cross, P.E.I.

Lois Flockhart,
Ave., Toronto. 10 500 St. Clair 11 -Marilyn Freeman, 1064 Shaw St., Toronto 15 -Mary Freeman, Harbor Grace, Nfld. -Sheila Freeman, Harbor Grace, 16 Nfld. 18 -Ambrose Garrah, 172 River St., Gananoque, Ont. Teresa GGerritse, 167 Albert St. 11 N., Renfrew, Ont. -Mary Gervais, LaPasse, Ont. -Gladys Gibbs, 9515 106th Ave., 15 Edmonton, Alta. —Joan Giroux. 490 Pembroke St. W., Pembroke, Ont. —Camilla Glavin. Centralia, Ont. —Mary Glavin, Centralia, Ont. —May Francis Greene, Killaloe, 9 19 23 13 Ont. 17 -Stephen Handrigan, 15 Coronation St., St. John's, Nfid.

—Patricia Hawes, Chapel's Cove
Pt., C.B. Nfid.

—Doris Hayes, 3962 Cool St., Verdun. One 15 13 -Doris Hayes, 3902 Cool St., Verdun, Que.
-Therese Jean Healey, 13 Queen St., Grand Falls, Nfid.
-Alice Heaney, 272 2nd. Ave., Verdun, Que. 10 15 Bernadette Hennessey, 12 Hill Rd., Grand Falls, Nfid. —Mary Hicks. Avondale, C.B. Nfid. —Kevin Hutchings, East Curling, 11 16 8 Nfld. 12 -Maude Hutchings, East Curling, Nfid. Margaret Ingoldsby, Brampton, Ont. R.R. No. 1. -Mary Jordon, Otterburg, Harbor Grace, Nfld. 16 -May Joyce, 33 Darling Ave., Toronto. Mary Julien, R.R. No. 2, Box 101, Northfield Stn., Ont. -Mary —Eileen Kearns, Berwick, Ont.
—Eobert Michael Keating, Conception Harbor, C.B. Nfld.
—Helen Kelly, 112R Charlotte St., St. John, N.B.
—Sheila Kelly, Bishop's Falls, 10 13 12 Nfld. Molly Kennedy, Chapeau, Qu R.R. No. 1. Joseph Kent, Deer Lake, Nfld 12 Kennedy, Chapeau, Que., 11 -Raymond Kieley, Holyrood, C.B. Nfld. Nind.
Doreen Kiervin, 72½ Waterloo
St., St. John, N.B.
-Patricia King, Mundy Pond Rd.,
St. John's, Nfid.
-Renee Knight, 500 St. Clair Ave., 14

16 yrs.—Rita Larmond, Eganville, Ont. R.R. No. 4. "—Annette Lassaline, Goderich, Ont. R.R. No. 5. Noretta Lawrenson, 385 Princess St., Kingston, Ont.
-Lucille LeCounte, 572 Princess
St., Kingston, Ont.
-Diana Levick, 500 St. Clair Ave., 13 14 Toronto. -Mary Lyons, 225 Brock St., Kingston, Ont. 13 ston, Ont.

-Tommy Lyons, 395 McIntyre W.,
North Bay, Ont.

-Catherine MacAdam, 204 Argoyle
St., Sydney, N.S.
Anna Rose MacDonald, 5 Brussels
St., Halifax, N.S.

-Margaret Macdonald, Duke St.,
Trenton, Ont.

-John Mackey, Riverhead, Harbor
Grace, Nfld. 12 13 11 15 Grace, Nfid.
Lorna MacKinnon, 66 Belcher St.,
Kentville, N.S.
Burel Macmillan, Dickinsons 10 14 -Burel Macmillan, Dickinsons Ldg., Box 32.
-Mary C. MacPherson, Fraser's Grant, Antigonish Co., N.S.
-Mary MacPherson, Lower South River, Antigonish Co., N.S.
-Albert G. Mahoney, Conception Hr., C.B., Nfid.
-Jean Malloy, Coe Hill, Ont.
-Martha Malloy, Coe Hill, Ont.
-Joyce Martin, LaSalle, Ont.
-Marlene Martin, 500 St. Clair Ave., Toronto. —Burel 14 10 15 13 15 10 —Mariene Marten.

Ave., Toronto.

—Kevin May, Killaloe, Ont.

—Lillian May, 10, Killaloe, Ont.

—Marie May, 112 Charlotte St., St. 11 10 14 John, N.B. Terry McCabe, Arthur, Terry McCabe, Arthu R.R. No. 4. —Carmel McCormack, 40 Rd., Grand Falls. Nfd. 14 10 40 Monchy Rd., Grand Falls. Nfid.

Anne McCormack, 20 Monchy Rd., Grand Falls. Nfid.

McDermott, 119 York St., Cornwall, Ont.

Gertrude McGann, 500 St. Clair Ave., Toronto.

Clare Ann McGarry, Perth, Ont., R.R. No. 2.

Margaret McGrath, Rugby, Ont.

Bernadette McGriskin, Agincourt, Ont., R.R. No. 1.

Margaret McInnes, 45 Gage Ave. N., Hamilton, Ont.

Bill McLaughlin, 75 Botwood Rd., Grand Falls, Nfid.

Marilyn McLean, 500 St. Clair Ave., Toronto.

Sophie Meech, Peppett St., North Sydney, N.S. Frand Fans. McCormack, 20 Falls, Nfld. 9 14 16 13 11 14 10 9 11 Sydney, N.S. -Doris Meehan, 500 St. Clair Ave., 14 Toronto. Jean Meran, 227 Rideau St., Ottawa, Ont.
Bazil Milks, Scollard Hall, North 15 Bay. Patricia Milks, 355 Antwerp Ave., 10 Sudbury, Ont.
-Ellen B. Moore, Avondale, C.B., 17 Nfld. -Geraldine Moore, 881 Waterloo Geratune Moore, St., London, Ont. -Anne Marie Moriarity, 48 Met-calfe St., Guelph, Ont. -Marcella Mullins, Carbonear, 8

Toronto.

—Allan Kuntz, Formosa, Ont.
—Patricia Lacroix, LaPasse, Ont.
—Margaret Lambert, 217 Colborne

St., Kingston, Ont. LaQuant, Bernadette, Deer Lake,

18

14

10

12

 $\overline{14}$



Buds, don't forget to read page 19 for Contest Rules. Below are listed the prizes and the number of subscriptions necessary to win. Read the list carefully, because there are items not in this picture.

No. 1—20 subscriptions; No. 2—20 subscriptions; No. 3—16 subscriptions; No. 3a—16 subscriptions (for a dozen); No. 4—20 subscriptions; No. 5—40 subscriptions; No. 6—16 subscriptions; No. 7—5 subscriptions; No. 8—5 subscriptions; No. 9—32 subscriptions; No. 10—16 subscriptions; No. 11—8 subscriptions; No. 12—20 subscriptions; No. 13—8 subscriptions; No. 14—6 subscriptions; No. 15—4 subscriptions; No. 16—10 subscriptions; No. 17—24 subscriptions (Hockey Game); No. 18—24 subscriptions (Baseball Game).

Rummoli, 1 subscription.
Sorry Game, 4 subscriptions. This game is a barrel of fun.
Cartoon Drawing Set, 4 subs.

Horseplay Game, 4 subs.
Chinese Checkers, 4 subs.
Jig Saw Puzzles, 2 subs.
Table Tennis with 4 bats, (a) 10 subs.
Table Tennis with 4 bats, (b) 16 subs.
Table Tennis balls (doz.), 4 subs.
Swim Trunks, 8 subs.
Swim Goggles, 10 subs.
Sheath Knife, 18 subs.

(Next month aeroplanes, sail-boats, chemistry sets, etc. and etc., will be added, IF THERE IS SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE THAT IS NOT LISTED, JUST WRITE FR. JIM AND HE WILL TELL YOU HOW MANY SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE REQUIRED).

15 yrs.—Bride Murray, 69 Botwood Rd., Grand Falls, Nfid.
 9 "—Douglas Murray, 17 Cambridge St., Galt, Ont.
 8 "—Thomas Murray, 17 Cambridge

Thomas St., Galt, Ont. Nagle, 13 Riverhead,

Mary's, Nfld. Ursula Nagle, 16 Riverhead, St. Nfld

Mary's, Nfid. -Mary Irene Neville, South River, C.B., Nfid. 15

-Jim Nolan, Catalina, Nfld.-Teresa Nourry, 35 George St., Kingston, Ont. 15

Janina Nowack, Ave., Toronto. 11 500 St. Clair -Francis O'Brien, 14 442 Mary St.

N., Hamilton, Ont.

-John O'Connell, Curling, Nfld.

-Clara O'Connor, 385 Queen St., 17

Peterboro, Ont.
-Geraldine O'Dacre, 693 Front St., 17

Pembroke, Ont. Terry O'Dacre, 10 739 Mary St.,

17

-Terry O'Dacre, 759 Mary St., Carbonear, Nfid. -Alma O'Donohue, 71 Brooklyn Ave., Toronto. -Bernadette O'Donohue, 71 Brooklyn Ave., Toronto. -Rita O'Donohue, 71 Brooklyn 13 15

Rita O'Donohue, Ave., Toronto. Ont. -Katherine O'Grady, 104 Toronto 14

St., Kingston, Ont. -O'Keefe Monica. 7 13 Sulva Rd.,

Grand Falls, Nfld. -Joyce Olsen, 50 Earl St., Kings-14 ton, Ont.

12 O'Leary, Milton, Ont., George -Box 251.

Joan O'Reilly, Rosedale Forest Rd., St. John's, Nfld. -Anne Papineau, Belle River, R.R. No. 2.

-Murial Parette Martintown, Ont. 16 Geraldine Parfitt, 520 12th. St., 20

Lethbridge. Alta. -Luella Phillips, Greenfield, Ont. -Elwood Potter, 318 Rideau St., 13 12

-Cecily Power. Freshwater, Pla-centia Bay, Nfid. -Mary Powers, 129 Wellington St., Hull, Que. 13

15

Donnie Quesnelle, St. Louis College, Moose Jaw. Sask. Susan Reddin, 90 Brighton Rd., Charlottetown, P.E.I. 10

14 Georgina Redmond, 534 Crawford St., Toronto. St., 14 Beatrice . Reynolds,

Nfld. Antigonish Co., N.S.
-Teresa Raso, 2 West St., Thor-14

16 old, Ont.

-Mary Ryan, 32 Carmelite Rd., Grand Falls, Nfid. -Mary I. Ryan, 14 McDougall St., 11 11

St. John's, Nfld. 14

13

St. John's, Nad.
-Vera Ryan, 32 Carmelite Rd.,
Grand Falls, Nfld.
-Betty Sampson, Grand Falls,
Nfld., Box 220.
-Lillian Scott, 48 Botwood Rd., 11

-Lillian Scott, 48 Grand Falls, Nfld. Shea, 13 -Miriam 619 Glebeholme

Blvd., Toronot. Olive Sheridan, 7 Colborne St., Perth, Ont. Toronot. 13

Perth, Ont. Jane Sherman, 339 King St. W., 19 Kingston, Ont.

13 Helen Simon, 500 St. Clair Ave., Toronto.

19 yrs.—Irene Smith, Avondale, Nfid. 13 "—Kathleen Spellman, 500 St. Clair

Ave., Toronto. –Danny Sullivan –Marie Sullivan, Sullivan, Trenton, Ont. Sullivan, Killaloe, Ont. $\frac{12}{9}$ Doreen Swift, 500 St. Clair Ave.,

Toronto. 9 Swift, -Margaret 500 St. Clair

Margaret Swit, Ave., Toronto. -Yvonne Taugher, 85 Queen St., Kingston. Ont. -Charles Tierney. City View, Ont. -Dorien Timberley, 1114 Allard 14

11 —Dorien Verdun. Que. Ave.,

11

Ave., Verdun. Que.
—Bernard Tully, Lindsay, Ont.,
R.R. No. 4.
—Anne Marie Vonzuben, 322 Berkeley St., Toronto.
—Dolores Wagner. Chesley, Ont.
—Norma White, 48 Bowen St., Bell
Island, Nfdd.
—Kathleen Value, Peterboro, Ont.

15

-Kathleen Young, Peterboro, Ont., R.R. No. 1. 12 R.R. No. 1. Iona Zettel,

-Iona Zette R.R. No. 3. 14 Walkerton, Ont., Barbara Angelo, 1249 Dundas St., 14

W.. Toronto Cahill. Marv 849 College St.,

Toronto, Ont. John Cronin, 11 Lakeview Ave., 12

Toronto. 11 Billy Dempsey, Montrose 461Ave., Toronto.

-Mary 11 Duffy, 108 Harrison St., Toronto.

-Helen Dickson, 27 Montrose Ave., 1.4 Toronto.

13 -Eugene Duhamel, 1151/2 Harrison St., Toronto. Fabrizi, 12 179 Concord

-Eugene 12

Eugene Fast. Ave., Toronto. -Kenneth Ferrier, 710 Dovercourt Rd., Toronto. -Dorothy Foley. 108 Harrison, -Dorothy Foley. Manning Ave.,

Billy French, 827 Manning Ave., 11 Toronto.

Rose Francis, 715 Crawford St., 13 Toronto. 108 11

Gamble, Harrison, -Mary Mary Toronto. Tolon Gragnoli, Churchill 18

-Helen Gragn Ave., Toronto. 11 Ossington 14 Grayston, 64

Ave.,
-James Gra.
Toronto. Gerald Hogan, 806 College St., 11

Toronto. -Holychuk Sonia, 11 12Grove St.,

11

11

Hory ... Toronto. Kalich, 563 Dovercourt

Rd., Toronto. -Edward Kosiba, 24 Rolyat, To-

ronto. -Geo. McKend, 1242-A Dundas St., 12

Toronto.
Gloria McMahon, 262 Toron. Gloria Memoria. Toronto. Mor Ossington 12

Sandrina Montanaro, St., Toronto. 283 Shaw 11

Jeannette Naar, 108 Harrison St., 10

Toronto. Joan Niosi, 576 Ossington St., 12 Toronto.

Donald O'Brien, 90 Pendrith St., Toronto.

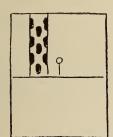




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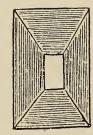
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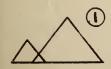
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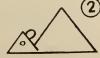
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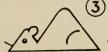


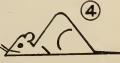
(Answers on page 29)

Learn to Draw









Books. Wanted

We shall be ever so grateful to any of our friends for a copy of the books listed here.

Gilson: The Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, Unity of Philosophical Experience.

Berdyaev: The End of Our Time, The Russian Revolution, Freedom of the Spirit.

Chesterton: St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Francis of Assisi, What's Wrong with the World, Orthodoxy.

Belloc: How the Reformation Happened, The Servile State, Shorter History of England.

ANSWERS TO WOTIZIT TEST

1.—A pig going around the end of a barn.

2.—A giraffe passing a second storey window.

3.—A bear going up the other side of a tree.

4.—Looking up a chimney.

Piano Wanted

To aid our students learn the rudiments of music—a great asset on the Mission—a piano is needed immediately. Our address is on the cover. Our telephone: HO. 5414.

STAMP COLLECTORS!

ATTENTION



Newfoundland sets and packets. Condition fine, all stamps guaranteed.

SETS (Used)

Long Coronation—

Scott's 233 to 243

Industrial (1931-'39)-

Scott's 183 to 210 but without 192 and 198. Later print of 5c included, as well as both varieties of 24c... \$2.50

Special Combination Offer-

Short Coronation, complete (230-232); Royal Family, complete (245-248); Royal Visit, complete (249-251), 5c Grenfell (252) and 7c airmail (C 19).

The lot for \$1.00

(Try and beat this price, anywhere)

PACKETS

50 different Newfoundland ... \$1.00 75 different Newfoundland 3.00

STAMP DEPT., CHINA Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario



Hello Smokers!!

"Just a Cigarette a Day" isn't the name of a new tune, but you can put a song on the lips and in the hearts of your missionaries if you want to.

HOW?

Just smoke one less cigarette a day!

It means a saving of 10c a week, \$6.00 a year!!

Simple, isn't it? And yet in ten short weeks you have your subscription to CHINA paid up for another year.

Our Missionaries—your sons—are doing a splendid job in the face of tremendous difficulties brought about by the terrible war that has ravaged our earth. Through the columns of CHINA they keep you in touch with what they are doing.

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CHINA

NEWS BRIEFS

More of our Missioners Honored

From the Military Headquarters of the United States Forces in the Chinese Theatre of Operations, comes the following citation—"To Rev. Edward Lyons, Contract Chaplain, Army of the United States is awarded the Emblem for Meritorious Civilian Service for ministering to the spiritual needs of military personnel in far-flung installations in the Chinese Theatre."

"To Rev. P. L. McAuliffe, Contract Chaplain of the United States Army in the Chinese Theatre is awarded the Emblem for Meritorious Civilian Service, for ministering to the spiritual needs of military personnel at Hengyang and Kweilin."

To both Father Lyons and Father McAuliffe, CHINA offers sincere congratulations. These two missioners are now in Canada, awaiting their reassignment to our mission field in Lishui.

Postage—Three Hundred and Twenty Dollars

Believe it or not, the editor has just received a letter from Father Venadam and it was plastered with three hundred and twenty dollars in postage stamps. It cost that much to bring it from Lishui to Toronto, of course by Air Mail.

In his short note, Father Venadam tells of the safe arrival in our prefecture of Fathers Murphy, McQuaid and Carey. All three of the newly arrived are in fine health and spirits. Up until the end of the war with Japan they were interned in Peking.

Rev. Michael Carey is stationed at Kinhwa, Rev. Thomas McQuaid at Pihu and Rev. Joseph Murphy is at Lishui with Father Venadam.

Father McGoey Writes

In a short note from Father McGoey, dated January 22nd from Manila, we are told that after an almost interminable voyage by boat, Father Harold Murphy and himself arrived safely at Shanghai. China's great metropolis was cold and Three thousand dollars is chaotic. the price of a hotel meal. After six days in Shanghai, Fathers Murphy and McGoey flew to Manila, six hours by plane. Manila, Father McGoey says, is a ghastly sight. What was once "the Pearl of the Orient" is now a vast pile of rubble-destruction that words could not describe.

Interesting articles from Fathers Murphy and McGoey will be printed in the May issue of CHINA.

Father Matte Goes South

Rev. William Matte of Gogama, Ontario, who for the past several years has been pastor of our Chinese Catholic Mission in Victoria, B.C., has been posted to our district in the Dominican Republic. We join with his many friends in wishing him success and God's blessings on his priestly labors in Santo Domingo.

Page Thirty

"Go Jeach All Nations."



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL TIEN

For the first time in the history of the Church, His Holiness Pope Pius XI has seen fit to elevate a member of the Chinese race to the Sacred College of Cardinals.

In doing so, the Vicar of Christ on Earth is merely following the last request to His followers, of Christ Himself, "to go and teach all Nations".

It is an indication also, of the importance His Holiness places in the work of our Missions in China.

A tremendous task lies ahead, in rebuilding our Missions, reopening Hospitals and re-establishing our Schools.

This task is also YOUR task.

It is only by your generous and continued support that this work can be accomplished. Our need is urgent. Decide *TODAY* to send at least a small donation to the Chinese Missions.

Address your donation to:

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Be sure to read the article on Cardinal Tien on page 10 of this issue.

CHINA

Avoid Disappointment!!

For the last few months we have been receiving letters requesting one or more copies of our publication CHINA.

As only a limited number of copies are printed for public sale, we have been, unfortunately, unable to fill these orders.

Future issues of CHINA will contain first-hand information of highest interest on tropical Santo Domingo, cradle of Christianity in the New World; ancient China, which has been signally honoured in receiving its first Cardinal; and the Phillipines whose people underwent such devastating and bloody war that Christianity might not vanish from the far Pacific.

Be on the safe side. Become a regular subscriber to Catholic Canada's leading mission magazine.



PLEASE KEEP AN EYE ON THE EXPIRY DATE!!!



carboro Bluffs, Ontario











M A Y 1946



Father Flanagan, President Cam MacLellan and members of St. Michael's College High School Foreign Mission Club, present many useful gifts to our departing missionary, Father Ronald Reeves.



My dear daughter:

It is now some time since you received the fateful telegram which began: "His Majesty's Government regrets to inform you that your son was killed on active duty."

Those words are indelibly burnt into your memory, but by now almost everyone outside of your family has forgotten about your bereavement. I say 'almost' because I, too, remember. You see, I lost my

Son also.

Your friends who expressed their sympathy tried their best to console you. They said nice things about your boy. His qualities were praised and it was comforting to you. At that time your grief was boundless, but such tributes helped convince you that his sacrifice was not in vain. Perhaps by now you are not so sure. That is the reason for this letter.

Human beings always do things out of mixed motives. Most boys joined up for patriotic reasons: they thought it best to defend their homeland overseas before the danger could touch their loved ones. Or else they wanted to be with their companions, their schoolmates, their friends since childhood. Whatever the occasion, they did it out of a sense of decency, to help blot out a horrid regime and thus improve the lot of their fellow-man. I am sure, in fact I know, your boy had the highest motive: he did it because he felt his effort would help his country, would protect his family, and would please God.

I am not sure whether he sent you a certain letter or not. It told of the risks he must take at his dangerous post, and of the possibility of his losing his life. It was a very hard letter for him to write, yet he felt it better for him to discuss the matter

frankly with you. I cannot remember whether he mailed it to you or not; most of the boys had the greatest difficulty about this, and many gave it up as a bad job. My Boy told me all about it before He left home.

Sometimes I used to wonder if it was all worthwhile, but then His words would be recalled: "... I lay down my life that I may take it up again. No one takes it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have the power to lay it down, and I have the power to take it up again. Such is the command I have received from my Father". It was all very deliberate. He weighed the value of His achievement and then unhesitatingly went to His death. It was awfully hard on me, but I was happy that He was satisfied that it was worth it. In the words of Maria Rachel: "If I grieved any less I would not be a true mother; if I grieved any more I would not be a true Christian".

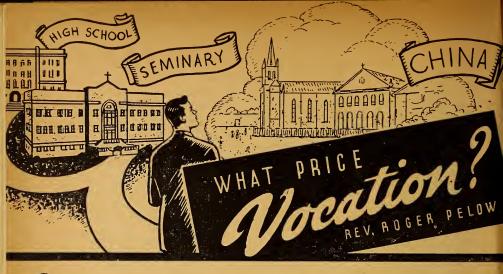
You see, the real reason for their deaths is not to be found in this world. The occasion of their sacrifice was a human cause, but with the right intention it became worthy of a divine reward. It matters not if the human aim or goal falls short. The war and the peace for which they fought may both be lost and yet their reward remain secure. My Son explained this to his fellow soldiers the night before He died: "This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. Greater love than this no one has, that one lay down his life for his friends"

Lent always has an end; Good Friday may still be with you, but remember that your boy is already

celebrating Easter.

Lovingly,

Mary.



NE of the most touching stories in the Gospel concerns a lost vocation. One day Our Lord was going forth on a journey when a young man came running up to Him, fell on his knees before Him and asked: "Good Master, what shall I do to gain eternal life?" Christ told him that he must keep the commandments if he would enter eternal life. But apparently the young man wanted to do more than that. "Master," he said, "all these things I have kept ever since I was a child". Then Our Lord "looking on him, loved him, and said to him 'One thing is lacking to thee; go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me.' But his face fell at the saying, and he went away sad, for he had great possessions".

Christ loved this young man so much that He invited him to participate in the grandest work in the world, that of saving souls. He offered him a vocation to the priesthood, but only to have it rejected. The youth in the Gospel "went away sad because he had great possessions". Perhaps your case is similar to his. Christ may be inviting you to become a missionary priest. He may be asking you to follow Him in

the work He began and for which He offered every drop of His Precious Blood.

How About You?

If you have good health, physically, mentally and spiritually, and the desire to be a priest based on the right intention, you have the fundamental qualifications for the priesthood. It may simply be that you have never stopped to think whether or not God is inviting you to participate in the great missionary work of saving souls. If you do think much about it, the first thing that will concern you is the signs which indicate the presence of a vocation. What of those signs? In general, what are they? Are they hard to recognize?

Answer These Questions

When a boy asks us to help decide about his vocation, whether or not he should apply for entrance to our Society, we advise him to answer the following questions:

1. Is my health good? If it is strong enough to enable me to perform the duties of a priest, I may

answer in the affirmative.

2. Is my intellectual ability sufficient? If I am doing well in my High School work and will obtain my matriculation, I may apply for en-

Page Four China

trance as far as this question is concerned.

3. Have I an inclination towards the work of the priest on the Missions? This could come from reading mission literature, listening to returned missioners speak of their work, realizing the value of an immortal soul, thinking about the price Christ, the First Missioner, paid for souls, etc.

4. What is my motive, my intention in wanting to become a priest? It should consist simply in aspiring to the priesthood for the one purpose of increasing God's honour-by devoting myself to the work of saving souls. Without such a right intention one would make a fatal blunder in thinking he had a vocation regardless of health, desire, ability, etc.

Your Next Move

Suppose that you answer "ves" to the first three questions and have the right intention, does it mean that you necessarily have a vocation? Not at all. But it does mean that you have the signs and qualifications of a vocation. The fact whether or not you definitely have a vocation will be decided later. That is what a Seminary is for — to develop those who have a vocation, to eliminate those who have not. Pope Pius XI in his encyclical on the Catholic Priesthood summed this up in the following important passage: "The Head of the Seminary lovingly follows the youths entrusted to his care and studies the inclinations of each. His watchful and experienced eye will perceive without difficulty, whether one or other have, or have not a true priestly vocation. This, as you well know is NOT established so much by some inner feeling or devout attraction, which may sometimes be absent or hardly perceptible; but rather by a right intention in the aspirant, together with the combination of physical, intellectual and moral qualities which make him fitted for such a state of life. He must look to the priesthood solely from the noble motive of consecrating himself for the service of God and the salvation of souls; he must likewise have, or, at least, strive earnestly to acquire, solid piety, perfect purity of life, and sufficient knowledge . . . Thus he shows that he is called by God to the priestly state."

When In Doubt

Perhaps you have the above-mentioned qualifications to a certain degree, and are still in doubt about what you should do. The best thing is to seek the advice of some priest who knows you, or write to the Seminary Rector. Present your case to either of these priests. They will be able to tell you what is the best thing for you to do, and your doubts will be settled. If you have the qualifications referred to above, and there is nothing hindering you, the best place to determine your vocation is in the Novitiate or Seminary.

The War and Vocations

No one need be told that the war is over, although permanent peace may seem still quite distant. But not many of us realize the tragic impact the war has had in the foreign mission field, and on the foreign mission priesthood. For years the great source of foreign missioners was Europe. Came the war, and then what? In France nearly 18,000 priests were called to the colours, and not as chaplains. In Germany all the clerics born after 1906 had to take up arms, and the consequent casualty list among priests and seminarians was frightful. Poland has suffered so severely from Russian and German occupations that it is estimated less than 100 seminarians studying theology remained after the war. Spain lost half her pastors during the civil war. Austria, Holland, Belgium and

other European countries likewise are concerned. The loss of vocations

has been appalling.

It is judged that Europe contributed some seventy per cent of foreign mission man power before the war. In view of the circumstances just mentioned, it is an obvious impossibility for her to supply missioners in the same proportion for years to come. Yet there is far more work to be done now in foreign mission fields than before the war, and because of the war. Moreover, Monsignor McDonnell, the American National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, has stated: "The Church is facing a unique opportunity. The opportunity must not be lost. There will be an imperative need for more priests, States and Canada that they make every effort to send forth laborers to the harvest."

Think It Over

Courage and generosity are not lacking in young Catholics in Canada and Newfoundland, whence come the vocations of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. The Catholic youths of our countries proved this beyond all shadow of doubt when they fought and died in the recent war. can prove themselves just as courageous, just as generous in fighting and dying for Christ in the foreign mission fields. Many have done so already. To you who would enlist in the missionary priesthood, the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society offers you the opportunity. You will

A Kansas editor hit on the following gentle device for dunning

delinquent subscribers to the paper:

"There i\$ a little matter that \$ome of our \$ub\$criber\$ have \$eemingly forgotten entirely. \$ome of them have made u\$ many promi\$e\$, but have not kept them. To u\$ it i\$ a very important matter—it'\$ nece\$\$ary in our bu\$ine\$\$. We are very mode\$t and do not like to \$peak about \$uch remi\$\$ness."

sisters and brothers to meet this opportunity with their zealous services in enlightening souls with the teaching of Christ and restoring by their labours, old and new religious centres".

Cardinal McGuigan's Appeal

His Eminence, James Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto and member of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, just before the recent Vatican Consistories voiced voiced this urgent appeal for more missioners: "The accessions to the Sacred College include cardinals of Africa and China. I have learned from the best informed quarters in Rome that these two vast countries particularly are white for the harvest, and I would urge particularly upon Catholics in the United

be given basic training at the Novitiate, complete training at the Seminary. Then you will receive your commission in Christ's Army. As a captain in that Army you will go on active service in the foreign field.

Active Service Award

The award for active service in the Army of Christ? Not a Purple Heart decoration from a temporal king, but a share in the benefits derived from the Sacred Heart of Christ the King: "Thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

If you would like to apply for entrance to the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society or desire further information, write as soon as possible to Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. It is NOT necessary to wait for matriculation results before making application. In fact, it is advisable to write NOW because the late date of the examination results leaves little time before the opening day at the Novitlate.



HE late Gov. Gen. of Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir, used to complain about an expression current during the last year of his stay in this country. When people asked a question of you then, they made a statement and followed it with this query: What is your reaction? To which Tweedsmuir asked in return: Must I have a reaction? Today, whatever about the obligation, it is almost a universal fact that there is a reaction, and if you are against whatever the radical proposes, he calls you a 'reactionary'. A year or so ago, the supreme insult was to call you a fascist; now it's 'reactionary'.

These labels are usually of little use. That this is true is becoming more evident as we receive more and more information about World War II. At Dunkerque we were told that King Leopold of Belgium had betrayed the Allied cause by an early surrender. Later information led one to believe exactly the opposite. The same may be said of Franco: first, a pure white defender of the faith against Communism in Spain; later a collaborator with the Nazi; later a friend of the Allies; and now: 'Franco must go' is the current headline.

The same confusion obtained relative to what we were supposed to

think of the Germans. First we read that the leaders were evil men, gangsters who had seized power; the German people were still perfectly alright. Shortly after that our propaganda explained that there was more to this German militarism than one would judge at first glance; it was really a characteristic of all the German people as history certainly demonstrated. Hence, as the war went on it became more patriotic for us to hate the Nazi leaders and then all Germans.

By the same token, the Japanese had to be hated by every loyal and patriotic citizen here. A distinction was made concerning Japanese born in this country. They were not Canadians, even though born here (!), but they were the next thing to it, and a special exemption was granted them. Our Prime Minister even told us that not one case of sabotage was to be attributed to them. Now the war is over, and although Canadianborn Japanese are not to be deported, it frequently happens that parents must be separated from their children to carry out this Canadian version of forced migration of peoples. There is something wrong here; if there are good reasons for deporting these people, why does not someone in authority in our government explain.

CHINA

What's in a . . . Word

In war the first casualty is truth. It's unfortunate that the authorities do not see fit to rehabilitate this victim. If the strength of our democracy is in the ability of the people to think for themselves, then surely prerequisite is the information whereby they may make the proper judgment. Words are twisted out of their proper meaning until they lose their value. We are told that there is a 'difference' between Iran and The presence of Russian troops in Manchuria threatens to create a 'situation'. Any objections to the conduct of Soviet troops may be construed as an 'unfriendly act'. Why the growing need for such euphemisms?

During the recent conflict we had to learn the meanings of neutrality, strict neutrality, armed neutrality, benevolent neutrality. And as we learned each one, it had to be remembered that these terms were what the mathematicians call 'variables'; it depended on what country Some countries were neuspeaking. tral for us; others were neutral against us! Statistics will surely show that more professors of semantics died of frustrations during the past six years than ever before. Alice had the same trouble with Humpty

Dumpty:

"I don't know what you mean by 'glory'," Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously.
"Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant there's a nice knock-down argument for you!"

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument'," Alice objected.
"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all".

This sort of thing is well enough in Wonderland or the make-believe of Through the Looking Glass, but it should not be tolerated outside of mental institutions. And yet it is now so prevalent that greater numbers are beginning to fear the whole world is a mental institution whose keepers have gone on strike.

Basic English

An injury was diagnosed as periosteitis of the posterior surface of the supracondylar region of the right humerus. It might also have been called a chipped elbow bone; but it certainly could not be called anything else. Now this sort of thing has a definite use; but we hold no brief for those who want to tell us that 'the sick are cured and sent home' in such phrases as this: 'the patients are dehospitalized with a view to phychophysical rehabilitation in domestic surroundings'. The technical medical expressions tell a doctor the exact nature of the injury in a far more detailed and more informative way than the loose phrase: 'chipped elbow bone'. But the other is manifestly an example of an anxiety to use sesquipedalian verbiage which is bound to confuse rather than elucidate.

Semantics

In 1938 Stuart Chase published a book, 'The Tyranny of Words', which attempted to explain semantics in popular terms. It is the science of meaning in communication. its Greek origin it means 'significant'. In our schools some 30 or 40 years ago the pupils had to learn the derivation of many words; with this knowledge they would be less likely to greet you with: "I'm awfully glad to meet you". Such a combination of words is incongruous . . . they do not fit together.

With word-roots much interesting information was acquired. For instance, our parents and grandpar-'salary' comes ents learned that from the Latin word for 'salt'; the portion of pay of Roman soldiers allotted to buy salt, or else a ration of salt given. Hence the expression 'not worth his salt'.

In an ordinary letter words of Latin or Greek origin are between 10 and 15% of the total, but in a scientific treatise they run up over 30%. Yet even if you knew every root of every word in the daily newsprint you could still be as confused as our ancestors at the tower of Babel. Our problem is that we have no COMMON DENOMINATOR OF IDEAS. At times one wonders if our governments want us to have any ideas.

Monopoly Invades Realm of 1st Freedom

Freedom of Speech as applied to the writers of our newspapers, magaextension of the monopoly for the 'benefit' of 100 million patrons weekly.

Five movie companies control production of films and even the major moving picture theaters. All of this explains the birth-control of ideas today.

Such planned parenthood is to be deplored. Economic reasons are indubitably the greatest factor but such motives are not conducive to the highest development of the common good.

Gresham's Law . . . of Thought

A long time ago counterfeiting was practised on a large scale. When you had a coin which you knew to be a real one, you carefully kept it

¶ The young man who had an idea he was indispensable to his employer—but who was literally clinging to his job by the "skin of his teeth"—emerged from the chief's office wearing a puzzled look.

"Well, did you tell the old man where to get off if he didn't give

you a raise?" asked one of the boys.

"Sure! I told him if I didn't get a raise I'd leave him in the lurch."

"Yeah?"

"And he says: 'I haven't got time to sing it but you'll find the firm's answer in the second line of "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here"!' "

zines, radio commentators columnists and even films is assuming a new meaning. It is not the ability of every man to express his own views which are based on reliable sources. It is merely the ability to repeat in a loose quotation the digested material of one of twenty These moulders of opinion control our thought in an alarming way. We have three agencies supplying our non-local news and the biggest of these-the Associated Press-acts to strengthen its monopoly. Some 85% of our towns and cities have only one newspaper, and through syndicated columns our ideas are formed.

One-third of our radio stations are owned by newspapers and in the whole of the United States there are only four major networks. Hence an

and used one more dubious in value, providing you could find someone to accept it. The good coins were thus driven out of circulation which led Mr. Gresham to formulate his famous 'Law': Bad money drives away good money. It is much the same in the sphere of ideas. The Nazi scheme of education provided a good example. They taught so many things which were not true, and which everybody recognized as untrue, that there came a day when the truth could no longer be known. They listened to the B.B.C. and having lost confidence in their own sources, feared to believe anybody

Sometimes motives are revealed which help us discover the truth. Recently a government announced

(Continued on page 14)

Dominican Vignettes

Desmond Stringer

N 1492 Columbus crossed the ocean blue! Little did I think when I first learned that little bit of doggerel that one day I would stand before his tomb in the Cathedral of Cuidad Trujillo. But that's a story for another time. The two top pictures you see to the right are photos of what remains of the castle of Diego Columbus, son of the great Discoverer. The front faces the Ozama river and the harbour where ships came to rest after the long and perilous voyage from Spain.

Inside one may walk through the now-bare chambers that once sheltered the highest personages of Hispanola. Two tiny rooms directly opposite each other catch one's attention immediately. They are no bigger than the front hall clothes cupboard found in our Canadian homes. One was the Chapel and the other the prison. Together they seemed to epitomize the two forces that warred constantly between themselves for control in the New World, a war that has gone on all over the pagan world, the war between missionary and merchant.

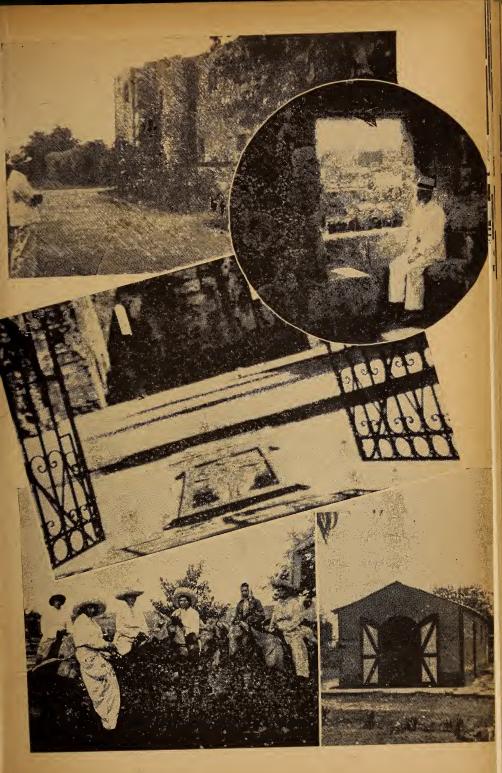
One of the sights of the Capitol is the ancient church of St. Francis. There is enough of the pile left standing to let one visualize its first grandeur. Directly beneath your fet as you enter the main gate is a tomb. It is the grave of a Grandee whose morals left much to be desired but whose Faith was never lost. And so today he lies, by his own request, where the feet of the multitude may walk over him, a last minute gesture of humility that few in our torrid twentieth century could possibly understand. May his soul have come

to eternal peace.

Today nineteen priests of our Society are lending a hand to revivify the ancient Faith of Santo Domingo and to recall the people to its practice. It is quite a sight for a northerner to see them sweep into town on horseback, as they come from all directions to attend Sunday Mass or some fiesta. Small churches, such as the one pictured, are becoming more numerous. Personally, I think they will be of much more practical value than the huge buildings of the past. However, it is up to the people themselves to work out that problem, one that has also to be solved eventually in Canada.

Cold and colorless Protestantism has little, if any, appeal to the religious instincts of this people. They have an intense and childlike love of our Blessed Lady that cannot but please Her Divine Son. She is really a Mother, in every sense of the word, to them. Evil has tried in the past to rob them of their heritage. Evil will try in the future to attempt the same. But this country of Our Lady of Altagracia will always remain to

proclaim her glory.



Santiago, the second largest city of the Dominican Republic, is today a thriving and beautiful city. But Old Santiago some twenty to thirty kilometers away was the original site of great promise, that is until the everpresent menace that lurks in that particular part of the world, destroyed it. That menace is earthquakes, about the most unpleasant of nature's tantrums and one that mere humans are least able to do anything about. We experienced one in the summer we were there and no words can quite describe weird writhing of the earth at the moment of its convulsion.

All that remains of Old Santiago is the ancient stone church that stands roofless and abandoned. One day away back in the early part of the sixteenth century, it was the centre of the community. The next day it was thoroughly and completely destroyed by an earthquake, and never rebuilt. The tall grass hides most of the ruins. The Altar is still in a remarkable state of preservation, remaining to remind us how Christ came with Columbus and the Faith came to stay.

It took all those centuries of Catholicism to produce one beautiful fruit of its culture, the Sacred Heart College in Santiago. Here under the careful tutoring of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy, the young girls of the Republic receive a training that is an almost perfect blending of the best traditions found in the Old World and the New. They haven't reached that degree of freedom for women, or equality of the sexes, of which we boast, with its consequent and very apparent decline of chivalry towards womanhood. And so they are, down there, esteemed for their qualities of mind as well as beauty of form.

The three little Dominican girls which you see, are as vivacious and loveable as any you would want to meet, and proud of the heritage that is theirs. Mechanized and public sources of amusement which have almost destroyed our Canadian ability to make our own fun in our own homes, have little or no part in the formation of these children. Every town of any size has its band and on lovely summer evenings it is sheer delight to join the happy throng just to listen or join in the songs that everyone knows and sings.

And when the Mission bells chime out, all the little boys and girls are happy and content. Another day has ended, and with many a happily shouted "Good night, Father" they're off to their homes and sleep.

¶ Husband—(testily, after going down badly at bridge) "You might have guessed I had no heart, partner."

Wife-(sweetly) "Quite, but I thought you had a brain, darling."

 \P "Your school is not a seminary; it's a match factory," said the smart young college man to the girl student.

"You're right," said the girl. "We furnish the heads and get the sticks from the men's college."

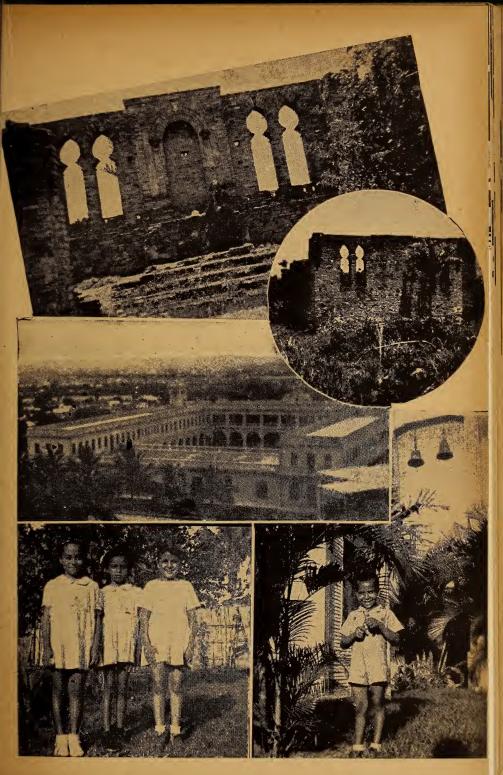
The young husband had just arrived home from the office. "What's the matter, darling?" he asked. "You look flustered." "Oh, I've had a dreadful day," his wife answered. "First Baby cut

"Oh, I've had a dreadful day," his wife answered. "First Baby cut his first tooth, then he took his first step, and then he fell and knocked out his tooth."

"Well, then what happened?" asked her husband.

"Oh, darling," she answered in a shocked voice, "he said his first word!"

Page Twelve



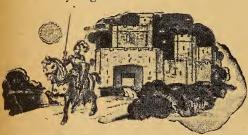
The Ivory Tower

(Continued from page 9)

that the natives in one of its colonies could no longer appear naked or wearing tree leaves. The statement was worded so that the reader was led to believe there were moral reasons; unfortunately the last line of the despatch gave it away: "the textile industry is being developed".

Let's Start Over

Major Tilston, V.C., was asked about the requisite for winning the V.C. His answer was a classic: "Inexperience". Perhaps we need more inexperience in our thinking today; at least in the sense that we must attempt to rid ourselves of prejudices. Our ideas must be the result of clear thought; this thought must come from our own experience or the experience of a trustworthy person in whom we place a REASON-ABLE trust. Our speech must be the clear expression of our best ideas. Our conduct must be in accordance with our best thinking. Then we need not fear that on judgment day St. Peter might ask us if 'Christian' written after our name is merely an honorary degree.



CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor.
Rev. D. E. Stringer, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVII,
No. 5, May, 1946. Issued monthly, September
to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00
a year. Official Publication of Scarboro
Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.
Entered as Second-Class Matter and Admitted to
Privileged Postage Rates at the Post Office,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, July 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by
Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.

A Holy and a Happy Easter to All

Remember Our Dear Dead

To Rev. L. McAuliffe, S.F.M., and the members of his family, we extend our sincerest sympathies on the occasion of the death of their father, Mr. Patrick McAuliffe. May his soul rest in eternal peace.

Margaret and John Corkery, Harwood, Ontario.

Sister M. Patricia McClory of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto.

Michael Kiley of Saint John, New Brunswick.

Oscar Price of Saint John, New Brunswick.

Bert Crow, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Mary McDermott, Ottawa.

May their dear souls rest in peace with God.

Books Wanted

We shall be ever so grateful to any of our friends for a copy of the books listed here.

Maritain: Introduction to Philosophy

> Introduction to Logic The Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas

Aquinas
Cronin: The Science of Ethics

J. Ward: The Realm of Ends

Perry: Philosophy of the Recent Past

Hutchins: Education for Freedom.



CHRISTIANITY'S PROBLEM IN THE FAR EAST. By Andrew J. Krzesinski, Ph.D., S.T.D. Montreal: Fides. 1945. 125 pp. Bibliography and Index. \$2.

This little book by Dr. Krzesinski, which claims to do little more than scratch the surface of a problem, is nevertheless worthy of serious reading by all Catholics responsible enough to concern themselves with the propagation of the Faith. Only 3% of the billion people of the Far East are Christians. Of these, 23,000,000 are Catholic. To study the reasons for this after 2,000 years of Christianity on earth, the author spent two years observing the process of conversion at work.

His fifth chapter is most interesting, listing the causes of retarded progress in mission work. The most appealing cause to this reviewer is the confusion in the missionary's mind between his own culture and religion. The error then is to attempt to deprive the pagan of his national culture before teaching him Christianity. The latter can leaven ANY culture and promote its development.

In discussing remedies, Dr. Krzesinski cites the example of Chinese architecture used in Christian churches and he favors encouraging such tendencies. On the whole it is an opportune little work and deserves attention. We hope the author will see fit to expand it into a textbook.

E. J. Lyons.

MISSION FOR SAMARITANS.

By Anna Dengel, M.D. Milwaukee: Bruce, 1945. 126 pp. Bibliography and Index. \$1.75.

"Organized, systematic medical care by people who are missionaries and who have been trained in the medical field as doctors, nurses, or technicians is new." Mother Anna Dengel, foundress of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries in 1925, is admirably suited to give us this world survey of achievements and opportunities in this apostolate.

It is not just a matter of pills, gauze and iodine but the work demands scientific methods and trained workers. Prior to this century the Catholic missions had neglected an organized, professional effort. In short chapters, Dr. Dengel gives us the medical story of the missions in Africa, India, China, the Pacific Islands, Latin America and North America.

Over fifty photographs tell a story equivalent to fifty chapters of written material; these explain the rather high cost of the book. Statistics of personnel throughout the medical mission world are revealing. Her survey leaves us with the hope that many more young Catholics will be attracted to this mission field.

A. J. Pinfold.





X. SHARKEY S.F.M.

But one night there came a fairy Wonderful and bright and fair, Found the humble maiden kneeling, Wrapt in silent, loving prayer; Waved a magic wand above her, Crying, "Thou shalt be His Queen!" Robed her in a golden glory, Called her, "fairest to be seen".

Then one day the prince, long promised, Came unto this earthly Ball; As the midnight hour sounded, Judged her fairest there of all. Now she rules His golden kingdom, Queen of beauty and of love; Poor and ragged Cinderella In the mansions up above.

But, the secret of her glory,
How she won the Prince's heart
Even though she fled the honor,
Is the story's sweetest part:
For the Prince had found her slipper
Which was named "Humility"
And its mate betrayed the owner,
Mary, Spotless Purity.



in

Excelsis

ARTHUR KEELOR



Bicycle Contest Rules

Just some of the prizes, Buds, are shown on pages 24-25, more will be listed in June CHINA. In this edition are added aeroplanes, sailboats, beautiful chemistry sets, boys' carpenter sets, etc. Read the lists carefully, select the prizes you want and go get them.

Now here are five important

things to remember:

(1) The Contest ends mid-night September 1st, 1946. All mail must be postmarked not later than that date.

(2) For each subscription you send in your Contest Number will be marked on a tab and dropped into the Contest Box. So, for example, if you send in fifty subscriptions your number will be dropped into the box fifty times. On September 2nd three of our Missionaries will oversee the drawing of one number, and that number wins the bicycle.

(3) REMEMBER that ONLY the bicycle is being drawn for. You will be sent whatever of the other prizes you want to work for. So you have the opportunity of getting these other prizes AND as many chances on the bike as you have subscrip-

(4) It makes no difference whether

you send in new subscriptions or renewals of old.

(5) REMEMBER, you must have your Contest Number to try for the bicycle. You get your Contest Number on joining the Rose Garden. The other prizes can be won by anybody.

Inter-School Contest

Besides the Schools mentioned in Garden Gossip, the following have already made returns. A careful accounting is being kept so that every School will be given exact crediting.

St. Patrick's Open Air School,

Toronto.

Lourdes, Nfld.

Freshwater, P.B., Nfld. St. Theresa's, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

St. Mary's, Barrie, Ont.

Point-au-Gaul, Nfld.

St. Mary's, Halifax, N.S.

St. Joseph's, Charlottetown, P.E.I. Grand Desert, N.S.

St. Charles, Amherst, N.S.

St. Patrick's, London, Ont.

St. Joseph's, Hr. Grace, Nfld.

St. Patrick's, Halifax, N.S.

We are deeply thankful to the boys and girls of these schools, and to their teachers, for their thoughtful care of China's children. Your deeds of mercy, children, will be fully blessed by our Divine Lord.



Dear Buds,-

I've really been worried these last few weeks. My Guardian Angel noticed it right off, but at first He didn't say anything, not until I told Him all about it. You see, so many, many, many letters were coming in from new members and schools that I couldn't possibly print them all. I felt badly about it because I know everyone just loves to see a good deed made known. But this Guardian Angel of mine,—oh golly! does He ever go straight to the point! "Are you forgetting," He says very quietly, "that the good the Buds are doing never passes unknown or unnoticed in Heaven? And isn't that what counts?" "But," I replied, "the children will be disappointed!" . . . "Of course they'll feel disappointed," He whispered, "but if you would tell them the disappointment is a sacrifice which, if offered to God, can help the Children of China, don't you think they are brave enough to bear it?" . . . Well, Buds, what could I say to that? But I'll try my best to avoid disappointing anyone, at least in so far as I am able.

I'm sure you'll be glad to know what a lively crowd of Buds we have in Oxford School, Halifax. Among other things they do, they sell two hundred,—that's right, two hundred CHINAS a month, bless their hearts. I could write you so many pages about the school girls and boys in that city and what they are doing in the Garden . . . And the enterprising Buds in Trepassey, Nfld. have a Penny Parade, a swell idea and lots of fun. Write and ask them about it. They asked me to come to their concert,—oh boy! if I only could!

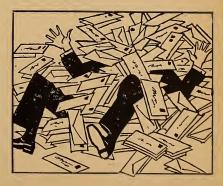
Ottawa is responding to the call of China's Children in grand fashion. Corpus Christi, St. George's, St. Mary's, Assumption, — all these schools have livewire Buds and at the moment St. George's leads them all. Fun, isn't it?

There is a hard-working little lassie, Helen St. John, Conception, Nfld., who sent in twenty-six names of new Buds; -twenty-six more voices rising in prayer to God for China's Children! . . . 7,500 stamps were sent us by Grade 6, College of Our Lady of Mercy, St. John's, Nfld. I'm sure Our Lady of Mercy looks down on them with a tender smile. And last but not least I want to thank the children at Deer Lake and St. Alban's Nfld., as well as those of St. Mary's Academy, Toronto, for the many sacrifices they are making that the beautiful story of the Resurrection may brighten the lives of pagan school children in our missions.

See what happened just as the man was going to take my picture? Ugh!! Happy Easter to one and all, and

may God bless you.

Your friend always, Father Jim.





Dear Fr. Jim,

Our class is making a drive for China's Children and I hope it will be a good one. May I be a member of the Rose Garden?

> Patsy Sullivan, 954 Carlaw Ave., Toronto.

Patsy doesn't want to miss a single word in the Rose Garden so she's become a subscriber herself. Good luck in your drive, Patsy.

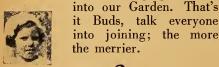


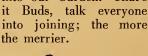
Dear Fr. Jim,

My name is Barbara Cully and I would like to join the Rose Garden, —I've heard so much about it. I'd love some Pen Pals about eleven years of age.

583 McKay St., Pembroke, Ont.

Maureen Dunlop, one of our Buds, is responsible for bringing Barbara







Dear Fr. Jim,

I've got red hair, what colour is yours? I'm five years old and go to school. Sometimes I always do what I'm told mostly.

> Allan D. Lewis. 170 Strachan Ave.,

Toronto. Hiya, Allan! Do you have your

adverbs clashing a bit? Just a bit, I say. Let's not talk about my hair, we have to be kind to the aged!





Dear Fr. Jim.

I am thirteen years old and a pupil of St. Patrick's School in London and I wish to join with all the other boys and girls in honouring St. Theresa.

> Bill Morris. 45 Sterling St., London, Ont.

Bill's right, Buds. The more we make friends of the Saints the surer we're making our hope of meeting them one day in Heaven. You all are happy to know them, so help bring thousands of China's Children to know them too.



Dear Fr. Jim,

Our teacher has been telling us about the Rose Garden and I would

Page Twenty

CHINA

like to be a member. I am nineyear-old Camilla Barry.

82 Ferrier Ave.,

Toronto.

Hurrah for your teacher, Camilla, for telling you about our Garden.

NA NA

Now you tell someone else. Keep the ball rolling. It's for China's Children.

Z.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Please enroll me in the Little Flower's Rose Garden and send me a Contest Nnmber. I am twelve years old. Here's my picture.

Jeanette Picard, 1137 Brydes St.,

London, Ont.

Are you any relation to the famous Professor, Jeanette? I am glad

you're going to "go all out" to get more Buds for our Garden. Thanks a million!



Dear Fr. Jim.

I am nine years old and enjoy reading your "mission book" (China). I'm saving stamps too. Here is my picture.

Barbara Murphy,
7 Charles St.,
Kingston, Ont.

Welcome Barbara, and in your honour let's have our monthly Quickie Quiz. In what year was the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society started under the name of China's Mission College? Hurry now, a



prize for the correct answer. If more than one guesses correctly, a draw will take place. Dear Fr. Jim,

Father Reeves, who leaves for China at the end of March, is from our parish. I want to be a member of the Garden so that I can join with all the others in praying for, and helping him. I'm eleven years old.

James Murphy, 1057 Florence St., London, Ont.

There is nothing, Jimmy, that makes our missionaries return to China happy and confident, more than the knowledge that the children of Canada and Newfoundland are banding together to present a united

front against the powers of paganism. So redouble your prayers and efforts on their behalf.



Dear Fr. Jim,

Our oldest sister sent us a dollar to buy Easter eggs but we want you to have it for China's Children. We would like pen-pals our own ages which are 13 and 11 years.

> Irene and Agnes Neville, South River, Clarke's Beach, C.B. Nfld.

Because you did without this candy, girls, a lot of children in China are going to have food to eat, food that they need so desperately,—rice. Feeding the hungry was one of the things Christ Himself stressed as a powerful aid to our own salvation. One of the loveliest things about all my Buds is their neverfailing thoughtfulness of others less fortunate than themselves.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Here is a snap of Miriam who is six years old and a staunch Bud, working hard for little children her own age in China. I am eleven.

Marie Landers, 274 Germaine St.,

St. John, N.B.
I'm really sorry I couldn't get
Miriam's picture into
CHINA in time for her
birthday. I hope she had
a very happy one, God



bless her!

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am eighteen years old and in my last year of High School. If we learn in our school years the needs of our Canadian Foreign Mission and its missionaries we will keep on helping after we've grown up. Isn't that so, Father? That's why I want to become a Bud.

> Vivian Chollak, 1504—4th Ave., N., Lethbridge, Alta.

You've hit the nail right on the head, Vivian, and I know you'll be our friend for life. It isn't the amount of work we do. Some can do more than others because of circumstances. It's perseverance in doing what we can that counts. Will you bring some more Buds from Lethbridge? Please?

Dear Fr. Jim,

I'm fifteen years old and never miss reading China especially the Mail Bag and Garden Gossip. I want to be a member of the Rose Garden, please.

> Margaret Mulligan, Emerald, R.R., P.E.I.

See, Buds!!! Marge loves highclass literature. I'd better not brag or my Guardian Angel will soon put a stop to it. And Marge, how about some more members from Emerald, p-l-e-a-s-e-e-e-e?

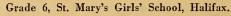


Dear Fr. Jim,

Sorry we wrote Warwick like Norwich, but everything is all right now. Father Pat Moore is our first cousin and we're always hoping to see a story by him in China. I am 17 years old and Ann Marie is 9.

Francis Dolan,
Warwick, Ont.

When Fr. Pat sees this, Francis, he'll just have to do something about writing for the great number of friends he has.







Mary has been sparking a big drive among her school-mates to help China's Children in every way possible. Just one of her schemes is the collecting of ten thousand stamps. That is a lot of work, but they are grand little people helping her and they share the honour that comes to her through them. She is sixteen and lives in Avondale, Nfld.

* * *

Teachers and Buds

Just a reminder of our Inter-School Contest which ends on June 30th. There are no special rules. The basis for judging the winner is simply this: What school has done most for our Missions? And the prize? A beautiful banner of St. Theresa, Patroness of our Garden, to be kept by the winner until won by another school. That is all.

The one Contest Number you have is good for all Contests as long as you are a member of the Garden. And DON'T forget to send in your AGE when applying for admittance.

Dear Fr. Jim,

From away out here to away in there, hello and how are you? I'd love some pen-pals from eastern Canada . . I'll try hard to get more girls and boys from here to join. I'm thirteen years old.

Eileen Hopwood, 1221 Kootenay St., Nelson, B.C.

I sure am glad to meet a Bud from Nelson, Eileen! When Fr. Stringer came home last year from there, we couldn't get him stopped talking about the lovely people and beautiful scenery of Nelson and all that part of British Columbia. I showed him your letter and he whooped at me, "Why, there's a whole school full of the grandest boys and girls there! Why don't you invite them to join?" Well, I certainly do! Come on right in. Be sure to send name, age, and home address, though.

What's Wrong?

Carolyn Broderick, 278 North St., Halifax. Leonard Forbes, Conception Hr., Nfid. Kevin McGuire, 159 Powell Ave., Ottawa. Catherine Ducey, Summerville, P.E.I. Mary McLaughlin, 363 Earl St., Kingston, Ont.

Margaret M. Murray, Embro, Ont. Letters to these Buds were returned by Post Office marked "Unknown". Does anyone recognize them?

Under the auspices of the St. Francis Xavier Seminary Women's Auxiliary, the annual bridge in aid of the Society's missionary work will be held on the evening of May the sixteenth in the auditorium of the St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission, 222 Simcoe Street.

We invite all our friends of Toronto and vicinity to be with us on that occasion. They will have a very enjoyable evening and their attendance will help to make the occasion a great success. The work of the Seminary is the vital work of the salvation of souls and we were never before so badly in need of the encouragement and financial help of our devoted friends.



Buds, don't forget to read page 19 for Contest Rules. Below are listed the prizes and the number of subscriptions necessary to win. Read the list carefully, because there are items not in this picture.

No. 1—20 subscriptions; No. 2—20 subscriptions; No. 3—16 subscriptions; No. 3—16 subscriptions; No. 4—20 subscriptions; No. 5—40 subscriptions; No. 6—16 subscriptions; No. 7—5 subscriptions; No. 8—5 subscriptions; No. 9—32 subscriptions; No. 10—16 subscriptions; No. 12—20 subscriptions; No. 12—20 subscriptions; No. 13—8 subscriptions; No. 14—6 subscriptions; No. 15—4 subscriptions; No. 16—10 subscriptions; No. 17—24 subscriptions (Hockey Game); No. 18—24 subscriptions (Baseball Game).

Rummoli, 1 subscription.
Sorry Game, 4 subscriptions. This game is a barrel of fun.
Cartoon Drawing Set, 4 subs.

Horseplay Game, 4 subs.
Chinese Checkers, 4 subs.
Jig Saw Puzzles, 2 subs.
Table Tennis with 4 bats, (a) 10 subs.
Table Tennis with 4 bats (b) 16 subs.
Table Tennis balls (doz.), 4 subs.
Swim Trunks, 8 subs.
Swim Goggles, 10 subs.
Sheath Knife, 18 subs.

(Next month aeroplanes, sail-boats, chemistry sets, etc. and etc., will be added. IF THERE IS SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE THAT IS NOT LISTED, JUST WRITE FR. JIM AND HE WILL TELL YOU HOW MANY SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE REQUIRED).



Aeroplanes

SOLID MODELS—Lancaster, Black Widow, Superfortress, Halifax, Mosquito, Mariner—(4 subscriptions each).

FLYING MODELS—Spitfire, Airacobra, Beaufighter, Mosquito, Stinson Sentinel — (4 subscrip-

tions each).

GAS MODELS—Hornet, Commando—(8 subscriptions each).

Gas engine for these models—(53

subscriptions).

Super Detail Precision Beam Construction—Anso Lancaster, Mitchell—(12 subscriptions each).

CHEMISTRY SET (as pictured)—
(20 subscriptions); small sets (4

subscriptions).

X-ACTO KNIFE CHEST—(14 subscriptions).

X-ACTO BLOCK PLANER—(3 sub-

scriptions).
X-ACTO HOBBYCRAFT SAW (six refill blades) (4 subscriptions).

WHITTLER'S SET—No. 6 Knife, 6 assorted blades. Wooden chest —(8 subscriptions).

SAILING BOATS—18"—(10 subscriptions); 20"—16 subscriptions; 24"—(20 subscriptions).

Coming in Next Issue

Religious Articles, Plastic Sets, Boat Model Kits, Tennis Balls, and anything else you wish to get. Just write in your preference and I will let you know the number of subscriptions necessary.

Note: A Life subscription counts

as ten single subscriptions.

New Members and Pen Pals

St. Michael's Orphanage, Belvedere, St. John's N.; Barrent, Mercedes (12), St. Michael's Orphanage, Belvedere, St. John's N.; Barron, Billie (6); Barron, Edna (6), 112 Isleville St., Halifax, N.S.; Beagan Lois (13); Beagan, Ralph (11), Iroquois Falls, Ont.; Beagan, Ralph (11), Iroquois Falls, Ont.; Beausoleil, Roy (11), Tecumseh, Ont.; Bedard, Neil (14), Box 726, Goderich, Ont.; Belledeau, Bernice (9), 8 Norwood Rd., Hamilton, Ont.; Brady, Bonnie (12), Drummond St., Perth, Ont.; Brady, Sheila (9); Brady, Theresa (11), 5 Arthur St., Perth, Ont.; Breen, Mary (15), St. Michael's Orphanage, Belvedere, St. John's, N.; Bud, Kathleen (13), 11½ Moran St., Halifax, N.S.; Byrd, Marie (11), 42 Junction Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Byrne, Theresa (14), West Mines, Bell Island, Nfld.
Cain, Catherine (12), 278 Johnson St.

Island, Nfld.

Cain, Catherine (12), 278 Johnson St., Kingston, Ont.; Callander, Kathleen (14), Torbay, Nfld.; Campeau, Jeannine (9), 75 Poisson St., Tecumseh, Ont.; Canniff, Helen (12), 153 London St., W., Windsor, Ont.; Carriere, Marguerite (16), 249 William St., Tecumseh, Ont.; Carroll, Mary Cecilia (15), Fortune Harbour, N.D.B., Nfld.; Cassidy, Dorothy (15), 26 Price St., Toronto, Ont.; Cave, Denise (13), 108 Harrison St., Toronto; Centner Rita (14), 144 Avondale Ave., Hamilton, Ont.; Chappus, Suzanne (11), LaSalle, Ont.; Charreti, Clifford (13); Chauvin, Rose Marie (9), Tecumseh, Ont.; Chisholm, Agnes (10), Bayfield Rd., Goderich, Ont.; Clarke, Shirley (14), 286 Upper Charreti, Clifford Marie (9), Tecumseh, Agnes (10), Bayfield Chirley Charreti, Clifford (13); Chauvin, Rose Marie (9), Tecumseh, Ont.; Chisholm, Agnes (10), Bayfield Rd., Goderich, Ont.; Clarke, Shirley (14), 286 Upper Water St., Halifax, N.S.; Colford, Annie (22), Box 68, Carbonear. Nfld.; Collins, Betty (15), Box 90, Buchans, Nfld.; Columbus, Billy (13), Iroquois Falls, Ont.; Cook, Jim (11); Cook, Ronny (10), 393 Eva Ave., Sudbury, Ont.; Cooke, Angela (14), Harvey St., Harbour Grace, Nfld.; Cooper, Marry (12), St. Michael's Orphanage, Belvedere, St. John's, Nfld.; Cooper, Peggy (15), 22 Empire Ave., St. John's, Nfld.; Corocran, Jack (13), Iroquois Falls, Ont.; Cordick, Jacqueline (13); Cordick, Noreen (12), 6 Church St., Perth. Ont.; Costley, Sybil M. (13), 39 Metcalfe St., St. John's College, Edmonton, Alta.; Crocker, Margaret (14); Crocker, Patricia (12), 13 Tessier Pl. St. John's, Nfld.; Crumb. Jovec (13), Twin Falls, via Iroquois Falls, Ont.; Cummins, Mary (14); Cummins, Michael (8), Lance Cove Rd., Bell Island, C.B., Nfld. Desjardins, Claire Marie (9), 137 William St. Tacumsch, Ont. Diemert

Cove Rd., Bell Island, C.B., Nfld.
Desjardins, Claire Marie (9), 137 William St., Tecumseh, Ont.; Diemert, Colette (15), Mildmay, Ont.; Divine, Sylvia (12), Iroquois Falls, Ont.; Doiron, Joan Marie (10), North Rustico, P.E.I.; Donohue, Estelle (10), Douglas, Ont.; Doyle, Mary (15), Hunter River, P.E.I.; Donohue, Tommy (8), Douglas, Ont.; Doyle, Phyliss (13), 48½ Creighton St., Halifax, N.S.; Duchene, Adrian (10); Duchene, Dolores (12); Duchene, Mary Ann, c/o A. C. Letourneau, Tecumseh, Ont.; Duffy, Elemore (13), 108 Harrison St., Toronto, Ont.; Dunn, Gertrude (14), 20 Black Marsh Rd., St. John's, Nfld.; Dupuis, Catherine (11), 220 William St., Tecumseh, Ont.

Tecumseh, Ont.

Evans, Mary (14), 92 Agricola St., Halifax, N.S.

Evans, Mary (14), 92 Agricola St., Halifax, N.S.
Fitzgerald, Ida (13), St. Michael's Orphanage, St. John's, Nfld.; Fitzgerald, Margaret (12), 108 Harrison St., Toronto; Fitzpatrick, Anne (12), Tracadie Cross, P.E.I.; Fitzpatrick, Bill (13), 2503-5A St. W., Calgary, Alta.; Fitzpatrick, Margaret (11), Bay Robert's, Nfld.; Flood, Marie (14), 8 Circular Rd., St. John's, Nfld.; Foley, Catherine (9), 15 Columbus Pl., Halifax, N.S.; Follett, Julia (14), Jersey Side, Placentia, Nfld.; Foran, Mary Teresa (8), Douglas, Ont.; Foran, Mary Teresa (10), Conception Harbour, Nfld.; Fostner, Arlene (12), 616 Glebeholme Blvd., Toronto; Furlong, Margaret (8), Plate Cove West, Bonavista Bay, Nfld. Gabriel, Alfred (12); Gabriel, Rita (15), 156 Isleville St., Halifax, N.S.; Gage, Mae (10); Gage, Theresa (15), 757 Robie St., Halifax, N.S.; Garles, Betty Lou (7); Gentles, Beverley (11); Gentles, Florence (14); Gentles, Laurie (9), 19 Columbus Place, Halifax, N.S.; Gondman, Marie (15), 85 Inchbury St., Halifax, N.S.; Goselin, Barbara (8), 164 Montreal Rd., Eastview, Ont.; Graham, Barbara (13), Beckwith St., Perth, Ont.; Graham, Betty (11), 14 Brine St., London's N.S.; Kingston, Ont.; Gregory, Elizabeth (12), 77 South St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Hall, Shirley (15), 25 Pavilion Barreaks, Halifax, N.S.; Chare Rush, Shirley, N.S.; Hall,
Elizabeth (12), 77 South St., Glace Bay, N.S.;
Hall, Shirley (15), 25 Pavilion Barracks, Halifax, N.S.; Hamer, Eva., 156 Gore St., Perth, Ont.; Hamilton, Helen (12), 17 Lynch St., Halifax, N.fld.; Hann, Louis (7), 24 Kane St., Halifax, N.S.; Harding, Mary (9), 41 Bloomfield St., Halifax, N.S.; Harvey, Hilary (9); Harvey, Vera (12), 4 King St., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Hawco. Maureen (14), Lance Cove Rd., Bell Island, Nfld.; Hebert, Madeleine (15), 40 Austin Ave., Toronto; Hermer, Eva (11), Perth, Ont.; Hickey, Irene (14), 24 Moran St., Halifax, N.S.; Holden, Maureen (14), St. Michael's Orphanage, Belvedere, St. John's, Nfld.; Horan, Connie (13), 96 Drummond St. E., Perth, Ont.; Hunt, Lorraine (13), Carlsruhe, Ont.
Irvine, Elizabeth (5), Alexandria, Ont. Jackman, Lois (12), 15 Wilson St., Perth, Ont.; Jackman, Rosemarie (9), Box 33 Bell Island, C.B., Nfld.; Jackman, Theresa (12), 5 Brine St., St. John's, Nfld.

man, Theres John's, Nfld.

John's, Nild.

Kelzer, Betty (7); Kelzer, Jim (11), 694 Robie St., Halifax, N.S.; Kennedy, Margaret (14), Main St., Bell Island, Nfld.; Kennedy, Pauline (15), Carleton Place, Ont.; Kenny, Beverley (13), 13 Daniel St., Brockville, Ont.; King, Maureen (12); King, Theresa Mercedes (14), St. Michael's Orphanage, Belvedere, St. John's, Nild.

Lablanc, Eleanor (10): Lablanc, Marchysteres

dere, St. John's, Nfld.

Lablanc, Eleanor (10); Lablanc, Margaret (9), 73 Brooklyn Ave., Toronto;
Labrite, Norma (10); Laforet, Robert (9); Laporte, Rachell (10), Tecumseh, Ont.; Laviolette, Audrey (13), 108 Harrison St., Toronto; Leblanc, Rachelle (14), La Passe, Ont.; Lesperance, Rebecca, (9); Lesperance, Robert (9), Tecumseh, Ont., Box 96; Licastrio, Mary (13), 108 Harrison St., Toronto; Ludgate, Lloyd

(11); Ludgate, Maitland (13), Iroquois Falls, Ont.

McAuliffe, Terence (9), 46 Undercliff Drive, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.; McEachern, Marguerite (8), Douglas, Ont.; McEwen, Joan (10), 10 King St., Halifax, N.S.; McGarry, Margaret (13); McGarry, Teresa (11), 15 Grant St., Perth, Ont.; McGillion, Charles (9); McGillion, McGillion, McGillion, Joseph (14); McGillion, Frederick (6); McGillion, Margaret (11), all of Box 117, Long Branch, Ont.; McGlade, Norma (13), SI Drummond St., Perth, Ont.; McGrath, Anastasia (15), Ruby, Ont.; McGrath, Rena (12, Iroquois Falls, Ont.; McGinnis, Helen (13), 50 Gr. George St., Charlottetown, P.E.I.; McKay, Lillian (8), 10-3rd Ave, Eastview, Ont.; McKinnon, Mary (13), New Victoria, County Road, Cape Breton, N.B.; McKenna, Agnes (19), Oakville, Ont.; Macdonald, Florence, 33 Kent St., Sydney, N.S.; Mahoney, H. Lorraine (16), Box 71, Rockland, Ont.; Mallard, Shirley (12), Clear Springs, P.E.I.; Maloney, Margaret (11), 12 Pine Ave., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Mandville, Catherine (15), Pt. La Haye, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Meaney, Madeline (16), Riverhead, St. Mary's, Nfld.; Merlin, Joan (12), 28 June St., Halifax, N.S.; Merner, Patricia (15), Cockrane St., Harbor Grace, Nfld.; Mitchell, Dorothy (11), 56 Brock St., Perth, Ont.; Moerbeck, Mary (15), Goderich, Michael's Orphanage, Belvedere, St. John's, Nfld.; Monnage, Belvedere, St. John's, Nfld.; Nonse, Nfld.; Nonnage, Belvedere, St. John's, Nfld.; Nonse, Nfld.; Nonnan, Drorthy (12), 22 Foster St., Perth, Ont.; Norman, Theresa (7), 12 York St., St. John's, Nfld.; Neary, Nfld.; Nonnan, Drorth

Rita (17), St. Joseph's-Salmonier, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.
St. James, Gail (13), Iroquois Falls, Ont.; Schmidt. Delphine (15), Mildmay, Ont.; Shea, Eileen (16), 16 Allan Square, St. John's, Nfld.; Shea, Elizabeth Marie (16), St. Michael's Orphanage, Belvedere, St. John's, Nfld.; Shea, Nelson (14), Iroquois Falls, Ont.; Sheppard, Francis (7), 47 Russell St., Halifax, N.S.; Shirley, Bobby (8), Douglas, Ont.; Sloan, Jack (12), Iroquois Falls, Ont.; Sloan, Jack (12), Iroquois Falls, Ont.; Smith, Gertrude, 11 Brien St., St. John's, Nfld.; Sullivan, Betty (9), Killaloe Station, Ont.; Sullivan, Billy (15), Trinity T. B., Nfld.; Sullivan, Belty (9), Killaloe Station, Ont.; Sullivan, Geraldine (13), 10-2nd Ave., Grand Falls, Ont.; Sullivan, Margaret (8), 28 Mortimer Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Summerhayes, Avis (13), 201 Colborne St., W., Brantford, Ont.; Sutherland, Joan Catherine (12), 22 Willow St., Halifax, N.S.; Sutherland, Theresa (15), 18 Brunswick St., Halifax, N.S.
Tardiff, Letitia Ann (10), 527 Pembroke St., W., Pembroke, Ont.; Thibeault, Ont.; Thompson, Rose Marie (14), 108 Harrison St., Toronto; Tracy, Marie (14), St. Michael's Orphanage, Belvedere, St. John's, Nfld.; Turner, Ronald (13), Iroquois Falls, Ont.
Vallee, Nora Mae (7), 156 St. Andrew's St., S.S. Marie, Ont.; Van Daele, Jerome (12), Merlin, Ont., R.R. No. 5; Vaughan, Jean (8); Vaughan, Joan (8), 17 Room St., Halifax, N.S.; Vaters, Betty (15), Freshwater, Placentia Bay, Nfld.; Vella, Doreen (13); Vella, Lavina (14), 108 Harrison St., Toronto Ont.
Walsh, Josephine (12), 14 Monchy Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Ward, Dorothy (19), Box E5137, St. John's, Nfld.; Watson, Hilary, St. Vincent, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Whelan, Betty (15), Colliers, C.B., Nfld.; Williams, Lois (12), 92 Drummond St., Perth. Ont.; Wilson, Irene (12), 77 Drummond St.

WANTED **USED STAMPS**

Used stamps mean help for the Missions. Please send us any you have to spare. We suggest that you send them on paper, with a margin of about one-quarter inch all round.

Do not cut too close as stamps are useless if the perforations are damaged. DO NOT TEAR them off the paper as many thousands of otherwise good stamps are ruined in this way.

We can use all the Canadian, Newfoundland and Foreign stamps you can send us. Your co-operation in this effort to help the Missions will be deeply appreciated.

STAMP DEPT., CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs Ontario

Game Page

Hello Buds:

Write your Pen-Pals in secret code and have a lot of fun. Incidentally, you will learn, too the alphabet as used by other languages.

Phoenician 1300-1000 BC.	Greek 700-500BC					Evolution of small			Gothic		Script
form meaning name	Form, name			Form, sound		letters 300 to 800AD			1200A.D	12=3VD	No. AD
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日 含=window He-	3	E	Fpsilon	E	Eh	E	ϵ	e	٤	e	l
7 4 = hook Vall	Y	F	Digamena)	F	Ef	F	f	f	f	F	b
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Learn to Draw











"A Pause in the Day's Occupation"

Who is there that does not dream dreams, of some one, of some place, of some goal to be reached? It would be akin to sacrilege to pry into the day-dreams of this young man, a future missionary, one who will go in your name to lands that are far, far away.

It is YOUR happy and honourable privilege to be numbered among those with whom he would share his hopes and ambitions in the cause of Christ.

His monthly letter to you is CHINA. Read it and let him know that you appreciate his greatness of soul and spirit of sacrifice.

75,000 Readers That's Our Aim 75,000 Readers

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

\$1.00 a year





\$20.00 for life

Page Twenty-Nine

NEWS ITEMS

Monsignor McRae Returns

We are glad to welcome back Monsignor McRae, our Superior General, who has just returned from a visitation of the work of our Society in the Dominican Republic. Monsignor was delighted with the results of the labors of our twenty priests in Santo Domingo and he has high hopes for the future. He assures us that all our priests are well and happy. Returning with Monsignor McRae for a well earned holiday and rest was Rev. Robert Hymus, pioneer priest to go to the Dominican Republic. After a short sojourn at home Father Hymus will return to his work in Santo Domingo.

Our Sincere Felicitations

CHINA offers its congratulations to the new Monsignori of the archdiocese of Toronto — Right Reverend William Davis, the National Director of the Propagation of the Faith; Right Reverend Francis Allen, Secretary to His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan; Right Reverend Gerald Kirby of the staff Augustine's Seminary; Rt. Rev. T. J. Manley of St. Brigid's Church; Rt. Rev. C. W. James, St. Mary's; Rt. Rev. William Egan, Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Rt. Rev. John O'Connor, St. Helen's; Rt. Rev. M. W. Cullinane, deanery of St. Catharines; Rt. Rev. J. A. Mc-Donagh, the Catholic Church Extension Society; Rt. Rev. J. M. Castex, Penetang, Ont. We take this occasion also to felicitate Right Reverend Monsignor Edward Brennan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary on the high honor conferred on him by Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII, who has conferred on him the title of Pronotary Apostolic.

We join with the many other friends of these distinguished clerics, and pray that they may long enjoy the honor they have so well merited. Thanks to His Excellency

Archbishop McNally

To His Excellency Archbishop McNally and the priests and religious of the Archdiocese of Halifax we wish to express our deep gratitude for the kindness and cooperation shown to our priests, who were campaigning in the maritime archdiocese in the interests of our

missionary work in China.

Our campaigners were loud in their praise of the welcome extended to them in the Halifax churches and the other archdiocesan parishes and they especially mentioned the extreme kindness and help given them by Monsignor Burns of the Cathedral. To His Excellency, Monsignor Burns the priests, the sisters and the Catholic people we say from the bottom of our hearts — THANK YOU.

Held Successful St. Patrick's Concert

The members of the Laymen's Committee of the Religious Theatre of the Air wish to thank all who contributed to the St. Patrick's Concert and made it the success it was. The following were in charge: Honorary President, Rev. Wm. C. McGrath; President, Mr. A. Kirby; Ticket Convener, Miss E. Dovle; Recording Secretary, Miss I. Miller; Reservation, Miss M. Zimmerman; Treasurer, Mr. Wm. Sanhan; Convener of Advertising for the programme, Miss E. Doyle; Programme assistants, Mr. John Leonard and Mr. Hubert Pocock; Publicity, Miss Olga Griffin.

Charity Begins at Home But:---

It Should Not End There

Repeatedly an appeal for funds for Foreign Missions is met with the reply: "We should look after our own first".





If this is YOUR reply stop and consider for a moment where Catholicism in Canada would be today if the staunch Catholics of France and Ireland had not supported those brave Missionaries who came to Canada years ago and sowed the seed of which you and your children are now reaping the reward.

China presents to-day a marvellous opportunity for the Propagation of the Faith. First, schools must be built, Missions restored, hospitals staffed, all of which requires Missionaries, money and materials.

Will you not contribute at least a small donation for this tremendous task. Your reward will be tenfold.

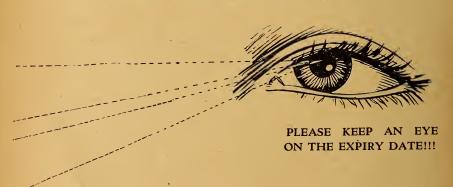
Write:

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

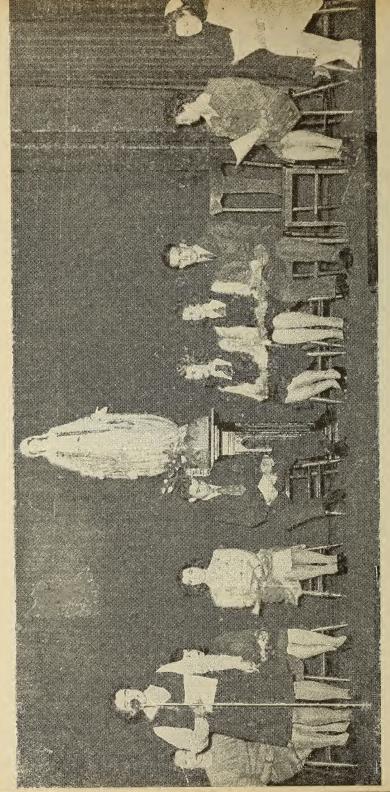
Scarboro Bluffs - Ontario



Do you want help in deciding your Vocation? Then be sure to read Dr. Pelow's article beginning on page 4.







C.C.S.M.C. Unit, St. Patrick's Girls' High School, Halifax, N.S., rehearse a play.



THE word 'typhoon' comes from two Chinese words 'ta fung', mean-

ing 'big wind'.

During the past ten years I have often thought that I knew the true meaning of the words 'big wind'. At sea I have experienced the terror of a gale, on land I have spent days indoors due to monsoons, on mission journeys in China I have encountered weather I felt was a big wind. But only now do I know the true meaning of these words. Now I know what a typhoon is.

I am writing this in a rest house conducted by the Sisters of St. Paul in the town of Baguio, five thousand feet above sea level on the island of Luzon in the Philippines. We are in the midst of a

tropical typhoon.

I am rather enjoying it. It certainly is a change from day after day of stifling heat. And it all reminds me of other days in bomb blasted Lishui — when people were afraid and there never was any monotony—when one did not know what was coming next and was always tingling with that most stimulating of sensations—the emotion of fear.

It has been going on for three days and three nights. For seventy two hours every ten minutes there has been a deluge of rain that makes a Canadian think that he is visiting Niagara Falls. Then in between these downpours there is a shrieking, howling wind that reminds an Irishman of his grandparents' stories of banshees. You have to shout to carry on a conversation and you stay indoors all day with all doors and windows closed tightly. In a tropical country that is a rare experience.

I went out once but only once. It was yesterday morning. As I crawled out of bed I recalled that I had promised to say Mass for the Maryknoll sisters who live on the top of the highest hill in the vicinity. I stood in my dressing gown and stared out of the window at the raging conflict outside. I tried to think of all the reasons why I should not go. There were many of these but then there was the fact that I had promised and today was the first anniversary of the murder of one of this little group of heroines by the Japanese. I decided that I must go. I must brave this typhoon. After all

I was a foreign missionary and a little thing like a typhoon shouldn't bother me. Besides I had my jeep.

A jeep in a typhoon is something like a motorcycle in a flood. I had donned heavy clothing but had barely started when I was soaking wet through from head to foot. I could see but a few fect ahead of me and the wind threatened to pick us up and drop us somewhere far below in the valley. I kept on going—very slowly and finally started to climb the shell-like road that wound up to the Maryknoll Convent. We - the jeep and I-had barely turned the first corkscrew curve when I heard a loud cracking sound. It must have been very loud for me to hear above the roar of the storm. It must have been St. Teresa who inspired me to do what I did. I shoved the nose of the jeep into the ditch on the cliffside and pulled the hand brake. I stopped with a jerk and at that very moment a branch that was big enough to be a whole tree, crashed down across the road about ten feet ahead of me. The typhoon was just trimming the tall timber but if St. Teresa had not been on the job, we might never have been able to tell about it.

After some manoeuvering we managed to get past the barrier and then on up and up to the top of the hill. I staggered into the convent to find that this bomb shattered building was only a partial shelter from the storm. Through holes in the roof and broken windows, every sweep of the gale brought a shower of water in onto the floors of the convent. The sisters were prepared to hear Mass just as if everything was normal. All during Mass I had to shout out the Latin so that the server could hear me amid the clanging of the makeshift tin roof that covered the hole a bomb had made in the chapel. Only the altar seemed to be protected from the wind that screamed throughout the building.

On the return trip to the rest house, once more I had to get out of the jeep and remove debris from the road and once more I found myself wet through to my skin. Once I had put away the jeep and found myself in my room, I determined that never again would I venture forth into the open during a typhoon.

All day today reports are coming in of the extensive damage from the storm, of ships in trouble at sea and even of a giant tidal wave that wrought havoc on other islands of the Pacific. But this town of Baguio seems to have escaped any very serious damage so far. It is now nearly spent and will soon be over. After all a typoon is not the result of man's hatred for his fellowman or of war mad militarists' lust for power. This is nature, kind, loving nature, but in one of her more angry moments. This is God showing puny man just a little bit of his Almighty Power.

HAROLD J. MURPHY, S.F.M.

Remember Our Doad

MSGR. J. B. DOLLARD DIES

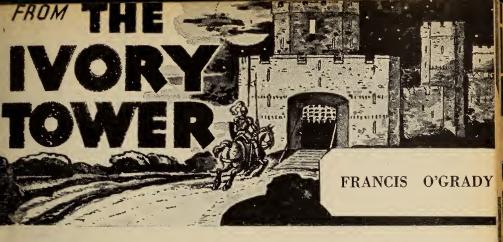
We chronicle with great sadness the death of Monsignor J. B. Dollard, pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Church in Toronto. Canada has lost an outstanding writer and poet, and the Missions have lost a very good friend. We recommend his great soul to prayers of our readers and to the mercy and goodness of God. May he rest in peace.

We ask your prayers also for the following deceased friends

of our Society.

Mrs. Margaret Murphy of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Philip Meehan Westmount, Quebec.



HE Four Horsemen ride again; and now Famine is in the lead. This gaunt marauder usually follows War and our day is no exception. A Pestilence is feared, the last of the Horsemen of the Apocalypse but our Hope is the Rider of the White Horse: The Word of God. The mysterious prophecies of the last book of the bible have had their fascination for every age. Perhaps they are not meant to be understood yet. But at least the vision of these four horsemen help us to realize the supremacy of the Rider of the white horse over all others.

We celebrate Pentecost during the month of the Sacred Heart this year. It is a timely reminder that the Church will prosper only through charity. It is equally true that governments will also prosper only if they live by the golden rule. For Catholics this common denominator is proof that the good Catholic will also automatically be the best citizen.

Residents of the North American continent are trying to realize the distress which is the aftermath of war in order to develop that 'elan vital' which can save many millions from starvation. But man does not

live by bread ... 'one. Ideologies are battling for supremacy with every means at their command. Political theories have their importance but they are not in the same rank with religious doctrine. For this reason representatives of the Church are working with relief agencies, handing out bread to Lazarus, at the same moment helping him distinguish between politics and true charity. The food is from man to man, from the haves to the have-nots; it is not from democrats to non-democrats. The war was not won because one side had government of the people, by the people and for the people and the other had not; though journalists would have us believe this. Political systems do not win wars; men do. And political systems will not win the peace; if it is to be won it must be won by men.

Abstractions and Symbols

Art is emerging slowly from a curious revolt. There was Futurism, Cubism, Dadaism and Fauvism and god-knows-what-next-isms. The surrealists have had their field day and now the motion-picture industry is having trouble getting rid of Salvador Dali; the fans clamor for his

CHINA

imaginative nonsense as much as for the nonsense of 'movie-psychiatry'. It is a form of 'escape' mankind is seeking. But this is not a make-believe world; and there is no escaping it. It might be that facing-facts having been made so difficult thanks to our successful efforts at deceiving our-selves, we have now lost the ability to recognize facts when they are presented. Freedom of speech can be twisted to mean freedom to lie, as well as freedom to tell the truth. Words are symbols for things, or they should be. Abstractions are not things; they too are symbols. We must love men, not mankind: love God. not 'the absolute'. God is Personal, Real, Actual and must be loved as such. Man has been made in the image and likeness of God, therefore also personal and real and actual and must be loved as such. If man is starving he is to be succoured because he is a man, and for no political reason. With our best efforts, there will be enough to go around and there need never be a decision as to which peoples shall be allowed to die of want.

Let Them Eat Cake

Food for minds has deteriorated in every field except religion. The Divine Founder of the Church has given his guarantee against ersatz doctrine. We find every apostolic teacher with three essentials: stability, that he may not deviate from the truth; (b) clarity of exposition, that his teaching may not be obscure; (c) the ambition to seek God's glory and not his own. These qualities are developed in Church's teachers by various means. In seminaries the training is so arranged as to give the candidates to the priesthood the fullest measure of them. Outside of seminaries, every Catholic tries to increase them in his own soul through prayer and study. They may be infused or acquired or both. They must be developed by practise. And as every Catholic has been commissioned to spread the faith according to his opportunities, he has an obligation to know all the means available and make the best use of them. If the first task of Catholic Action is to form consciences, surely those who have received Confirmation, the Sacrament of Catholic Action must know how to form their own. Having patterned your own on the model of Christ, your neighbour may be the more easily influenced. Then the food of religious doctrine you give to others will be the true leaven and not mere

The Mouthpiece of God

This expression has been used by many authors to describe the true apostle. Recently Osservatore Romano has publicized some of the facts behind the Iron Curtain, pointing out at the same time that other newspapers dared not reveal such information. In St. Paul's explanation: 'the word of God is not enchained' and the Pope has never feared to speak the truth. This stability is the first mark of the true apostle and its root is in intense Faith. We also must be prepared to speak the word of God as well as is in our power. Oppression against a people or even one man must be condemned and the obligation to love God and neighbour must be preached fearlessly. For these reasons, young men are leaving their homes to return to their missions in foreign lands. Most of their missions have been damaged and will be rebuilt; but although the physical damage is great, the moral value of their presence among these people is an imponderable. The refugees of Asia are returning to their devastated homes and the presence of their priest is more than just a token of the well-wishing of the Church. It is in his power to show them by his example how far charity is prepared to go. Do what you can to help rebuild the faith wherever it has suffered. Of all rehabilitation, this one must have the top priority.

Missionaries are Expendable

When one reflects that nature is so prodigal of the individual and so anxious to preserve the race, it seems paradoxical that God should be so interested in the individual as such. Scientists tell us that millions of eggs of the codfish are lost for every one which becomes a grown fish. Other examples show that nature is determined to preserve the species but does not worry much about the individual. On the other hand, God is certainly interested in every individual man. A little thought makes us realize that Nature is just another word for Providence so that the paradox is only an apparent one. Nature is interested in the individual too but when the individual is of the order of codfish, he is not very important. An individual man is a different creature. Hence to hear people speak of floods and famines wiping out men as though they were eggs is utter nonsense. Sometimes a few men or even one man is selected as a victim for the sake of others, for 'It is expedient that one Man should die for the nation'. In this latter sense missioners are expendable. This is the answer to: why do our young men have to go so far away from home to live and die for pagans? It is expedient to follow Christ's example.

A Testament of Faith

To give God to the world is a duty of vast solidarity, having its origin in the commandment of charity. The compensations are well known by those who have had the privilege of witnessing the happiness of adults recently baptized. If we love God as we should our love for souls will be there also, for to love is to do the will of the Person

loved. The world is hungry for Him and our prayers, penances and devotedness to this cause will produce their fruit. Pentecost closes the series of our liturgical feasts and crowns the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption. It is the feast of the Apostolate when Peter and his friends took their pilgrim's staffs and spread over the world. Their modern counterparts are doing the same thing and we are confident of equally good results since the same Holy Spirit animates the pilgrims. They have faith and hope and as always the last word is charity.



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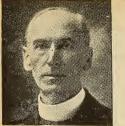
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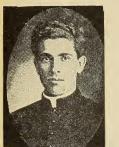
We can use all the Canadian, Newfoundland and Foreign stamps you can send us. Your co-operation in this effort to help the Missions will be deeply appreciated.

STAMP DEPT., CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs - Ontario



IGHT REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN M. FRASER



CRY REV. LOUIS ARTHUR



REV. MICHAEL CAREY



REV. THOMAS McQUAID



Our Missionaries

RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR JOHN M. FRASER, protonotary apostolic and missionary apostolic, founder of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, who has just returned to the mission field in China. Monsignor Fraser has spent over forty years on the Missions and despite his seventy odd years now returns to the scene of his early missionary labors with undiminished zeal and courage.

VERY REV. LOUIS ARTHUR VENADAM of Pomquet, Nova Scotia, acting Pro-Prefect of our prefecture of Lishui, who has remained in our district in China all through the Sino-Japanese war and is still in the best of health and spirits.

REV. MICHAEL CAREY of Fortune Harbour, Newfoundland, formerly superior of our House of Studies at Peking. Father Carey has but recently started work in the Lishui district, after three years of internment under the Japanese.

REV. THOMAS McQUAID of Seaforth, Ontario, interned under the Japanese at Peking, where he had gone to study the Chinese language. Father Tom is now at work in our own prefecture.

REV. JOSEPH MURPHY of Toronto, Ontario, now laboring on the missions in China. Father Joe was also one of the Peking internees, and is delighted to get to Lishui and really do missionary work.

REV. EDWARD MORIARTY, former pastor of the St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission in Toronto, now en route to our prefecture of Lishui. Father Ed is from St. John's, Newfoundland, and before becoming pastor of the Toronto Mission, had labored for some years in China.

FATHER PAUL WONG, a native priest of our prefecture. An erroneous report of Father Wong's death reached the seminary some months ago. We are very happy to be able to say that Father Wong is alive and well.





In the Field

FATHER PAUL KAM, graduate of St. Francis Xavier's University at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, and the first Chinese priest ever to be ordained in Canada, has survived the horrors of the war in China and is carrying on his priestly work in the Lishui district.

REV. GERARD McKERNAN of Brantford, Ontario, has returned to China, where he will take up again his missionary work besides serving the cause of UNRRA in the interests of China's starving millions. Father McKernan was for a time pastor of the Shrine of the Little Flower at Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

REV. CRAIG STRANG of St. John's, Newfoundland, also proceeding to China to resume his missionary labors, will co-operate with Father McKernan in helping UNRRA in its difficult and important work in the Far East.

REV. HAROLD MURPHY of Kingston, Ontario, returned some months ago to China and has also toured certain sections of the war-ravaged Philippines in the in-terests of the Society. Before the war Father Murphy had labored for some years in Lishui.

REV. J. McGOEY of Toronto, Ontario, who left for the Far East just before Christmas of last year, spent some time in the Philippines with Father Harold Murphy but has since returned to our prefecture in China to resume the missionary work he was doing before the outbreak of the war.

REV. RONALD REEVES of London, Ontario, who for some months past had been at St. Michael's College, studying medicine and social economy, has now returned to China. Father Reeves was in China for several years prior to his return to Canada.

REV. THOMAS MORRISEY of North River, C.B., Newfoundland, is another old China hand who is on the way back to the land of his adoption, China. Father Morrisey will be a welcome addition to the growing number of missionaries returning to our district.









REV. J. McGOEY



REV. RONALD REEVES



A Second Spring

by

Rt. Rev. J. E. McRae, S.F.M.

(The epic story of a nation's spiritual rebirth)

EVER ancient and ever new may sum up mission work in this island republic which was discovered by Christopher Columbus on December 6, 1492. It lies between Cuba and Porto Rico, south of the 20th degree of north latitude, roughly 900 miles southeast of Florida and forms part of the Greater Antilles group of the West Indies.

Its venerable ruins of churches, monasteries and institutions stand as silent witnesses to the Faith of the courageous pioneer contemporaries of Columbus who, like him, were imbued with a passionate desire of spreading the Faith in the newly discovered land.

Among the few churches that have survived is the cathedral which was consecrated to divine worship in 1545 and is the oldest as well as the first cathedral in the western hemisphere.

Besides serving as the cathedral church of the Archdiocese of Santo Domingo, it enshrines the mortal remains of the Great Discoverer, whose great ambition was to further the establishment of catholicity in the land he loved and one of whose first acts was to erect a wooden cross to signalize that fact. A portion of that cross is one of the cathedral's cherished possessions.

While the glory of the distant past has unfortunately disappeared, the seed then sown, even though it be only a seed, lingers on in the hearts of the people. Owing to causes, varied as they are many, the religious orders, schools and institutions, and especially the clergy became so decimated that, until a few years ago, only a handful remained, resulting in the decay of active faith and practice and destruction of education, religious, moral and social. Here was a population of about 2,000,000 lying like sheep without shepherds, but, withal, still Catholic at heart and professing to be nothing but Catholic, as is evident now from the readiness with which they respond to the instruction and services of a zealous priesthood.

Such was the condition of these people until a few years ago when a member of the Silesian Congregation of Religious, Ricardo Pittini, was named Archbishop of Santo Domingo. This zealous follower of St. John Bosco, recognizing the pitiable plight of his flock, owing to the lack of colleges and seminaries for the education of priests, was compelled to look afield for helpers. Among others the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society responded to his appeal.

Three years ago work was begun

on a small scale and now the Society has 19 priests in the Republic and intends to send more as circumstances permit.

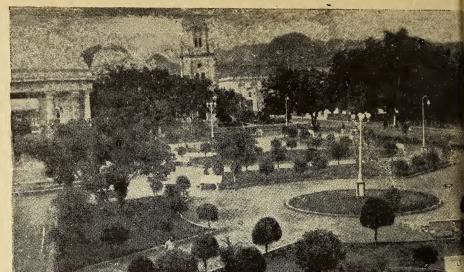
To give our readers of CHINA an idea of what is entailed, let me mention that one of our provinces contains approximately 45,000 souls, another, 35,000 and another 28,000. These three out of the nine in charge of our Society are the most populous but the other six which are somewhat smaller contain a population in about the same proportion and each of the nine parishes has but two priests. What are these among so many? While each parish church is in a town or city, the great bulk of the people live in the adjoining country necessitating many outlying missions or "campos" as they are called. In one of these parishes there are some 50 of these mission posts and a like proportion in the others. This situation necessitates long rides on horseback, which take from a day or two to ten days, depending on the distance and the number of people to be cared for. Here at home where all kinds of conveniences are at hand, one can hardly realize what these campo trips entail: long tiresome journeys on horseback, living conditions of the most primitive sort, many baptisms, even of grown-ups, ceremonies and prayers in the cemeteries, instructions, marriages, funerals, sick calls,

From a very recent visit to each of these parishes I have first hand information. I was amazed at what our priests are called upon to do; but, notwithstanding the hardships, handicaps and the lack of commonplace conveniences, what struck me most of all was the cheerfulness, contentment and happiness shown by each one in the consciousness of doing something worth while for the souls they could reach. Here, I feel, are real apostles in Catholic Action.

As for results and as evidence that the seed sown centuries ago is still alive, the records which are carefully kept, show that where at the start baptisms and holy communions were only a handful, they are now numbered in the thousands. Not only this, but the reaction of those country folk to services rendered is in keeping with the zeal and activity exercized by our priests, who are met with a welcome that must compensate in part for the hardships endured.

Here then we have a resurgence of faith in a country with great religious promise, a second spring, so to speak and all that is required is sufficient priests to cultivate the extensive field that has suffered for want of laborers. That laborers will be forthcoming in time, may be seen in the establishment of a college and major seminary under the charge of Jesuit Fathers, something that in itself should guarantee an increase of the native clergy to look after the souls of their people as time goes on.

In the meantime, however, and until these begin to meet the need, we along with several other religious societies must keep our hands to the plough. At the present time, owing to the small number of priests for so much territory, the most pressing need is to render travel to the outlying missions easier so as to cover more territory in shorter time. Had our priests two or three cars, they could do in one or two days what now takes a week and more. Roads are good in many parishes and are being constantly improved. Instead of remaining all night and in some missions several nights with all the accompanying disturbances, and discomforts such as sleeping in a hammock under a tree or on straw in a thatched hut with insects buzzing or crawling around, our priests could return to their parish home or sleep in the car. I am impelled to wonder





Rev. Basil Kirby conducts funeral services in Bani.



y Legla rch,

if it would not be within the realm of probability to obtain such a convenience as a car or two if only the need were made known. Much more efficient work could be done, many more souls attended to were this hope realized. Be assured that the motive behind this hope is not so much to relieve hardships as to reach more people and so to carry on more successfully our quest for souls. Our priests have not complained of hardship, but of the handicaps in doing their work, which could be overcome with facilities such as cars would provide.

Conditions are now most favorable from every point of view. Besides the venerable Ordinary of the archdiocese there are the Most Rev. Archbishop Beras, Coadjutor and the Auxiliary Bishop Gallego who expressed themselves as greatly pleased with our priests, the Canadian Fathers, as they are called. The same mead of praise was tendered also by the Chargé d'Affaires of the Apostolic Nunciature, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Bertoli. All are full of enthusiastic praise and encouragement for the Canadian Fathers in the Archdiocese of Santo Domingo. Along with this, the Government of the Republic is favorably disposed towards the Church; in fact the Catholic is the State religion. Surely then here is a chance to do something, not only to spread the Faith, but also to offset the dangerous tendencies, social, moral and religious that are threatening so many nations to-day.

J. E. McRAE.

Pray Daily for the Missions

Fatima Column

N the year 1917 Our Blessed Mother came down from Heaven and appeared at Fatima, Portugal. On the six occasions of the apparitions she made marvellous revelations and she asked that we do certain things; she performed the Great Miracle of the Sun.

What is wrong with us that we have not taken this revelation much more to heart? Those of us who boast of our sincerity in the service of God, even to the laying down of our lives, had better wake up and do something.

There are many things to be done in this world today. The Devil is active in no uncertain way; He has set up a church with a world headquarters. This church of the Devil is Communism and the Kremlin is its Vatican; He has a vicar on earth and that man's name is Stalin.

The homes and the stores and the offices offer one sphere for activity on our part; let us clear out the immodest and immoral calendars that make fun of God's beautiful creation, the human creature; let us wage a campaign against the improper advertisements in our daily newspapers. Our Blessed Mother, at Fatima, lamented the spread of impurity in the world.

What we need is action and not activities!

"O Secula" Reports

This article is a new basis for the Fatima Column which we hope the editors of CHINA will continue to accept each month. Let us look at the record of Fatima. This month we are going back to the beginning and we are quoting the report of the Miracle of the Sun as it appeared in the morning issue of a Lisbon daily newspaper, O Secula. The writer of the report was the proprietor of

the publication, and he was not disposed to believe the stories of the apparitions. In fact before going out to visit the scene of the apparitions he had written a scathing article on the affair; after the Dance of the Sun here is part of his report:

"We assisted at a spectacle unique and incredible for one who has not been a witness. From high on the road . . . where there were hundreds of people who lacked courage to get down into the mud, we saw an immense crowd turn towards the sun. The sun reminded me of a plague of pale silver . . . it did not burn, it did not blind. One would say that it was an eclipse. Then suddenly breaks out a colossal clamor and we hear the nearest spectators crying: 'Miracle! Miracle! Marvellous! Marvellous!' To the astonished eyes of this people . . . the sun trembled and underwent brusque movements, never before seen and outside of all cosmic laws. The sun 'danced' according to the typical expression of the peasants . . . It remains to competent persons to pronounce on the 'Danse Macabre' of the sun which today, at Fatima, has made the Hosannahs burst from the breasts of the faithful and which had naturally impressed (witnesses worthy of faith have assured me) Free Thinkers and other persons who are disinterested in religion and who had come to this henceforward celebrated place."

The writer of the above article had just witnessed the conversion of

an old sceptic.

Do not forget: Our Blessed Mother said at Fatima: "If people do not cease to offend God a worse one (war) will break out in the next Pontificate."

IT DID!

Do not forget: Our Blessed Mother also said: "... know that it is the great sign (a night illumined by an unknown light) given you by God that He is about to punish the world

for its crimes by war, by famine and by persecution of the Church and of the Holy Father.

THE LIGHT HAS BEEN SEEN AND WE HAVE HAD THE WAR, A QUARTER OF THE GLOBE NOW FACES FAMINE!

What are we waiting for!

"Whosoever wishes to understand those things which he has heard, let him be quick by deeds, to fulfill that which he has been able to hear." Pope St. Gregory.

JOHN P. LEONARD

Slang for the Air Age

Chinese college slang has gone to When students say a man is "gloding," they mean he is enthusiastic about a girl. If he is successful in his pursuit, he has "taken off." When he is dropped by his girl friend, he has made a "forced landing." If he drops the girl, he has "bailed out." When lovers are married, the young man is said to be "piloting." When the wife gives birth to a baby she has "released a "Anti-aircraft gun" (in bomb." Chinese, "high-shooting gun") is the term used to describe a freshman or a sophomore interested in an upperclass coed. And if it's the other way round, he is "dive bombing."

Young China Takes to the Air

If tests are any indication, the future generation of China is taking to the air. In a likes-and-dislikes test given to some 1,000 Chungking high school students, 72 out of 100 boys and girls picked flying for a like job. Engineering and farming are also popular, and a few prefer art and newspaper work. Only a handful want to go into politics and business. Eight students in a hundred want to be a mayor or politician and only two aspire to be tocks exchange brokers.

To the Families and Friends of Our Priests in Santo Domingo:

Please do NOT send any GIFT packages or parcels to our missionaries in the Dominican Republic without first acquainting them of your intention to do so.

The reasons are:

- (1) They cannot easily go to the Capital to clear such gifts from the Customs.
- (2) It takes too much time to do the actual Customs clearance.
- (3) The Duty to be paid on all articles nearly always exceeds the useful value of the goods received.
- (4) Practically anything you might send can be bought locally.

It is suggested instead that the money-value of the gift (including the heavy postage) would be a more practical form of remembrance. If sending money to the missionaries, please remember that Canadian Currency or Canadian Postal Money Orders are not easily negotiable. Use your personal cheque, a Bank Draft, or U.S.A. Currency. Naturally, it is all right to send articles (such as furnishings for their Churches, etc.) that the priests may have requested personally, or through "CHINA".

MAIL:

At the present time, ordinary mail from Canada may be a month or more in transit. Airmail comes in a few days. Airmail rates from Canada to the Dominican Republic are 10c for 1/4 ounce. Ordinary mail rate is only 5c.

The only mail address necessary is the priest's name and the name of the *place* where he lives, plus, of course, "Dominican Republic". For your information there is published elsewhere in this issue of CHINA a complete list of the Scarboro priests in the Republic. (See pages 16-17).

NOTICE

All students wishing to apply for entrance to our Seminary next September should forward their application immediately to Rev. Father Rector.

CHINA Page Fifteen

SCARBORO PRIESTS IN T



(Seated) RT. REV. MSGR. McLAUGHLIN, RT. REV. MSGR. BERTOLI, ARC

Name Hymus, Rev. R. Hart, Rev. L.

McIver, Rev. J.
King, Rev. J.
Courtright, Rev. G.
Diemert, Rev. F.
Allen, Rev. W.
Moylan, Rev. F.
Moore, Rev. P.

Top Row (Left to Right): Home Address Toronto, Ont. Cornwall, Ont.

St. Columban's, Ont.
Tweed, Ont.
Ottawa, Ont.
Mildmay, Ont.
North Bay, Ont.
Seaforth, Ont.
Ingersoll, Ont.

Mission Address

San Jose de Ocoa Archbishop's Residence Ciudad, Trujillo San José de Ocoa Azua San José de Ocoa

San José de Oco Hato Mayor Azua Bani Monte Plata

E DOMINICAN REPUBLIC



HOP PITTINI, ARCHBISHOP BERAS, RT. REV. MSGR. J. E. McRAE

Name Chafe, Very Rev. A.

MacSween, Rev. M. Walsh, Rev. J. Fullerton, Rev. J.
Ainslie, Rev. J.
Moore, Rev. R.
Matte, Rev. W. Moriarty, Rev. J. Gault, Rev. J. Kirby, Rev. B. Home Address

St. John's, Newfoundland c/o Archbishop's Residence,

Ironville, N.S. Toronto, Ont. Toronto, Ont. Kingston, Ont.

Kingston, Ont.
St. John's, Newfoundland
Gogama, Ont.
St. John's, Newfoundland
Cornwall, Ont Cornwall, Ont.

Mission Address

Ciudad, Trujillo Seibo Bayaguana Bani

Yamasa Bayaguana Hato Mayor Yamasa Seibo Monte Plata



THE GREAT FRIEND: Frederick Ozanam. By A. P. Schimberg. Milwaukee: Bruce. 1946. 344 pp., \$2.50.

M M

All Vincentians owe a debt to Mr. Schimberg for having made available this record of the life and work of their founder. The author's newspaper experience helps him to dramatize his hero's constant visitation of the poor and arouses in the reader not only a vivid appreciation of Ozanam's charity but a desire to follow his example. In a brief forty years Frederick Ozanam became famous as a professor, historian, social critic, apologist and Vincentian.

His active interest in the working classes, his promotion of co-operative societies as well as his sharing in the reform of morals through Catholic education proves his farsighted judgment. His status as the father of a family will add to his appeal to all classes of readers.

The phrase Catholic Action comes to life when the professor leaves abstract considerations for the defense of his faith both in the classroom and out of it. The University of Paris had anti-Catholics on the staff who crossed swords with Ozanam and were later ready to admit they were overcome both by his logic and his great charity. Such learning combined with tact is exemplary.

F. T. O'Grady.

THE GOLDEN YEARS. By a Christian Mother, and J. Husslein, S.J., Ph.D., Co-Author and Ed. Milwaukee: Bruce. 1945. 208 pp., \$1.75.

In thirty chapters we are enabled to recall the thirty years of Christ's Hidden Life as seen through the eyes of a wife and mother. These reflections on the life of the Holy Family were not meant for the scripture scholar but neither are they a collection of legends. They are reasonable conclusions arrived at by the authors using the biblical narrative as a guide and background.

The role of St. Joseph as head of the Holy Family is well explained. One feels his responsibility and one admires the divine plan as Mary and Her Son recognize the authority of Christ's foster-father. Many of these passages are beautifully expressed.

The reflections were first recorded many years ago and now Fr. Husslein has completed the work of organizing, arranging and rounding them out into a unity which makes a book well worth reading. There cannot be too many books on the Holy Family when they are inspirational as this one undoubtedly is.

F. T. O'Grady.

NEWS ITEMS

Welcome Home

We welcome home Captain the Rev. Daniel MacNeil, one of our priests who has been an army chaplain and has served in most of the European theatres of war. Father MacNeil on his discharge from the army will take up once again his missionary work. Prior to becoming an army chaplain, he was on the missions in China.

* * *

On Campaign Work

Rev. Charles Murphy is now campaigning in the diocese of Dubuque, Iowa, in the interests of our missionary work. Father will spend ten weeks in the United States diocese and we wish him every success in his wonderful work, at the same time expressing our sincere thanks to the Bishop of Dubuque for his kind permission to appeal to our American Catholic friends.

Our Best Wishes

CHINA and through it the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society wish to express to the newly appointed Bishop of Three Rivers—Most Reverend Monsignor Maurice Roy sincere congratulations and best wishes. May God abundantly bless the labors of His Excellency and shower down on the diocese of Three Rivers His choicest graces and favors.

Legate to Fatima

VATICAN CITY—His Eminence Benedetto Cardinal Aloisi Masella, former Apostolic Nuncio to Brazil, has been appointed by His Holiness Pope Pius XII to serve as Papal Legate on the occasion of the crowning of the Statue of Our Lady of Fatima at the world-famous Portuguese shrine on May 13.

The pilgrimage to Fatima will mark one of the outstanding celebrations of the tercentenary of the dedication of Portugal to the Immaculate Conception, which is being

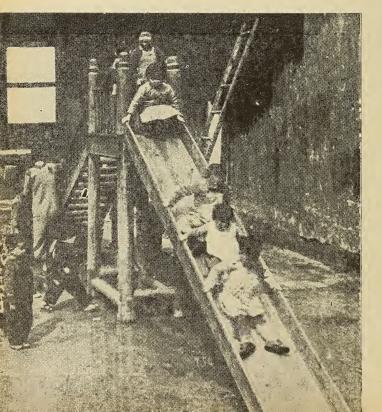
observed this year.

Sincerest Felicitations

We offer our sincere congratulations to His Excellency Bishop Cody of Victoria, who has just been appointed Auxiliary Bishop of London, Ontario, with right of succession. The present Bishop of the London diocese His Excellency John T. Kidd has been a devoted friend of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society through the years and it is in his diocese that our novitiate is located. Our society has also been closely associated with Bishop Cody, since we have a mission for the Chinese in the diocese of Victoria, B.C.

CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. D. E. Stringer, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVII, No. 6, June, 1946. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. Entered as Second-Class Matter and Admitted to Privileged Postage Rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, July 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.





ABOVE: Cardinal Spellman at Chungking.

Below: Chinese kindergarten tots at play.



Bicycle Contest Rules

(1) The Contest ends midnight, Septtember 1st, 1946. All mail must be postmarked not later than that date.

in, your Contest Number will be marked on a tab and dropped into the Contest Box. So, for example, if you send in five subscriptions, your number will be dropped into the box five times. Besides this, you will be sent a prize worth five subscriptions. Then, on September 2nd, three of our Missionaries will oversee the drawing of one number and that number wins the bicycle.

(3) REMEMBER that ONLY the bicycle is being drawn for. You will be sent whatever of the other prizes you want to work for. So you have the opportunity of getting these other prizes AND as many chances on the bike as you have subscriptions.

(4) It makes no difference whether you send in new subscriptions or renewals of old.

(5) Be sure to tell Fr. Jim what prize you want for the subscriptions you send to him. There are prizes for one subscription and up.

(6) REMEMBER, you must have your Contest Number to try for the bicycle. You get your Contest Number on joining the Rose Garden. The other prizes can be won by non-members.

*

A Special Word to Teachers

Our deepest thanks and appreciation go to all our many Teacher-friends throughout Canada and Newfoundland for their untiring efforts, in and out of the classroom, that the young people in their care may know and discharge their missionary duties.

Because of your influence, dear Teachers, our world of tomorrow will be blessed with the many vocations to the missionary Priesthood and Sisterhood, vocations that will be greatly needed as Holy Mother the Church pursues Her obligation of teaching all men.

May each and everyone of you be the recipients of His choicest graces, now and all through your lives.

Correction

Patsy Crowley's correct address is 90 Exmouth St., St. John, N.B. She is now fourteen years old.

Terry O'Dacre's correct address is 739 Mary St., Pembroke, Ont. She was listed under her cousin's address.



Dear Buds-

God bless each and everyone of you! That's all I can say to thank you for what you have been doing for your Missionaries, especially during this past Lent. Once again here in the Seminary it was a time of good-byes and the parting of old friends, missionaries on the way back to China. Some of them have already arrived at their destination; some are still on the ocean; others will be leaving soon. All are happy to be going back to save souls.

The hundreds of letters that kept pouring in from you children of Canada and Newfoundland were most encouraging to your missionaries. They knew you all were praying and working for their success, joining your efforts to theirs and presenting a united front against

the powers of paganism.

With such a wonderful mission spirit among you, it is certain that you will be instrumental in bringing many souls to God and many blessings on yourselves. Keep it up, boys and girls! And slowly but surely we will bring the Light of the Gospel to every nook and cranny of

the pagan world.

* * *

Oftentimes Buds ask me for the names of twins. Well here are the names of two. Audrey and Yvette Breau, Box 25, Chatham, N.B. They are sixteen years old and full of fun. If you want to know what they think of our Rose Garden, just write and ask them. They'll tell you it's swell.

BUDS!! At present it is impossible to answer all the requests for Pen Pals. You can have a lot of fun by picking them from the monthly list. That's the main reason for publishing the ages of Buds. So just choose the one or ones you think you would like and drop them a note. If at first you don't succeed, then try again.

* * *

I have a very special favour to ask of all my Buds. Will you promise to do it for me? Honest, Injun? Well here it is. Summertime is here and so is a greatly increased stream of traffic. A great many motor-cars on the road today are aged and feeble; they just can't stop in a hurry! So be kind to them. Stop and look both ways before crossing a street. If there are traffic lights in your town, obey them. They are meant to help you!

* * *

May and June are two beautiful months, Buds, devoted especially to Our 'Blessed Mother and to the Sacred Heart of Her divine Son. Be sure you pray every day to Jesus and Mary for yourselves and for the children of the world. They are suffering today more, perhaps, than at any other time since the first Christmas. "Allow little children to come unto Me" said Christ and that message was meant for us today just as much as it was for the people of His time on earth.

Your friend always, FATHER JIM.



Dear Fr. Jim,

The girls were delighted over their membership cards and will thank you personally in their next letter ... Please say "hello" to Fr. Reeves from us all.

Dorothy Cassidy, 26 Price St., Toronto, Ont. Thanks a million, Dot, for your

great interest in our missions. I won't forget to write Fr. Reeves and tell him about you. It will bring him added consolation to know you all



are helping him and praying for his flock.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Mom read to me about the four good missionaries who left recently for China so I hurried up with my mite box by selling some old books and papers. Dad helped too.

Danny Sullivan, 63 John St., Trenton, Ont. Atta boy, Danny! You have helped

make your four missionaries very happy. All of us are glad to have a picture of you. Keep up your good work and say "hello" to your Dad and Mom from us all.



Dear Fr. 1im.

Here is my picture which I hope you will put in CHINA. I am nine years old. Last night I was sick but I'm better now. Good-bye and lots of luck.

Harold Crumb, 5 Mountaloon Ave., Toronto, Ont.

I'll bet you were glad to have a good home and your mother when you were sick, weren't you, Harold? So you won't forget to pray hard for China's Children, so many of whom are sick and homeless.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I wish to join the Rose Garden. Am ten years old . . . sending stamps now and more later. Please send me a mite-box.

Maureen Browne, 10 Exploits Lane, Grand Falls, Nfld.

Welcome to our Garden, Maureen, and may you have a happy time praying and playing in it with all the other Buds. Thanks a lot for the stamps and the promise of others.



Dear Fr. Jim,

Fr. Curtin, one of your Missionaries, was here at Atherley and told us about China and the Rose Garden. I wish to join and help China's Children. I am twelve years old.

> Theresa Smith, Atherley, Ont., R.R. No. 1.

You are a very welcome member of our Garden Club, Theresa, and I know you will pray and work hard for your missionaries. Fr. Curtin told me how nice you all are. If you have a picture of yourself please send it to me so's I can show the other members.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Thanks for your nice letter. Here is my picture and I hope you like it. Fr. Strang was in our class the other day and told us stories of China. He made us laugh too.

Lorretta Lavergne,
41½ Darocher St., Eastview, Ont.
I'm glad to know all my Eastview

Buds are well and happy, Loretta, and praying for us all. Please don't forget Fr. Strang in your prayers; he left for China



a few weeks ago. As soon as I have his address I'll send it to you.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I would like to be a member of the Rose Garden as I think it is a swell club. Here is a dollar for my subscription to CHINA. I am eleven years old and have light hair and brown eyes.

Irma Vermaercke,
Norwich, Ont., R.R. No. 4.
You write a lovely letter, Irma,
and I know your Pen-Pals will be
delighted to hear from you. Thanks

for your subscription to our magazine CHINA; you will enjoy it. That's what everybody is saying. Write soon again.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I've been awfully busy and haven't had time to write as often as I wanted to. Here is another new Bud, Patricia Kelly, 121 York St., Cornwall, Ont. . . . Here is a picture of me taken at our school.

Patricia McDermott, 119 York St., Cornwall, Ont. Thanks for the new Bud, Pat, and

for your picture. I'm sure all your pen-pals will be glad to see it. You are doing a great job among your school-mates, Pat, and I know St. Theresa



will obtain whatever you ask of her.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am very happy to be a member of the Rose Garden, am nine years old and like out-door sports. I filled my mite-box and hope it will help pay Fr. McKernan's way to China. I say the mission prayers for him every night.

Bernard Burke,

Terrace Hotel, Amherst, N.S. Just wait, Bernard, until Fr. Mc-Kernan reads this. He will be ever so happy that you remembered him. When I know his permanent address I'll send it to you. In the meantime keep praying for him and all of us.

Grade VII Buds, College St. School, Halifax, N.S.



New Members and Pen Pals

(ALL OF HALIFAX, N.S.)

Agapas, Tommy, 10, 641 Barrington St.; Allison, Ronald, 12, 35 Phillips St.; Arthur, Norman, 12, 41 Clifton St. Babineau, Reginald, 10, 3 Deacon St.; Brean, Carolyn, 10, 370 Oxford St.; Burke, Ronald, 12, 464½ Chebucto Rd.; Burns, Terrence, 9, Ardmore School; Butler, Robert, 10, 355 Oxford St.
Campbell, Cyril, 10, 122 Maitland St.; Canham, Harold, 10 102½ Beech St.; Carter, Billy, 13, 237 North St.; Carter, Frank, 12, 237 North St.; Chaddock, Joan, 10, 58½ Chebucto Rd.; Chase, Stanley, 13, 57 Quinn St.; Coffey, Helen, 10, 205 Clifton St.; Comstock, Lawrence, 10, 81 Lawrence St.; Connolly, Maureen, 9, 381 Quinpool Rd.; Connors, Anne, 10, 50½ Willow St.; Conrad, James, 10, 9 Second St.; Coolen, Joan, 12, 202 North St.; Covey, Helen, 1, 30 Leppert St.; Croke, Rose, 12, 171 Chebucto Rd.; Currie, Donald, 10, 16 Elm St.; Currie, Mary, 10, 140 South Kline St.
D'Arcy, Patrick, 14, 8 Leppert St.; Davis, Terry, 10, 18 Williams St.; Davis, Terry, 10, 18 Williams St.; Davis, Thomas, 12, 18 Williams St.; Donovan, Evelyn, 10, 43 Churchill Dr.; Doyle, Sheila, 9, 306 Oxford St.; Drake, Carl, 12, 5 Brunswick Lane; Duncan, Billy, 10, 895 Barrington St.; Duncan, Knneth, 15, 781 Barrington St.; Essery, Barbara, 10, 120 South Kline St.
Ellis, David, 10, 152 Beech St.; Essery, Barbara, 10, 120 South Kline St.
Ellis, David, 10, 152 Beech St.; Essery, Barbara, 10, 120 South Kline St.
Ellis, David, 10, 152 Beech St.; Ferguson, Sheila, 12, 85 Allen St.; Fleming, John, 12, 229½ Brunswick St.
Gallagher, Fred, 10, 80 Lawrence St.; Gallant, Albert, 10, 293 Brunswick St.; Garlant, Albert, 10, 293 Brunswick St.; Gallant, Albert, 10, 293 Brunswick St.; Gallant, Albert, 10, 293 Brunswick St.; Garlant, Albert, 10, 293 Brunswick St.; Garlanter, Theresa, 7, 183 Agricola St

Donna, 6, 339 Oxford St.; Grisdale, Patricia, 10, 96 Duncan St.; Guinan, Mary, 7, 62 Harvard St.
Hanrahan, Barbara, 5, 136 Duncan St.; Harmish, Patricia, 6, 295 Oxford St.; Hartlin, Hazel, 14, 76 Gerrish St.; Hayden, Marilyn, 6, 125 Kline St.; Hennigan, Carol, 7, 36 Kaye St.; Hiltz, Agnes, 13, 181 Barrington St.; Hames, Edgar, 10, 114 Chebucto Rd.; Hanlon, Bernard, 11, 131½ South Kline; Harriman, Beverly, 11, 40 Allen St.; Hayes, Laurie, 10, 61 Elm St.; Helpard, Lloyd, 14, 29 Bauer St.; Hennigan, John, 12, 19 Westmount St.; Henry, Gordon, 11, 71 McDonald St.; Henry, Cordon, 11, 71 McDonald St.; Henry, Lorraine, 12, 46 McDonald St.; Hoganson, Barbara, 9, 9 Lawrence St.; Hope, Marlene, 9, 98 Duncan St.; Howard, Donald, 12, 8 Cornwallis St.; Howard, Donald, 12, 8 Cornwallis St.; Hunt, Carl, 10, 299 Oxford St.; Holand, Hunt, Carl, 10, 299 Oxford St.; Holland,

Shirley, 15, 114 Maitland St.; Holmes, Marion, 5, 64 Windsor St.; Holmes, Gwendolyn, 6, 10 Lawrence St.; Hope, Barbara, 8, 98 Duncan St.; Horne, Joan, 6, 92 Charles St.; Houghton, Joan, 5, 65 Poplar St.; Hunt, Patricia, 7, 110 Clifton. Irving, Barbara, 14, 580 Gottingen St.; Irving, Kennedy, 12, 580 Gottingen St.; Jackson, Betty, 7, 21 Livingstone St.; Julien, Beatrice, 15, Grand Desert; Julien, Edward, 13, Grand Desert; Julien, Veronica, 12, Grand Desert; James, Ronald, 13, 3 Westmount St.

onica, 12, Grand De 13. 3 Westmount St.

Edward, 13, Grand Desert; Julien, Veronica, 12, Grand Desert; James, Ronald, 13, 3 Westmount St.
Kays, Abraham, 13, 43 Jacob St.; Kennedy, James, 10, 75 Allen St.; Kidston, Joan, 10, 98 Elm St.; Kiley, Harold, 12, 12 Brunswick St.; Kirk, Barbara, 10, 39 Duncan St.; Kline, Helen, 10, 73 Poplar St.; Kennedy, Patricia Ruth, 11, 75 Allen St.; Kent, June, 12, 15 Moran St.; Kline, Barbara, 6, 50 Windsor.
Landry, John, 11, 370 Quinpool Rd.; Laphen, Clarence, 11, 45 Summit St.; Lacey, Joan, 12, 2 Princess Place; Laidlaw, Barbara, 10, 39 Stanley St.; Lapierre, Basil, 13, LaPierre, Beatrice, 13, LaPierre, Gasil, 13, LaPierre, Beatrice, 13, LaPierre, Clifford, 12, LaPierre, Helena, 12, LaPierre, Irene, 14, LaPierre, Shirley, 10, LaPierre, Stella, 14, LaPierre, Edison, 11, Spryfield; Laverty, Edward, 12, 3 Elevator Court; LeBlanc, Harold, 11, 77 Edinbrugh St.; Legg, Lillian, 13, 444 Robie St.; Liptcombe, Michael, 10, 184 Beech St.; Little, Ralph, 10, 18 Starr St.; Little, Violet, 12, 63 Mumford Rd.; Lynch, Dorothy, 11, 67 Charles St.

"MacDonald, Robert, 13, Dutch Village Rd.; MacGillyvav, Robert, 9, 880 Bar-

Lynch, Dorothy, 11, 67 Charles St.; Lynch, Marie, 10, 67 Charles St.

MacDonald, Robert, 13, Dutch Village Rd.; MacGillvray, Robert, 9, 880 Barrington St.; MacLean, Catherine, 10, 68 Chebucto Rd.; McAvoy, Douglas, 11, 30 Joseph St.; McDonald, Ronald, 13, 196 Beech St.; McDonald, Shirley, 12, 196 Beech St.; McCarthy, James, 12, 845 Brunswick St.; McKinnon, Billy, 10, 686 Barrington St.; McManus, Charles, 10, 884 Barrington St.; MacDonald, Joan, 6, 83 Allan St.; MacKenzie, Marie, 8, 28 Harvard; McCaffrey, Beverley, 6, 104 Chebucto Rd.; McCarthy, Beverley, 6, 104 Chebucto Rd.; McCarthy, Irene, 5, 104 Chebucto Rd.; McDonald, Barbara, 11, 61 Dublin St.; McGrath, B., 13, 88 Summit; McLean, Lorraine, 5, 71½ Windsor St.; McMullan Maureen, 5, 243 Almon St.; McQuade, Ruth, 7, 91 Windsor St.; McQuade, Ruth, 7, 91 Windsor St.; Mader, George, 11, 35 Harvard St.; Maltus, Jean, 11, 26 Hunter St.; Maltus, Jean, 11, 27 Hunter St.; Merriam, Barbara, 10, 12 Hurd St.; Merriam, Barbara, 10, 12 Hurd St.; Merriam, Barbara, 10, 291 North St.; Moore, Lawrence, 12, Armdale P.O.; Mannette, Frances, 10, 150 Chebucto Rd.; Mannette, Rosena, 6, 149 S. Kline St.; Martin, Mary, 7, 40 Connaught Ave.; Margaret, 6, 186 West Young St.; Merriam, Sonja, 5, 291 North St.; Murphy.



Marjorie, Buds, has done a great deal to make her city of Montreal realize what a great work the children of Canada and Newfoundland are doing for all the missionaries of our Society. She disclaims any credit for doing what she has done, but St. Theresa knows and won't forget. Marjorie is sixteen and lives at 4639 Earnscliffe Ave., Montreal, N.D.G., Que. Write her, Buds, and wish her well!

Our Quickie Quiz

Who is the Superior of our Scarboro Fathers in Santo Domingo?

Among the correct answers sent in for last month's Quiz the lucky draw was won by Mary Breen, St. Michael's Orphanage, St. John's, Nfld. Congratulations, Mary!

HALIFAX, N.S.

(Continued from page 25)

Cyril, 12, 58 Maitland St.; Murphy, Frances, 12, 102 Lawrence St.; Murphy, Gordon, 12, 24½ Yukon St.; Murphy, Ronald, 10, 48 McDonald St.; Murphy, Denis, 16, Grand Desert, Halifax Co. Napier, Mary, 9, Napier, Murray, 11, 7 Parker St.; Neate, Margaret, 10, 82 Chebucto Rd.

7 Parker St.; Neate, Margaret, 10, 82 Chebucto Rd.
O'Donnell, James, 11, 936 Barrington St.; O'Hearn, Nancy, 10, 135 Willow St.; O'Keefe, Sylvia, 12, 2 Seaforth St.; Onyett, Billy, 10, 27 Maynard Street; Ochieson, John, 9, 865 Barrington St.; O'Rourke, Harold, 10, 7 Poplar Grove; O'Rourke, Pat, 10, 976 Barrington St.; O'Sullivan, Betty Ann, 12, 14 Vestry St.; O'Sullivan, Sharon, 6, 126 Allen.
Probert, Muriel, 11, 35 Dublin St.; Purcell, Marie, 10, 5 Hunter St.; Purcell, Shirley, 14, 851 Barrington St., Pathler, Anita, 7, 23 Yukon St.; Pearson, Patricia, 13, 88 Gottingen St.; Peters, Sheils, 7, 353 Agricola St.; Poirier, Louis, 13, 16 Bishop St., Poteri, Ann, 5, 34 Deacon St.; Power, Ann, 6, 185 Pepperill; Power, Marilyn, 6, 185 Pepperell; Power

Windsor St.; Purcell, Bernadette, 15, 851
Barrington St.; Purcell, Edith, 13, 897
Barrington St.
Raniere, Bernice, 6, 112 Allan St.;
Rankin, Sandra, 7, 118 Cunard; Reyno,
Janet, 6, 78 Poplar St.; Ridgley, Marjorie, 14, 160 Upper Water St.; Robbins,
Carol, 7, 19 Livingstone Place; Robichaud, Eleanor, 7, 251½ Marynard St.;
Robinson, Lucille, 10, 5 Argyle St.; Robinson, Sandra, 5, 21½ Yukon St.; Rogers,
Anita, 13, 1 Hunter St.; Rogers, Barbara,
7, 68 Windsor St.; Rogers, Joan Bernice,
13, 1 Hunter St.; Rudolph, Beverley, 7,
321 North St.; Ryan, Charles. 6, Ryan,
David, 7, 40 Macara St.; Scallion, Joan,
12, 14 Phillips St.; Schroeder, Eleanor, 6,
Schroeder, Joyce, 8, 28 Yukon St.; Shea,
Madeleine, 10, Shea, Helen, 12, 204 Young
St.; Safier, Robert, 9, 961 Barrington St.;
Scott, Paul, 11, 97 Duncan St.; Shea,
Ronald, 11, 65 Allen St.; Shiers, William,
14, 48½ William St.; Smith, Cecil, 13, 4
Poplar Grove, Stokes, Patricia, 11, 24
John St.; Sullivan, Patricia, 10, 112 Elm
St., Smith, Catherine, 7, 22 Meedkam St.;
Spears, Ronnie, 13, 156 Young St.; Steel,
Veronica, 8, 22 Almon St.; Sullivan, Joan
10, 1 Black St.; Sullivan, Linda, 6, 28
Yale St.; Sweeney, Joan, 10, 149 Clifton,
Taggart, Betty, 7, 105 Chebucto 'ad.;
Tapper, Shirley, 15, 268 Brunswick St.
Terry, Mary, 7, 82 Billy St.; Thurston,
Lawrence, 10, 105 Allen St.; Trainor,
James, 11, 63 Dublin St.
Vantassel, Jovce, 12, 24 North St.
Wambolt, Vicki, 7, 9 Columbus Pl.;
Webb, Beverley, 8, Webb, Judith, 7, 38
Willow St.; Webber, Gretha, 6, 27 Kline
St.; Weaver, David, 11, 359 North St.;
Whalen, Carol 10, Melville Cove, Arm
dail P.O.; Wigle, Donald, 10, 4 Monastery
Lane; Withers, Faith, 10, 34 Joseph St.;
Wright, Mary C., 10, 120 Cunard St.;
Wells, Colleen, 7, 36 Kane St.; Wholen,
Theresa, 6, 103½ Charles St.; Wills,
Barbara, 14, 9 Uniacke St.; Wills,
Barbara, 14, 9 Uniacke St.; Wills,
Barbara, 14, 9 Uniacke St.; Woodcock,
Marilyn, 6, 78 Willow St.; Wournell,
Beverley, 9, 98 North St.
Zinck, Joan, 10, 32 Allen St.



Buds! A Bicycle FREE to the Lucky Contest Number. See page 21 for Contest Rules.

No. 1—20 subs.; No. 2—20 subs.; No. 3—16 subs.; No. 3a—16 subs. (for a dozen); No. 4—20 subs.; No. 5—40 subs.; No. 6—16 subs.; No. 7—5 subs.; No. 8—5 subs.; No. 9—32 subs.; No. 10—16 subs.; No. 11—8 subs.; No. 12—20 subs.; No. 13—8 subs.; No. 14—6 subs.; No. 15—4 subs.; No. 16—10 subs.; No. 17—24 subs. (Hockey Game); No. 18—24 subs. (Baseball Game).

Rummoli, 1 sub.

Sorry Game, 4 subs. This game is a barrel of fun.

Cartoon Drawing Set, 4 subs.

Horseplay Game, 4 subs.

Chinese Checkers, 4 subs.

Jig Saw Puzzles, 2 subs.

Table Tennis with 4 bats, (a) 10 subs.

Table Tennis with 4 bats (b) 16 subs. Table Tennis balls (doz.), 4 subs.

Swim Trunks, 8 subs.

Swim Goggles, 10 subs.

Sheath Knife, 18 subs.

Rosary, Silver Color—7 subs.; Weriroid Plaque—2 subs.; Catechism quiz game—2 subs.; White Prayerbook—4 subs.; Crown Game—5 subs.; Holy Water Font—2 subs.; 10 inch Statue—5 subs.; Sterling Chain and Medal—3 subs.; Plastic Crucifix—2 subs.; Mary T. Waggaman-Book—4 subs.; 7 x 9 Picture—2 subs.; Bracelet: Rose Medals—8 subs.; Double Strand Pearl Choker, Black Velvet Ties—7 subs.; Set Sparkler Bangles, silver color—6 subs.; Rope Sole Walking Shoes, white and blue, beige and brown—11



subs.; Vinylite Plastic Rain Coat for girls-18 subs.; Signet Ring for girls 10K nat. gold top, two initials-9 subs.. For the boys sterling silver Signet Ring 10K nat. gold top, two initials-12 subs.; Octagonally Shaped Plastic Compact, one initial-5 subs.; three piece Metal Dresser Set gilt tone, one initial, blue, green, black-9 subs.; Waterman's Pen, blue, grey or black-11 subs.; Geographical Globe-12 subs.; Zipper Closing Bill-Fold, morrocco grained leather-5 subs.; Photo Album (50 sheets)-3 subs.; Plastic Flashlight pre focussing, permanent and signal switch - 8 subs.; Steel Roller Skates, double ball-bearing - 11 subs.; Scanty Perfume-2 subs.; 2 Piece Evening in Paris Toilet Water and Perfumc-5 subs.; 3 Piece Peggy Sage Polish, Polish Rcmover, Cuticle Remover-4 subs.; 1 Popular Victor Record-3 subs.; 1 Popular Decca Record-2 subs.; 1 Record Album (10")-4 subs.

Aeroplanes

SOLID MODELS - Lancaster, Black Widow, Superfortress, Halifax, Mosquito, Mariner—4 subscriptions each.
FLYING MODELS—Spitfire, Airacobra,

Beaufighter, Mosquito, Stinson Sentinel

4 subscriptions each.

GAS MODELS-Hornet, Commando - 8 subscriptions each.
Gas engine for these models—53 sub-

scriptions.

Super Detail Precision Beam struction—Anso Lancaster, 12 subscriptions each. Mitchell-

CHEMISTRY SET — 20 small sets 4 subscriptions. subscriptions;

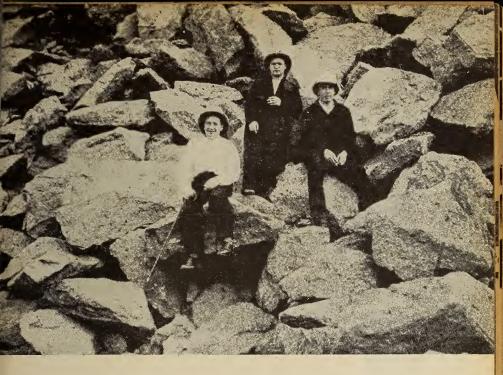
X-ACTO KNIFE CHEST - 14 subscriptions.

X-ACTO BLOCK PLANER-3 subscriptions.

X-ACTO HOBBYCRAFT SAW (six refill

blades)—4 subscriptions. WHITTLER'S SET—No. 6 Knifc, 6 assorted blades. Wooden chest—8 subscriptions.

SAILING BOATS—18"—10 subscriptions; 20"—16 subscriptions; 24"—20 subscriptions.



On The Rocks??

-NO SIR!!

Your missionaries can keep smiling no matter how rocky the way is. There are difficulties and problems, to be sure. Everybody has them, young and old, rich and poor.

Some problems can be solved by one person, or at most by several.

We need 75,000 people to solve ours. BUT, it needs only two minutes of your time and a dollar.

Be one of the 75,000 readers of CHINA and let your Missionaries know your willingness to co-operate with them for God and souls.

75,000 Readers

That's our aim

75,000 Readers

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

\$1.00 a year





\$20.00 for life





I On the front window of a Louisville, Ky., grocery store was written: "Boy Wanted." Below was scribbled: "I want one, too. Jeanne.'

In an out-of-the-way corner of a Boston graveyard stands a brown board showing the marks of age and neglect. It bears the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the 15th of September, 1853. Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'



I A Scotsman ordered his lunch at the hotel cafeteria and asked for a "buttle o'milk." When he reached his table, he found that he had buttermilk. Grumbling, he turned to his table companion and said: "The trouble today is that the girls don't pay attention, for surely when I say "buttle o'milk' it doesna' sound like 'buttermilk.' Mind ye, lad, I'm no' blamin' the girl, for the same thing has happened at other cafes."



¶ Two dairies were engaged in an advertising war. One of the companies engaged a daredevil racer to drive a car around the town with large placards reading:

"This Daredevil Drinks Our Milk."

The rival company came out with placards, twice as large, reading: "You don't have to be a Daredevil to Drink our Milk."



I A lecturer was speaking on the drink question. "Now, supposing I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey; which of the two would he take?'

"He'd take the water," came a voice from the gallery. "And why should he take the water?" asked the lecturer.

"Because he's an ass," came the reply.



• The other day on a Toronto street car during rush hours some impatient souls were trying vainly to crowd in when there wasn't any room left, so the motorman cleared the step and closed the door. Then came imperious rap-rap-raps on the glass, all to no avail. Some officious person then shouted over the heads of fellow passengers: Can't you hear that rapping on the door?

Up pipes a childish voice: "Why, it's the Happy Gang!"



CARDINAL McGUIGAN

Jime Marches On!



CARDINAL TIEN

Who will soon forget the impressive reception and the beauty and dignity of the ceremonies which signalled the return of His Eminence James Cardinal McGuigan to the Archdiocese of Toronto.

And yet it is only a little more than 300 years ago that the first Mass was celebrated by a Missionary in this diocese.

By the same token who can foretell what the next 300 years will bring in the growth of Catholicism in China through the efforts of the Missionaries in that country.

It is YOU who will decide.

They can accomplish little without your continual support. With your support they can accomplish much.

Send in Your Donation Today to

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY,

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.



Chinese typewriter has four thousand "words" or characters.



PLEASE KEEP AN EYE ON THE EXPIRY DATE!!!



carboro Bluffs, Ontario



NAVY

AIR FORCE

ARMY

You went "all-out" to prepare boys like these for the battle-front!

Now they want to don the uniform of Christ's Missionary Army. They will give their all. What will you give?

SACRIFICE TO SAVE SOULS!

Page Two



Tsingtien, Che., Feb. 27, 1946

Dear Father Beal:

Thanks for your welcome letter of Jan. 21. It arrived a few days ago, having taken only a month to come. Thanks also for your offer of money. For the present I will do nothing about it, for there is nothing I need very badly. Tsingtien would not have it anyway. Foodstuffs are frightfully expensive; rice less than 10 lbs. for \$1,000, and pork \$400 a lb. Local butchers have been fighting among themselves for the past few days over the price. They cannot agree, with the result-no meat. I have a good cook here. It took him quite a while however to learn the meaning of "variety". There being no potatoes here, I got him to break up the rice diet with various types of spaghetti. Some time ago I wrote home for a pair of shoes, to be brought over by someone coming this way. If they are not soon forthcoming, I will send up to Shanghai

as a last resort—using your money.

Last week I went to Wenchow for dental work. Fr. Bomba, one of the Polish Fathers took me to the best dentist in town—a Chinese concu-

bine! Without any preliminary drilling she put in two fillings, would not extract another molar that I had been told in Peiping would have to come out. However the trouble is stopped, although I keep my fingers crossed re the results of those fillings. Had a pair of shoes made to order while in the city. After waiting around two extra days—the shoes were finished, and big enough for a 300 pounder. Maybe it is just as well I could not take them; they cost only \$9,000. The retreat for the Chinese priests was on while I was there; so the house was filled to capacity. I slept at the hospital, incidently next to Fr. Gignac's former room. The quality of the food at the Lazarists was much better than usual, altho' quantity was below par. One American navy man remains there. He is coaching five Chunking Chinese in radio and weather calculations. Formerly there were four other Yanks. Two of these lads had spent most of the time "painting the town red"—with fear. Disappointed at not being sent home for Christmas, and being more or less cut off from the "great white way", they scared most of the town

silly especially by shooting off their guns on the streets. The present "incumbent" is a young Catholic of only 20 years. I had supper with him on his 20th birthday, and it was one of the last foreign meals he was going to have. Exhorbitant prices have driven him to rice. When I arrived back here, I sent him my last U.S. greenback to buy for me some tomato seeds when he goes up to Shanghai this week. If no seeds, he will buy me some decent smokes—Camels or Luckies.

There are possibilities here for a garden, Father. Last week a Christian farmer cultivated a plot wherein I was ready to plant tomatoes. I brought seed from Peiping — from my last year's tomato crop, so I thought. But the envelope in which I had placed them is torn and the seed lost. Have already put in a few kinds of flowers. We hope to have some real flowers to replace the coloured paper now on the altar.

School opened here last week with probably a record of between 60-70 youngsters between the ages of 7-14. The one teacher has her hands full. I've raised her salary from \$3,500 to \$5,000 per month. Even this is not enough with prices the way they are. I like these kids—especially if they are old enough to keep their noses clean and not old enough to learn the sly tricky ways of their elders.

Language is, of course, quite a problem. Since coming here I have been preaching in p'u t'ung — the common language, which is similar to that spoken in Peiping. However, only those in business understand this; the rank and file understand only the dialect. So, after a few more weeks I hope to be able to give them some kind of a memorized sermon in this local language. The few students I had in the beginning, who wanted to learn English in exchange for Tsingtien hua are not at all consistent in coming.

Tell Father Stringer that the Spanish lady living in the city has been to Mass and Confession. This lady had married a Chinese in Spain, who on his return with her to Tsingtien, was presented with another woman by his family which had trained her to be his wife. Willing or unwilling he was forced into another marriage. I read the case history as compiled by Frs. Stringer and Strang, as well as their correspondence with the Sisters in Wenchow. About a month ago I called on the lady. She was glad to see a foreigner, and I was able to make her understand my hashed up French. She promised to come to Church. She did, once, the other times she claims she I as had to stay at home to mind the concubine's two children. (Or rather one child; there is also an adopted child in the "family".) Last Sunday after Mass, she came and told me she was bringing a French lady along who wanted to have her 6 months old baby baptized. All I know about this woman is that she too is in a marital mixup, and has three other unbaptized and grown up children. Isn't life just a "bowl of cherries"; -wouldn't mind a bowl or two right now.

Two weeks ago I bicycled to Lishui. Despite the fact that the road-or "cowpath" in most places, is a long line of blown up bridges and stone obstacles made to impede the advancing Japs, I prefer it to the river. Fr. Venadam is having beds made for the "house" there to accommodate the new arrivals. The Blessed Sacrament is now reserved in the Church. The loose rafters that were hanging over the main altar, have been removed. Except for the blown out windows, the place looks a little more presentable for the Lord of Hosts. I wheeled also to Pihu, to interrupt Fr. Tom in a Chinese lesson. After a meal and

(Continued on page 22)



Mass at an early hour, Fr. Chafe and I took a most interesting trip to one of our Campos. They are little settlements in the country, a cluster of thatch-roofed houses with beatenmud floors. The one we were going to was named Palave.

As it was over twenty miles from the city, much too long a journey by horse—the horse might endure it, but could we?—an alternative plan was to motor there by taxi as the contraption was euphemistically called. Whether the scenery or the bumps were more breathtaking is difficult to decide, but we did enjoy the ride. As we approached Palave we were met by an enthusiastic crowd of villagers carrying flags and flowers and cheering the Canadian Padres who had come to visit them. After we had alighted from the car we were greeted formally by the Sacristan who in his own name and that of the people eulogized us and all the Canadian Fathers who had left family and friends to help the Dominican people. In the midst of the cheering crowd, jostling and pushing forward in order to kiss the hands of the Padres, we made our way to the Chapel to the accompaniment of exploding firecrackers. It was all very heart-warming.

Immediately we started hearing confessions. Fr. Chafe in the Church while I sat on a chair under the trees and listened to their tales of defeats and victories. All this while others were in the Church singing hymns and reciting the rosary. sang High Mass with Fr. Chafe as my choir. The place was so jammed that I hardly had room to genuflect. After the Gospel I sat down while Fr. Alphonse climbed a chair and began to preach. The power of his words and the precariousness of his position kept everyone at attention. His words fell on eager ears but he remained upright, thank God! Nearly everyone went to Holy Communion; some had been fasting since early morning and by now it was eleven-thirty. For some of the children it was their first visit to the altar-railing and about all some of them had by way of extra finery for the occasion was a piece of white mosquito netting on their heads.

After Mass we moved among them talking and laughing with them all and visiting a few of their homes. They are nothing if not affectionate with their hugging and embracing each other and us too. It is their customary greeting so we just have to take it and get used to it. After

(Continued on page 22)

Atomic War or Persecution?

Msgr. Wm. C. McGrath

AND now, Willie" asked the teacher, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Please teacher . . . alive" was the disconcerting

reply.

"To be or not to be". That was the question for little Willie and it has suddenly become the question for humankind. We may not be around if and when little Willie reaches man's estate. But we do want to stay alive. At least for a little while longer. At that, when our time does come, we should hardly choose living cremation as our manner of exit from the stage of life. Yet that—or possibly worse—is the fate that may be in store.

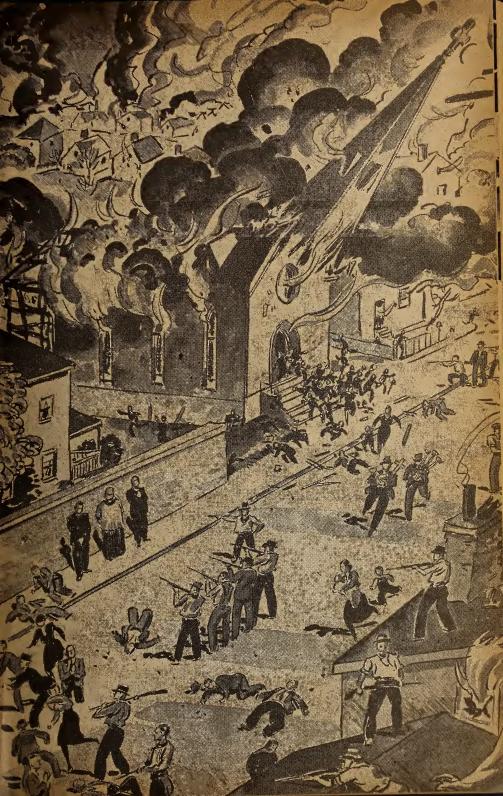
"As things are now drifting," writes Leland Stowe in the Toronto Daily Star, "one out of every four on this continent—possibly one out of every three—stands to be cremated alive inside one, two or three decades. Yet most of us, from congressmen to carpenters, from Wall Street speculators to baseball spectators, from publishers to the presidents and prime ministers themselves—most of us seem to be playing 'It can't happen to me'."

Meanwhile, the blind still lead the blind. The dread prospect fails to startle the indifferent from out their benighted complacency. "In reading the newspapers these days,"

writes Dorothy Thompson, "one gets the impression that the leadership of the world is engaged in a competition of lunacy. The next war will be a push-button war of robots, the fate of mankind decided by the throwing of a switch. Armies of victors will be sanitation corps—white wings to clear up the rubbish, bury the corpses and establish, perhaps, military governments over wildernesses as dead as the moon . . . The greatest occupational hazard is merely to be an occupant of the earth in the twentieth century. And the question for all of us, of every race and age and creed is: Do you want to live or die? . . . It would therefore seem sane that they (our leaders) should concentrate on the single question of how to prevent this, all else being lunacy. It will really not matter to British ministers whether the state or private corporations own their graves; nor to a Russian whether he perishes in a Kolkhoz or on his own land; nor to an American woman whether she dies in nylons or bobby socks. Mr. Molotov, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Byrnes, too, will atomise into identical elements and the Kremlin. Westminster and the Capitol will make the same kind of dust."

What Can We Do?

You and I, dear reader? What are we doing, what can we do, in



Manual Labour at Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ont.



this era that may, in sober truth, be the twilight of civilization? Must we go utterly fatalist or futilitarian? Shall we just sit around awaiting the swish of atomic rockets in our last split second of life? Or are we just gamblers enough to take a chance that, somehow, we may get by, may be "numbered among the survivors" of the cataclysm as the apocalyptic "fire, smoke and brimstone" (IX. 18) roll heavenward from the ashes of a silent world? There may not be too much time. It could all happen so suddenly. Since our leaders have failed us is there anything that we little people can do to help avert humanity's final madness?

First of all, let it be clear in our minds that the cause of perennial world disaster is neither economics nor lebensraum. Since the "day" (!) when the first challenge from creature to Creator rang through the heavens and Lucifer's "non serviam" rallied angelic hosts to revolution, appalling disaster has followed upon the heels of every revolt against God. Can it be otherwise in view of the revolt against God today? This revolt is not merely on the part of power-politicians who are betraying small nations or atheist Governments that would fain blot out the lights of Heaven. Sad to say, it is aided and abetted by those who were once God's chosen friends. Too many empty-souled christians today, serenely oblivious of eternity, are evaluating life in terms of full dinner pails and two-car garages. Their absorption in things material is inducing spiritual blindness and a terrible forgetfulness of God. And God will not be forgotten. Of that be sure. If love—the greatest love mankind has ever known—fails, as the love of Bethlehem and Calvary have failed today to win the hearts of men, then God will make use of "other means" to bring wayward, stiffnecked humanity to its senses. That other means, as God's recorded relations with mankind make abundantly clear, is suffering, disaster, persecution. The more we cultivate temporal interests to the exclusion of the eternal the more we run the risk of being blasted out of our Fool's Paradise by Heaven-sent disaster.

Corruptio Optimi!

Good-people-gone-wrong have ever brought more misery into this vale of tears than have all the millions of pagans who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. About the dereliction of those once intimate with God there is something especially frightening, something that all too literally cries to Heaven for vengeance. Such dereliction we have seen in "Catholic" Europe, once the stronghold of the Faith and especially in Catholic France, once "la fille ainée de l'eglise". And we have seen the vengeance of God descend like an all-consuming fire.

Will the fate of Europe overtake America? That is the question. Realize, once and for all, that we shall not be saved by human leadership. Will God save what is left of the Church and of civilization still untouched by barbarism that has engulfed unhappy Europe? Who can answer that question? Is there, then, a possibility that persecution may be our lot in your day and mine? Many are saying so. The mystics, (souls very close to God, whatever may be your views of "private revelations") have warned us unceasingly just as the recorded prophecies seem to centre upon the middle of this century as the time of the coming of Antichrist. We quote from a letter recently received from the author of a substantial book on the Prophecies of Our Times. "His reign I expect to be from 1952 to 1956. Henoch and Elias, the two witnesses, will return at that time, publicly. Both they and Antichrist are on earth now . . . Communism is the forerunner of his reign. He is a real human being, probably possessed by Judas. His right hand man will be Lucifer himself, assuming the form of man. He will work many apparent miracles, included in which will be crucifixes talking to those praying before them, telling them that Antichrist is the real Christ."

On September 6th, 1936, Lord said to Teresa Neumann: "The provocations have in these days attained their height. The furies of Hell rage now. The chastisement of God is inevitable. Every future petition to help them, to spare them, displeases Me. Until now many victims have offered their merits to expiate for the sins of mankind, which held back the wrath of God, but now their expiations are not enough and the chastisement is now certain and unpreventable. It will happen suddenly. Fortunate are they who are already in their graves. I have warned them and have postponed, as I did with Sodom. But Sodom would not listen to me nor do the people nowadays listen to me or heed my warnings. Therefore they will incur the sad experience of my wrath, which they deserve".

Prelude to Apostasy

Of one thing you may rest assured. Our way of living today is not such as to merit the grace of perseverance during a bloody persecution. It is literally a prelude to apostasy. We are not so much concerned with humanity's pitiful sins of weakness, but with the terrible conspiracy of forgetfulness of God, the unrequited love of the gentle Babe of Bethlehem



Fishin' is good at St. Mary's, Ont.

and the loving Saviour in agony on Calvary's cross. It is that terrible indifference, that attitude of being "neither hot nor cold" that is such an abomination in the sight of God in Heaven. To quote another statement of Christ Himself, this time to the saintly Mrs. Wise, of Canton, Ohio, in 1939: (Read her amazing story sometime) "Because there are so many cool Catholics here and elsewhere (Italics ours) "I shall take their religion away from them and give it to the Protestants and the Pagans." And a commentary from a friend of ours who writes us regularly on this subject: "How else could this be done except through a great persecution in which cool Catholics will apostatize while large numbers of Protestants and Pagans, who are of good-will, will join the Church after seeing how valiant, true Catholics suffer martyrdom for their You will notice that the "here" certainly has reference to America.

Now, my dear friend who may be about to die, whether disaster should overtake us in the form of atomic war, or Red persecution according to plans already outlined on their agenda even for Canada (death or Siberia for priests and religious, according to Professor Kirkconnell), or whether it will overtake us at all in your day and mine, is not a question on which we can be "mathematical". We know from the Scriptures that some day-how easily it could be in the immediate futurethere will arise false Christs and false prophets, working signs and wonder to deceive if possible even the elect. Who can say, then, that Antichrist is *not* in the world at the present moment? It should be pretty clear by now that the more fervent Christians there are "on the side of God" the more likely are we to be spared the Divine chastisement, the cooler the faith among them the greater the danger of cosmic disaster. There must be preserved some balance—precarious at the moment, it would seem—between the weight of insult and outrage offered to God on the one hand and the acts of love and penance and reparation on the other.

Are You Any Help?

Examine your own conscience, here and now. Are you a delinquent Christian? Is your life such as to help atone or to help bring down Divine vengeance upon the world? You have sinned. Haven't we all? Have you atoned even for your own transgressions or are you adding to the burden of penance and suffering and reparation so generously undertaken by frail little sisters in their convents and hidden contemplatives in their quiet cells? In other words, in this battle to save the world, are you a help or a hindrance, an asset or a spiritual liability? Are you strengthening or weakening the Mystical Body of Christ of which you are a member? Are you helping prevent or helping bring on the chastisement of God upon a sinful world? If the latter, stop worrying about the menace of Russia and do something about the menace that is yourself.

What can you do? What can we all do? Atone for our own transgressions and for those of the world by more intensity in our own spiritual lives, more acts of generosity and of reparation and of love. There is no other way. Help restore that balance in favor of Divine Mercy upon a sinful world. Penance! Penance! Reparation! This was the repeated message of God's own Mother in all her recent apparitions to the children of men, and especially in her recent apparitions at Fatima. She came down from Heaven to try to prevent the last world war. She promised the conversion of

(Continued on page 22)



POREIGN missioners throughout the world are constantly coming in contact with members of the armed forces of the United States. For the priests and sisters this is an experience both novel and pleasant—and the memories garnered from such contacts will long be cherished and remembered. Most interesting of all meetings are those with the American Army chaplains, who find themselves living under the same conditions as the missioners have experienced for years.

Everywhere throughout the Far East, one finds the Army, Navy and Air-Force chaplain. He is generally a young man fresh from his well-organized parish in one of the big cities of the United States. Living in make-shift homes, dining on canned food, sleeping on hard beds, enduring tropical heat, rain and mosquitoes, he has begun to understand and appreciate the loneliness, suffering and sacrifice that is the daily routing of a missioner's life.

These chaplains tell us that they will carry back with them to their parishes and people in the United States, their very great admiration for the magnificent work of these apostolic men and women who cour-

ageously suffer all things for God and for souls. The chaplains are very enthusiastic when they discuss the foreign missions. Many of them feel drawn to the work of these faroff fields and plan on joining us when they are released from their present duties. All of them have promised us that when they return to work in their American parishes, they will especially welcome to their homes the priests and sisters of the Foreign Missions and that they will abundantly make up in the future for any casualness towards our work in the past.

The chaplains are not content with mere promises, but endeavour to give tangible proofts of their sincere esteem. They try to outdo one another in assisting us missioners in whatever way they possibly can. Yes, indeed, every Catholic missionary in the Far East, no matter what may be his or her nationality, will always remember the American Army chaplain as a great benefactor.

In Shanghai we met Father Shannon from New York. He was a Navy 'chaplain, a big, happy-golucky man around thirty years of age. We found him at his desk in his office in the Navy building on

the famous Bund. As we waited to speak to him of our difficulties, a steady stream of Navy men kept going in to see him—bringing him all their troubles, confident that for one and all he would have the right solution.

Father Shannon greeted us like old friends and after we had duly introduced ourselves, he amazed us by inquiring how Father Venadam was. Then he told us how during the days before the war ended, he had lived with Father Venadam at Lungchuan, which was at that time, the only unoccupied mission in our whole district. Father Shannon was with a Navy patrol, and wound up in the interior of Chekiang at our mis-

as the Pacific, and a heart of gold. It was imperative that Father Mc-Goey and myself make a journey of hundreds of miles through the interior of the island of Luzon. Due to wartime conditions, all transportation was of course disrupted and a regular day's journey might stretch out into eight. We needed a vehicle of some sort, but the only ones available were jeeps and these the Army was selling only in big lots. To purchase one seemed entirely hopeless, for other priests had been trying to get one for months without success. Father Brew took us from official to official, until we at last met one who sympathized with our plight and sold us a jeep. Father Brew spent a

¶ A negro parson held forth one Sunday with a fine sermon, and was sympathetically received by the entire congregation. He was about to close.

"Brudders and sisters. Ah wants to warn yo' against the heinous crime of stealing watermelons," was his parting admonition.

At this time, an old negro arose, snapped his fingers, and sat down again.

"Wharfo, brudder, does yo' rise up an' snap yo' fingers when Ah speaks of watermelon stealin'?"

"Yo' jes' reminds me, pahson, whah Ah done left mah knife!"

sion compound. Thus he was able to give us valuable information about conditions in our Prefecture.

Then we told Father Shannon of our difficulties—how we were in Shanghai and were unable to proceed to Manila as planned because of the Navy's restrictions and the high priorities needed for such travel. Within a few days he had arranged for our transportation to the Philippines. Before we left he saw to our every comfort and need and arranged for us to enjoy something almost unknown in wartime Shanghai, a hot bath.

In Manila we met another chaplain, also from little old New York —Father Brew. He was with the Air-Force and had a smile as broad whole day helping us in this tiresome search and then topped things off in fine style by taking us both out for a real dinner. . . .

Everywhere we go the story is the same. Already, as we wait a few days for the release of the jeep, three other chaplains—Fathers Griffith, Mahoney and Muldoon, are pooling their resources and hospitality to outfit us with tropical clothing and other necessities so indispensible for a trip into the interior. We know that we will meet other American chaplains equally hospitable and kind and we look forward with keen anticipation and pleasure to the adventurous days that lie ahead. May God bless the American chaplains in the Far East.



TEXTBOOKS of the history of Philosophy all have a section which bears the title: The Problem of Universals. They record that some 700 years ago people discussed this so heatedly that bloody noses and a few cracked pates ensued. In our time, philosophers are a sedate group and such conduct is unthinkable. But the same problem is still with us. Its a confusion between abstractions and concrete cases; between principles and their application.

For instance, "Man" is a universal concept. There is no such thing as "man" in the real order; only men, i.e. this man and that man. But to speak of "the common man" is to speak of an abstraction. "Capitalism" and "Labour" are abstractions: but not "capitalists" and "labourers". The latter really exist as individuals coming under their own particular category. Why is it that today we are so ready to put a label on the group and then refuse to apply the label to any individual within the group?

In Logic, they used to teach us: All men are mortal. And then with this premise we went on to understand that any being coming under the category of "man", was automatically "mortal". Not so today. For instance, if one says that "Labour" has gone too far, every-

one agrees. Now apply it: "John Lewis has gone too far" . . . then listen to the hue and cry! The principle is admitted, but the application is denied. How can these things be?

We readily concede that the universal principle may have exceptions.

But we insist that THE SAME PRINCIPLE MUST HAVE SOME application, else its not a universal principle at all. If Canadians eat too much, as a people, then you must admit that there are Canadians who are too fat. We can't all be underfed; in fact, if you assert the premise as a principle, you MUST admit the conclusion. Logic has been ridiculed for so long that it has become fashionable of late to deny any value to it. One result is a series of generalizations never meant to be applied! The nature of the universal is still a problem. A new chapter is needed on the "Meaning of Meaning".

Statistics

Abstractions have not the force of individual cases; to be told that 3 million people will die within the next 4 months by starvation has no greater effect than to make the number a mere 2 million. But to see even one human being die stirs us to action; no imagination is required when the individual case is witnessed. This works both ways.



Pool for rainy days at St. Mary's, Ont.

Governments know that one atrocity, well described with all horrible details filled in has a greater propaganda value than an abstract report of the deaths of millions. It is difficult for us to make the proper transition from the individual case to the universal idea. It is the basis for prejudices and misunderstandings. Our minds form a generalization and exceptions are recalled only if it suits the purpose. Thus, now we group all Germans as Nazis, and we forget the several millions of individuals within the nation of 70 millions who were the first victims of a brutal regime.

Pastoral Letter

It was a shock for the Allies to read the letter published by the German bishops East Monday last. It was a condemnation of our work in vigorous language. Abuses were cited chief of which was the assumption that all Germans were equally guilty and hence to be deprived of all rights. They were driven off their lands, these farms left fallow and the

number of starving thus increased. Frightful mismanagement on our part; but we had forgotten that there could be such a thing as a good German. And even though an individual were guilty, he was still entitled to a fair trial . . . at least this is our vaunted British justice and if its to be applied to Goering and company, then why not to the poor peasant? A further blunder was the attempt to suppress this pastoral letter! You can imagine what propaganda this furnished a certain Eastern Power. The bishops would not be anxious to provide Josef with any such help; nor would the letter even be written until repeated complaints had failed to get results. We must simply remedy the situation at once and admit our error.

The Word "Proves"

An old saw has it that: there is an exception which "proves" every rule. The interpretation is commonly given that when a rule has an exception, its a good rule! Now what in the name of heaven does this mean? The word "proves" in the case cited has the meaning of test; i.e. if there's an exception then the rule is NOT perfect. Its an abstract principle which has not got universal application, hence it is imperfect. Not that it is useless; just that it is short of perfection. Some rules allow more exceptions than others; the more exceptions, the more imperfect the rule. The closer to being absolutely true, the better. A French wit put it this way: All generalizations are false, including this one! What was meant was that the more general a principle or rule is, the greater the possibility there may be of an exception, or as

A young Scottish recruit was put on sentry-go outside the general's tent. In the morning the general rose, looked out of his tent, and said in a stern and loud voice: "Who are you?"

The young man turned around smartly and replied: "Fine, sir! Hoo's yersel'?"

the philosophers have it: the greater the extension, the lesser the comprehension. If every case is an exception, then there is no rule.

Henry Kaiser and the Pelicans

A parable was related some time ago by Mr. Kaiser, current symbol of mass production: on the coast of California there was a cannery and daily the refuse was dumped into the bay. A huge flock of pelicans soon passed the word around and fed on this. A generation of pelicans grew up that had known nothing but plenty, freely distributed. When the cannery closed, there was dismay in the pelican world. At last they consulted some old pelicans who had managed to live such a length of time as to be able to remember the era previous to the opening of the cannery. The eldest of these told them: "There is but one answer, if you want food hereafter you must fish for it". What a wonderful bird is the pelican! The exception was over; back to the rule.

Mr. Churchill and Me

The grammarians have surendered again; another exception must be allowed. It is no longer a solecism to say: "This is me". Mr. Churchill has used the statement and the eminent linguists have fallen over one another to agree that if he does it, then its permissible for the rest of us. Permit a lone voice to complain. And resistance is made not so much on grammatical grounds as for a purely philosophical motive. It is idle to object that Joe Doaks says: This is me, and since there are 10 million Joe Doakes to every grammarian, then sheer weight of numbers should settle it. Joe could be taught to say "This is I"; just as well as he can be informed that "This is me" is now correct.

Now if the matter were worded and explained this way there would be no objection: "The number of people who now say "This is me" has grown so great that usage justi-

fies it, rather than "This is I" which shall be considered antiquated henceforth". This is reasonable and we will go along cheerfully. But when it is said: "Who are these grammarians anyway? They're not gonna tell us what we halfta say. This is a free country." Then we object that its another example of petulance rebelling against any sort of rule. Have it either way; but let one way be called the rule and give us a reason for its use. In French they say: C'est moi, so we admit precedent for it; but let's not change simply because its a rule and must be broken.

Customs and Morals

The most distressing aspect of this our new mentality is in the realm of ethics. Currently a law is being sponsored for the sterilization of the unfit in Ontario. It is admitted by most people that the process should be applied with great care, ample restrictions, adequate precautions, by way of exception, so to speak. Here we go again. Our objection is that the individuals concerned are human beings; and it is against the natural law of mankind to allow any person to be mutilated unless its a measure necessary to save or preserve his life. This is a universal law; it is not "proven" by any ex-(Continued on page 20)

Another step in training missionaries.





Let Geor

ROBERT HYMUS

Beginning a series of short humorous They'll take you to many parts of the w that, after all, human nature is the sam

HERE is only one George. So when I say George I mean my sacristan and house man. Yes sir, George is the faithful, honest "let me do it" type. I don't know what I could do without him. Now I don't mean as regards work, I mean as regards life and humour. He was born in East London, South Africa of a Lebanese mother and father according to the high standards of British Colonial rule and Irish Catholicism. George has much the appearance and all the loyalty of the average "cockney". A yen for the sea and years of sailing brought him to the shores of this tropical island. George became a barber by trade. Now he is my sacristan and a barber by trade. Not only that, he is a painter of cathedrals and hand signs, a sktecher, a net maker, something of a cook and a former weight-lifter.

Let George do it? Why, he never does it, what else could he do? But George never thinks of this. He has one of those active minds of small statured men whose main defense is in their wit and tongue. His memory is peculiarly adapted to forgetting former extravagant statements once proven wrong, and of remembering predictions that came true. Nor is he downhearted by adverse criticism, he blithely continues on his career in life, which is talking. "Let George do it?" You mean "Let George say it".

George is worthy of a book—so l'll begin the story of "Let George do it," or "If you want it done—do

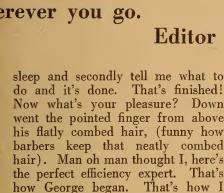
it yourself."

I knew he was coming to work for me in my parish, and to live in my house. I sent him word to come in the bus. But I was a little surprised to see him in his once immaculate white suit, carrying his life's goods wrapped in a wool blanket, alighting from the back of a transport truck. He greeted me with almost a full military salute, reminiscent of his active service in the last war with the Australian troops as a barber. "Here I am" said he, "and at your service. There are two things I want to say right away. First tell me where I am to

e Do It!

ories by Father Hymus.

d and prove once again
wherever you go.



began to "let George do it." Canadian business methods are direct and to the point so I said "George this is your home. You will look after the church and the order of the house." "That's finished" said George. But that was only the start. You see George's English had suffered after many years of Spanish and his memory from many years. How often I was to repeat, entreat, command and lose my patience over the man who said, "That's finished!" "Let George do it"-let us see how George did it according to George, in East London, South Africa.

"How George Stopped the Flower
Thieves"
"I was about 18 than" arms and a

"I was about 18 then" commenced George as he sipped the evening



coffee, "and each morning early about five thirty I used to gather the flowers from the garden next door to sell them for the lady. Well, I began to arrive too late. Each morning I saw that someone rose earlier and stole the fresh ones. You know that's the time to pick flowers when the dew in on them. So what could I do? One day I says, I'll fix that. So I rose at midnight and took a sheet and hid right among the flowers. I waited and waited until almost daylight. There coming along in the dim dawn was an old lady bent double on her walking stick and carrying a large basket. She had to climb over two short walls, but because of her age it took almost five minutes to scramble over each wall. Then hobbling along to the bushes where there were the choicest flowers she began to pick them and put them in her basket. I waited until she approached the bush where I was crouched with the sheet over me. Just as she reached a shaking arm to pluck a prized flower I jumped up and hooted. She let one shriek out of her and age, rheumatism and stave were all forgotten as she scrambled over the walls and ran down the road. The very walls she took five minutes to mount, she cleared like a ten year old. She was sick for a week. But no more flowers disappeared." "That's finished."

"How George Crossed the Graveyard"

"A neighbour of ours near East London was sick and asked me to tell his sister—a lady you know who lived outside the town. It was about nine o'clock at night. But being a neighbour I had to go, and because it was raining I couldn't take my bicycle, so I went on foot. There were two routes. One went in a half circle around the cemetery and the shorter one went through it. Now I don't like the cemetery. I never go near it, but because it was much shorter and I was going for charity I decided to try it. I kept in the centre of the trail watching both sides at once and reciting 'Hail Marys'. All at once a voice from a grave said 'Where are you going?" (To which, of course, George didn't answer). I ran without thinking and ran into a barb wire fence and couldn't get off. I just shrieked and shrieked until the townspeople came to see what was up. I was in bed Yes, he spoke from a 42 days. grave—a crazy man who slept there. But I didn't know he was crazy, nor that he was a man. You won't get me in a graveyard for one thousand dollars. Not me. Oh, no, not me. One thousand pounds, I mean, dollars, not me!"

How George Saw the Dead Man Brought to Life

"It was in East London and he was a neighbour of ours-a good lad, his mother was all he had and she loved him dearly. But he died! was from pneumonia or heart or something. But everyone was sorry as they liked him. I was a member of St. Vincent de Paul Society. We had to march in line at funerals. Well there we were, I was standing right behind the coffin in church. All the people, old ladies, gentlemen, and girls and the old Monsignor Kelly. He had about seventyfive years, was finished Mass and came to sprinkle the holy water and pray. In East London they take the lid off the coffin to sprinkle the holy water. I was scared but with a priest like Monsenor I figured it was all right. Then old Monsenor with his long black cope and his holy water began to recite prayers for the dead. When we were saying the "Our Father," he began sprinkling the corpse. All of a sudden the dead boy sat up—yes, sat right up in the coffin. We all ran. We were tramping one another and heading for the door. The old Monsenor Kelly tried to run but he was too old. Away went the holy water sprinkler and he tottered away to the sacristy. The only one who stayed was the boy's mother. She walked right over and just put her arm about him. "It's all right, my son." And he got out of the coffin and walked home with her. I saw that with my own eyes. I was beside the coffin. Then the next thing I was outside the church, running like mad. That's as true as I'm here." And it must be true for George is here.

(More of George next month)

Married Man: "It isn't the feathers that make me sad-it's their bills."

[¶] Professor: "Doesn't it make you sad to see women wearing feathers of the poor little birds on their hats?"



THEY KNEW CHRIST. By Rev. F. J. Mueller. Milwaukee: Bruce. 1946. 210 pp. \$2.

Fr. Mueller has already sketched the apostles for us in another volume (Christ's Twelve) and now he satisfies our thirst for all available authentic information on almost a score of other personalities who make their appearance, some only briefly, in the scriptural narrative. His analysis of motives, particularly when writing of Pilate, Annas and Caiphas, is very revealing. The author is a psychologist who can express the emotions and self-interest of his characters and make them live in such a way as to make the reader recognize them as types of his own weakness.

Seminarians and lovers of the

New Testament generally will enjoy the sketches of Timothy, Titus and Barnabas, those lesser saints who were overshadowed by Paul and Peter.

A chapter on the Rich Young Man illustrates the difference between a good Catholic and one who is willing to attempt heroic virtue: for meditation we recommend this chapter in a special way.

After chapters on Martha, Mary Magdalene and John the Baptist, the book ends with one on The World's Greatest Gentleman: St. Joseph.

Well worthwhile reading for every Catholic.

F. T. O'Grady

WARTIME MISSION IN SPAIN. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. Macmillan. 1945. 313 pp.

R. HAYES was the U.S. Ambassador to Spain from 1942 to 1945 and this book is the record of his achievement. For anyone interested in seeing Spain's war-record through the eyes of an American historian (the author is a professor of history at Columbia University) this volume is quite indispensable. It has already caused no little controversy and Professor Hayes is accused of being "pro-Franco". It would be difficult to find a more balanced, prudent and impartial judgment on what the author saw of Spanish affairs during his stay in that country.

The final picture emerging is one of a peaceloving Spain, trying to rebuild after the destruction of the Civil War, fearful of Russia and willing to work with the Democracies as an honourable partner. Distortion of this picture is mentioned throughout the book on the part of U.S. journalists who are either Red, Pink or "fellow travellers". Examples of the frequent evils of "freedom of the press" in America are numerous. Ignorant writers, columnists, editors have done great harm; the cases cited remind one of the warnings of "The First Freedom" by M. Ernst.

Assistance to the Allies against Hitler took the form of raw materials to England (notably iron ore and pyrites); release of eleven hundred U.S. airmen (who technically should have been interned); allowing 20,000 Frenchmen through Spain out of occupied France to North Africa (and twice refusing German troops to pass through); over 1,000 Jews released by the Germans by direct intervention of Spain; allowing U.S. spying of troop movements in France through interviews of military-refugees from that country escaping through Spain; release of Italian merchant vessels to the Allies; and several diplomatic privileges denied to the Germans. All this whilst part of the press in this country was busy swinging public opinion against Franco.

The book is no appeal in favour of the Caudillo; it is simply the record of the ambassador's experience during a very trying period in the history of his country. Everyone should read this book.

F. T. O'Grady

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well as the NEW one.)

The Ivory Tower

ception. One wonders if the advocates of the bill have thought the thing through carefully. Too frequently they believe in "the greatest good of the greatest number". This is a faulty principle. You will recall the politician explaining that he was a firm adherent to this principle. When asked what the greatest number was he candidly admitted: "Number One'.!

Lets have a proper understanding to the effect that a universal is an idea in the mind which is meant to be applied to a great number of real individual things outside the mind. If its a principle, its meant to be applied to the vast majority of cases; when its a case of right or wrong, there are *no* exceptions. Truth is not ambulatory, we do not make it up as we go along.



BOOKS WANTED

"Money invested in a library gives much better returns than mining stock." (Sir William Osler, Feb., 1908.)

MERCIER: A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy.

NEWMAN: Grammar of Assent.

BELLOC: The Restoration of Property.

BERDYAEV: The Russian Revolution.



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Page Twenty-One

A Letter from Lishui

exchange of experiences I came away richer by 2 packs of Camels.

As I made the trip on Fr. Mo's bike—the tires of which are somewhat the worse for wear, I came halfway back to Tsingtien by boat. Arriving there at 3 p.m., I had hopes of reaching here before dark. I got within 15 miles of the city, when it got too dark to see the road. In fact I knew I was off the road. Nothing to do but to put up for the night at the local "Royal York". Left at 5.30 a.m. next morning.

Well Father, the cook is going out to try to find some meat; so I will finish off this letter. Hope to see many of the "old gang" within a few months at the most. So be sure you stop at Tsingtien. Remember me especially to Frs. Roge and Andy. Ask them if they want me to send them some ink and letterpaper; say the same a fortiori to MacSween when you see him next time. So long, and God bless you, Father.

W W

A Visit to a Campo

dinner, which we ate with the crowd and so delighted them, we had about forty baptisms to perform, and liberas to say or chant for the de-

parted faithful.

We arrived back in the city in time for supper, tired and happy. Among other things it convinced us of the necessity of owning faster transportation than horses can provide. It will be a long time before there is an adequate number of priests to take care of everybody. In the meantime we can multiply ourselves or our range of ministrations if we had a car or two. What say, my friends?

Atomic War or Persecution?

Russia and an era of peace for the world if only her own children would listen. But they would not, any more than Sodom would listen. And in Europe they have paid the ghastly price of their own infidelity. If Russia today looms large as a menace to the world, instead of being a converted people, we can thank the indifferent Catholics of Europe, so many of whom have gone in agony to their graves. The good-peoplegone-wrong have done it once again.

Hope of the World

A word of hope. America is listening, thank God, to the appeal of Fatima. From one end of the land to the other faithful souls are responding in a manner that is reassuring. We know of at least one million families where the Family Rosary is said every evening and the devotion of the First Saturdays (the two things proposed specifically by the Blessed Virgin) is being practised by devout souls in increasing numbers as the days go by. What can you do? You do not want any "prescription" of ours when you have before you the peace plan of Mary, Mother of God. It may be the last loving appeal of a mother's heart to a world that has turned its back on God, her Son. It may be the last call for peace on earth in our generation. What more are we waiting for? Shall we hesitate for one moment to exert our spiritual power on the side of those devout souls who are bravely trying to save our despairing world?





Bicycle Contest Rules

- (1) The Contest ends midnight, September 30th, 1946. All mail must be postmarked not later than that date.
- (2) For each subscription you send in, your Contest Number will be marked on a tab and dropped into the Contest Box. So, for example, if you send in five subscriptions, your number will be dropped into the box five times. Besides this, you will be sent a prize worth five subscriptions. Then, on October 1st, three of our Missionaries will oversee the drawing of one number and that number wins the bicycle.
- (3) REMEMBER that ONLY the bicycle is being drawn for. You will be sent whatever of the other prizes you want to work for. So you have the opportunity of getting these other prizes AND as many chances on the bike as you have subscriptions.
- (4) It makes no difference whether you send in new subscriptions or renewals of old.
- (5) Be sure to tell Fr. Jim what prize you want for the subscriptions you send to him. There are prizes for one subscription and up.

(6) REMEMBER, you must have your Contest Number to try for the bicycle. You get your Contest Number on joining the Rose Garden. The other prizes can be won by non-members.

NOTICE

Our Bicycle Contest closing date has been postponed until October 1st, so that you will all be back at school when the drawing takes place. In this way no one will miss seeing CHINA and knowing who the lucky Bud is.

Quickie Quiz Winner

Mary Alicia Ryan, 32 Carmelite Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld. won our May Quiz. The question was: "When was Scarboro Foreign Mission started under the name of China Mission College?" And the answer—in 1918. Congratulations, Mary!

* * *

Next Quickie Quiz will be in the September issue. Remember there is always a prize for the first correct answer.



Hiya Buds!

Have you got that "Oh-boy-holiday-feeling" too? Time to go fishin'; time to play games! And no homework! Yippee!! School days, school days, dear old golden rule days . . . hmmm. My teacher used to have a rule that wasn't very golden, but it sure produced golden results—results, that is! Oh boy! Spare the rod and spoil the child? We were angelic! (I hope) . . Have a good time this summer; after working hard in school you deserve it. I hope everybody passed too.



I had a newsy letter from Billy Edmonds, 62½ Lady Hammond Rd., Halifax. He got the boys and girls in his neighborhood to club together and meet Thursday nights to do things for our Missionaries. Among-other things they have collected 12,200 stamps. That is something to brag about!



"We collected pictures of our Newfoundland priests in your Society and arranged them in a circle with Msgr. McGrath in the centre. Printed in large black letters are the words Save Used Stamps for Our Missionaries". So write Buds from Presentation Convent School, St. John's, Nfld. Well sir, you should see how our Newfoundland missionaries are strutting around now! . . And I will say they have plenty of reason to. Good luck to you, Buds!



Cheers for Marie and Anne Joyce, 33 Darling Ave., Toronto, Ont. for their great work in the Garden. Thanks girls! Good luck to you in your Bicycle Contest.

Well, Buds, here is some sad news. From among the Buds of Holy Name School in Pembroke God called to Him little Ramona Seymour. We offer to her parents, family and school-mates the sincere sympathies of us all and a promise of prayers. May St. Theresa, the Little Flower, look after her.

Now that the holidays are here I'm looking forward to all Buds getting into the swing of our Bicycle Contest. There are premiums for every age of boys and girls. Some Buds have already received premiums and, of course, have their numbers in the Contest Box ready for the drawing for the bicycle at the end of this September. Read the rules carefully on another page. Remember that every old subscriber kept and every new one added means a great deal in our struggle to convert thousands of Chinese.



And so, my lads and lassies, away to your holidays. Be good and be careful. Remember your Promises because even in holiday-time there are souls to be saved and your Missionaries to be helped. God be with you all and fill your hearts with happiness and peace. Don't forget to write me if yau have time and also to send me some of the snaps you take.

'Bye for now and say a prayer for me too.

Your friend always,

FATHER JIM





Dear Father Jim,

My birthday is Sept. 5th and I would like a Pen Pal born on the same day. In school we collect a lot of stamps for you. Am ten years old.

Josephine Berrigan, Renews, Nfld.

Born just in time to go to school, weren't you Jo? Thanks for all the stamps. We need ever so many of them.

* * *

Dear Father Jim,

After I get back from the country where I have to go because I'm not well, I'll get some friends together to work for your missions. Here's a dollar for now.

Pauline Daley, 2334 Coursol St., Montreal, Que.

Sorry to know you have been sick, Pauline, and hope you will be well real soon. Get lots of sunshine and sleep.

* * *

Dear Father Jim,

Here are two more Buds, and Father, my name was listed wrong. I'm saving my pennies and will send them in June.

Geraldine Sullivan, 10-2nd Avenue, Grand Falls, Nfld.

According to Confucius a good deed is the buying and releasing captive birds. How much more so releasing little children from paganism? Keep up the good work, Gerry.

Dear Father Jim,

I enclose the contents of my mite box. Please send me a new one. We boys must do our share to save souls.

Art Grace, Vinton, Que.

Thanks for everything Art, and I wish you all the luck in the world in your attempt to win the bicycle.

* * *

Dear Father Jim,

I am thirteen years old, like swimming and baseball and working in the Garden for the boys of China.

Dan Blackmore, 2b Riverview Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.

Perhaps some day a Chinese ball team might come to Canada, Dan, and you will have helped make it possible. Why? Because baseball is just another benefit of Christianity.

* * *

Dear Father Jim,

I really had a lot of fun saving this money for our Missionaries . . . and haven't missed saying the membership prayer yet. And, Father, I'm fourteen now.

Sybil Costley, 39 Metcalfe St., St. John, N.B.

Well done, Sybil! And I'm sure all Heaven feels the same way about you too . . . a cheerful giver.

Dear Father Jim,

Here are five hundred stamps and my 'mite' . . . I'm going on a hike now so I'll have to close.

Mary Ann Hunt, Walkerton, Ont.

You must have done a bit of hiking to gather so many stamps, Mary Ann. But then you're from Walker-ton . . . Ouch!!

* * *

Dear Father Jim,

Leo, Catherine, Francis, Mark and Edward (that's me, as Churchill says), enclose the contents of our mite boxes.

Edward Labelle, St. Andrew's West, Ont.

You sure are la belle Labelle family and wide-awake Buds. Have a good time in the holidays.

Dear Father Jim,

Here is my gift to help Fr. McKernan pay his way to China. I say the mission prayer for him every night . . . I'm nine years old.

Bernard Burke, Terrace Hotel, Amherst, N.S.

Just wait until Fr. McKernan reads this, Bernard! It will make him ever so happy. Bless your heart!

* * *

Dear Father Jim,

Please forgive my not answering your letter sooner. Did you have a nice Easter? . . . Bye for now; I have to help my brother and sister get ready to do a Charity dance.

Patricia Ling, 111 Fourth Ave., Ottawa, Ont.

Is a Charity dance, Pat, one where you forgive your partner for stamping on your feet? Thanks for everything you're doing for our Garden. Have a swell summer holiday.

* * *

Dear Father Jim,

I would like to join the Rose Garden and add my bit for China's Children. Am eleven years old. Would you get me a Pen Pal from Alberta please?

Bob Corcoran, 183 Galley Ave., Toronto, Ont.



Martintown, Ont., is the home of Murial and if there are any children there who don't belong to our Garden it certainly would be a mystery. Murial gathers them in and they are all proud to belong to our club. So it is cheers for her and congratulations. Such mission-mindedness is what we want to see in every boy and girl who is Catholic. May God bless you, Murial!

Calling all Alberta Buds! Bob writes a nice clear hand and has oodles of newsy things to say.

* * *

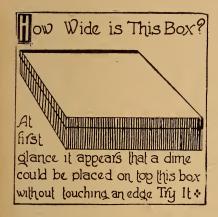
Dear Father Jim,

Giving up candy and gum during Lent made it possible to send this help for China's Children. I'd just love to have some Pen Pals. Am fifteen years old.

Theresa Benoit, Port-au-Port, Nfld.

I'm sure you'll get all the Pen Pals you want when the Buds see this, Terry. And you deserve a lot for what you have done to make others happy.

FUN FEST















The five little pigs only had four pens to sleep in at night and the farmer and David used to have a dreadful time to get the littlest pig to go into a pen with another pig. Finally they put their heads together to see what they could do. Can you arrange the four pens so that there will be five, and one pen for each pig?

Learn to Draw











Buds! A Bicycle FREE to the Lucky Contest Number. See page 23 for Contest Rules.

No. 1—20 subs.; No. 2—20 subs.; No. 3—16 subs.; No. 3a—16 subs. (for a dozen); No. 4—20 subs.; No. 5—40 subs.; No. 6—16 subs.; No. 7—5 subs.; No. 8—5 subs.; No. 9—32 subs.; No. 10—16 subs.; No. 11—8 subs.; No. 12—20 subs.; No. 13-8 subs.; No. 14—6 subs.; No. 15—4 subs.; No. 16—10 subs.; No. 17—24 subs. (Hockey Game); No. 18—24 subs. (Baseball Game).

Rummoli, 1 sub.

Sorry Game, 4 subs. This game is a barrel of fun.

Cartoon Drawing Set, 4 subs.

Horseplay Game, 4 subs.

Chinese Checkers, 4 subs.

Jig Saw Puzzles, 2 subs.

Table Tennis with 4 bats, (a) 10 subs.

Table Tennis with 4 bats (b) 16 subs. Table Tennis balls (doz.), 4 subs.

Swim Trunks, 8 subs.

Swim Goggles, 10 subs.

Sheath Knife, 18 subs.

Rosary, Silver Color—7 subs.; Weriroid Plaque—2 subs.; Catechism quiz game—2 subs.; White Prayerbook—4 subs.; Crown Game—5 subs.; Holy Water Font—2 subs.; 10 inch Statue—5 subs.; Sterling China and Medal—3 subs.; Plastic Crucifix—2 subs.; Mary T. Waggaman—Book—4 subs.; 7 x 9 Picture—2 subs.; Bracelet: Rose Medals—8 subs.; Double Strand Pearl Choker, Black Velvet Ties—7 subs.; Set Sparkler Bangles, silver color—6 subs.; Rope Sole Walking Shoes, white and blue, beige and brown—11



subs.; Vinylite Plastic Rain Coat for girls-18 subs.; Signet Ring for girls 10K nat. gold top, two initials-9 subs. For the boys sterling silver Signet Ring 10K nat. gold top, two initials-12 subs.; Octagonally Shaped Plastic Compact, one initial-5 subs.; three piece Metal Dresser Set gilt tone, one initial, blue green, black-9 subs.; Waterman's Pen, blue, grey or black-11 subs.; Geographical Globe-12 subs.; Zipper Closing Bill-Fold, morrocco grained leather-5 subs.; Photo Album (50 sheets)-3 subs.; Plastic Flashlight pre focussing, permanent and signal switch - 8 subs.; Steel Roller Skates, double ball-bearing - 11 subs.; Scanty Perfume-2 subs.; 2 Piece Evening in Paris Toilet Water and Perfume-5 subs.; 3 Piece Peggy Sage Polish, Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover-4 subs.; 1 Popular Victor Record-3 subs.; 1 Papular Decca Record—2 subs.; 1 Record Album (10")-4 subs.

Aeroplanes

SOLID MODELS - Lancaster, Black Widow, Superfortress, Halifax, Mosquito, Mariner—4 subscriptions each.
FLYING MODELS—Spitfire, Airacobra,

Beaufighter, Mosquito, Stinson Sentinel

4 subscriptions each.
GAS MODELS — Hornet, Commando — 8
subscriptions each.

Gas engine for these models-53 subscriptions.

Super Detail Precision Beam struction—Anso Lancaster, Mitchell— 12 subscriptions each.

CHEMISTRY SET — 20 subscriptions; small sets 4 subscriptions.

X-ACTO KNIFE CHEST — 14 subscrip-

tions. X-ACTO BLOCK PLANER—3 subscrip-

tions. X-ACTO HOBBYCRAFT SAW (six refill

blades)—4 subscriptions. WHITTLER'S SET—No. 6 Knife, 6 as-Wooden chest-8 subsorted blades. scriptions

SAILING BOATS—18"—10 subscriptions; 20"—16 subscriptions; 24"—20 subscriptions

Newsy Notes

Welcome Back!

Two more of our war-time chaplains, Fr. A. Clement (Air Force) and Fr. M. Dwyer (Navy) have returned to the Seminary. Altogether Scarboro Foreign Mission Society gave a total of thirty-five years service to our armed forces.

Orchids!

To President Mrs. K. Turner, the officers and members of the Mission League of the Little Flower of Montreal for staging a Card Party in the interests of our Society.

To Mrs. A. Hymus, President, the officers and members of the Women's Auxiliary for the very successful Bridge and Euchre held at our St. Anne's Chinese Mission, Toronto.

To Mrs. August Schilling and friends in Westfield, New Jersey, who answered Fr. Ainslie's appeal for a statue of the Infant of Prague. These good people also sent a generous donation to help the work of our Society.

A Reminder

August 22nd has been designated by the Holy See as the day on which Catholics throughout the world will celebrate the new feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Preston, Ont. C.C.S.M.C.

Monsignor McGrath, S.F.M., was guest speaker at the annual rally of the Catholic Student Crusaders held in Preston on June 2nd. CHINA takes pleasure in thanking these old friends of the Society.

Our Cover

The "lauda" or boatmen of China have plied the oar down through the centuries. They keep their boats scrupulously clean. Their day commences at sunrise and ends at sunset.

Pray for the Dead

Sister M. Cyrilla Merrigan.
Pilot Officer W. E. Suddick, D.F.C.
Mrs. Jno. Inmon.
Mrs. Jno. Kealy.
Mrs. Leo Levionnois.
Michael J. Murphy.
Mary Curtin.
Michael McQuaid.

Thanksgivings

A. M. Toronto, Ont.

Prayers Requested

By reader of CHINA, Pictou.



But you Can't take it with you!!!

One of the ways of helping this work of ours is by remembering us in your will.

An even better plan is to send us that promised donation NOW when we are being submerged by requests from our Priests in China who are confronted with the herculean task of rebuilding our many bombed-out missions.

Give Now When the Need is Greatest

Send cheques and money orders to

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY,

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont,



EASE SAVE AND SEND US YOUR CANCELLED STAMPS. WE CAN USE THEM TO HELP OUR MISSIONARIES. hina Stamp Dept., Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.



WATCH EXPIRY DATE ON YELLOW LABEL AND RENEW PROMPTLY.



arboro Bluffs, Ontario



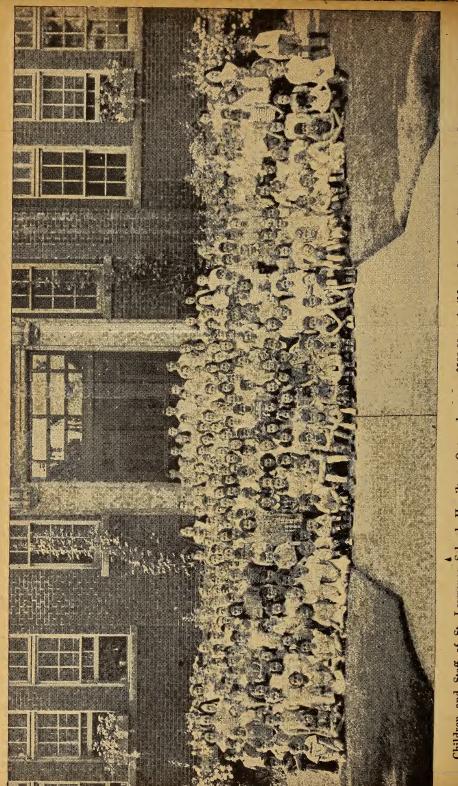








SEPTEMBEI **194**6



Children and Staff of St. Lawrence School, Hamilton, Ont., who gave \$500.00 to build a chapel in China. May God bless them all!

ECHOES From SEIBC MICHAEL R. MSSWEEN



A FEW days after arriving in our new parish, Santa Cruz del Seibo, a delegation came from La Higuera, a country district, asking if I would go there to perform some baptisma few baptisms—as the children did not have clothes to come in to the Church. I agreed and arranged for Sunday afternoon. At two thirty Raul Peguero and I mounted our sturdy steeds. Did I say sturdy? Mine was anything but! I had to keep my mouth shut tight to keep my teeth from rattling. A two hour jog. My first trip to the country in these parts. Immediately on leaving the town we were swallowed up in fields of sugar cane; but the ride was not monotonous as on both sides of the road, beyond the sugar cane, were beautiful rolling mountains decked with Evergreens and, too, among the sugar cane there were the odd cluster of palm, orange and coconut trees which seem to have been put there by God to decorate the land. What a railroad! Yes, an honest to goodness railroad. It runs to La Romana, about forty miles from here. I am sorry that I missed seeing a train. We came to the first settlement about

an hour after leaving Seibo - a densely populated little village-and of course the people came swarming to the roadside once they noticed a foreigner on horseback. Most of the people in this country section are Haitians and are very black. We stopped to embrace them and then rode on again. More sugar canemiles of it-all the way to La Romana, but, thank God, we were only going as far as La Higuera. La Higuera is the smartest country settlement that I have seen since coming to the Republic. I must say that in these sugar plantation districts the people live in clusters which give the place the appearance of a town. The houses are close together and built in straight rows and usually on elevated ground. These looked particularly nice as they were all recently white-washed. We arrived at our destination and looking around from my perch I had the feeling that I was at a country picnic. There was music—there was dancing-there were men and women dressed to kill, standing straight as pins for fear of dislodging the creases in their not too costly gar-

CHINA

Page Three

ments. There were the customary greetings, polite but cautious, as few expected to see a foreigner-especially, such a big, handsome looking foreigner. The music ceased as I became the center of attraction. Bulging eyes and open mouths showing ill-kept teeth and in many cases no teeth at all, were all that I could see. I decided that I better get to work as I expected to have ten or fifteen baptisms-imagine my feelings when I found that there were thirty-nine. It was then five thirty -the music had started up againthe dancers jerked and swayed. Would that I had time to demon-

would you have done if you were going along the line trying to do everything the best you could and there standing erect, as pious as Job, was a young lady with her arms folded caressing a bottle of rum close to her breast. I almost "howled" myself. The sun had long gone to rest and the moon and the stars took over before I finished with the last group. I read the prayers by flickering lamp and candle light, silently reproaching myself for not taking my flashlight along. Others came in the meantime but it was after eight so I decided to call a halt and return some other day.

¶ A young couple that had received many valuable wedding presents established their home in a suburb. One morning they received in the mail two tickets for a popular show in the city, with a single line:

"Guess who sent them?"

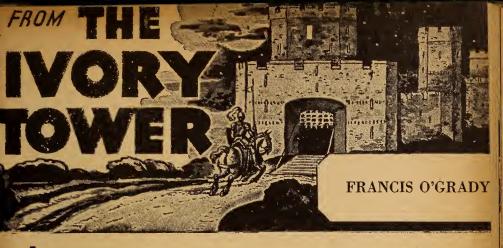
The pair had much amusement in trying to identify the donor, but failed in the effort. They duly attended the theatre, and had a delightful time. On their return home late at night, still trying to guess the identity of the unknown host, they found the house stripped of every article of value. And on the bare table in the dining-room was a piece of paper on which was written in the same hand as the enclosure with the tickets:

"Now do you know!"

strate how it should be done. I called for ten of the thirty-nine "howlers"; twelve were brought forth and with the help of Raul, a policeman and several men, I lined them up against a hedge of evergreens. The sun was setting fast. A glorious evening and I feel that God was very pleased as He gazed on the spectacle - the place, the swaying mob and the "howlers" soon to be His subjects. Oh, the price that some good godmothers and godfathers pay to be such. I felt sorry for myself until I looked at them and what were clean, starched and pressed trousers, coats and dresses a short time before. No matter how solemn an occasion. it always has its lighter vein. What

The Father must have coffeegood strong black coffee-oh, did it ever taste good. By this time I had gained the confidence of the people and once again I became the center of attraction-everybody talking at once. I was thrilled when three gents presented themselves speaking perfect English. They were negros from the Island of St. Thomas. We talked 'till my stomach reminded me that supper was awaiting me in Seibo. So to the horses, up into the saddles; we rode into the sugar cane again-Raul singing Spanish diddies - I sang "Don't give me a home where Sugar Cane Roll" to the clickity, clickity, clickity of my willing but unappreciated steed.

Page Four China



A S September comes around and so many people must decide upon a school to which they will entrust the development of the minds of their children, some reflection on the notion of education is of paramount importance. There is more to this first month than writing an essay on "How I Spent My Summer Holidays". It may be the first step on the ladder of success, or if the lowest rung of the ladder is broken it can mean a crippled foot to drag after us for life. A sense of values is what we must seek.

Information Please

There is something more to an education than being well-read, wellfed and well-bred. In scope it reaches from the three "R's" to the Quantum theory and Relativity. But besides this so-called "school-learning" it has a much more complete application. A young lad defined a man as: an animal split half-way up and walking on the split end. Another gem was: an adult is a man that has stopped growing at both ends but not in the middle. The reason for introducing such definitions at this stage is simply because you must know what a man is, be he child or adult, before you can start talking about educating him. There is a great deal of confusion in educational circles today relative to the actual makeup of a man and logically then, confusion follows in the realm of education.

In 1929, Pius XI wrote an encycical on Education and right at its beginning he referred to man's essential nature in the biblical phrase "made in the image and likeness of God". Keep this in mind when you

propose to educate man.

The term education is another one used loosely. Literally it means "to draw out", from the latin educere. To educate you must draw out what is best in man, develop it for the single reason of his last end or goal. G. K. Chesterton once said that nobody knows what education is but we all want our children to have it. There is some truth in this charge. It is imperative in these times that we know not vaguely but exactly what it is, and how it can be of use, not just to children but to every citizen.

The Specialist

A little learning is a dangerous thing; drink deep or touch not the poet advises. It is often too true that once a man knows a little bit, he thinks he knows everything possible about his particular subject. There is a necessity for somebody who could learn a little bit about many things, in order to be able to

judge general trends with some competence. When Boswell was going off to Utrecht, Dr. Johnson advised him to "Learn something about everything and everything about some thing". This profound advice is an ideal yet. have our pseudo-philosophers who claim to know something about everything and we are also afflicted with specialists who think they know everything about one thing. A specialist has been defined as "one who learns more and more about less and less until finally he knows everything about nothing!" Engrossed in detail he loses all perspective. There is danger either way, a scratch-top knowledge is equally dangerous. Wisdom lies in the middle.

when the accent is on "higher-learning". For this purpose you need professors from Europe who need hair-cuts and speak poor English or preferably no English at all; they lecture in Hindustani or some other equally impractical language (as far as we are concerned) and everyone is frightfully impressed. Other people conceive a university to be a place of comfort and traditions: the students enjoy the comfort and the professors provide the traditions. Surely this can't be the ideal we seek.

Curriculum, Curricula . . .

Our schools today, have a flock of courses you would never recognize. You can take classes in Per-

¶ Some in corrigible dreamer, inspired by speech enthusiasts who periodocally flaunt candidates for the ten most beautiful words derby, suggests the following ten "most beautiful postwar phrases": (1) Fill her up; (2) Apartment for rent; (3) Experienced maid wants work; (4) The customer is always right; (5) It isn't worth repairing; (6) January white sale; (7) Make that beef rare, waiter; (8) Pass the butter, please; (9) Send a cab right away; (10) I'll take a case.

A definition

A Catholic must be catholic in his knowledge as well as his religion, because it is his aim to use everything as a help on the way to heaven. Hence our definition: the development of the individual in such wise that life may yield the greatest possible amount of joy and happiness to him now and hereafter, and through him to the social group in which he lives.

For this reason education must refer to the moral, intellectual and physical development of the man. Perhaps contrasting views will help us see the ideal:—For some, the athletic stadium is the most important unit of a university; the corresponding element in a primary-school is the kinder-garten. Others cenceive education to be at its best

sonality or Quack-psychology! Our objection is not to the new as such; merely to the silly. A boy came painfully near the truth when he wrote: "It is estimated that some 300,000 people suffer from some form of abnormal psychology". Students have their problems; so do parents and teachers. An irate parent once wrote the late professor Stephen Leacock: "Dear Professor, My son has been in your class for three years and has failed each time. What is the meaning of this?" To which he replied: "I think it must be hereditary!"

There is a danger that Catholics often fall into and it is this: we sometimes imagine that education is a process which begins around the sixth year and ends either in one's 'teens or early twenties. We im-

agine that a certain number of facts must be absorbed and when these can be retained in the memory for a period of some two or three hours (which testing time we call an examination) then the person has been graduated, as we put it, and education is complete. Man is a mystery to himself; how can we assume that he can be measured in this fashion; that is certainly not education.

Schooling is a part of education, doubtless, but it is not the only part. Plenty of learned men are not educated, since, to go back to our definition, all that is best in them has never been brought to the surface to be of use. The first university has been described as "two men on a log". This is quite reasonable; large buildings are not indispensable. Our Lord educated twelve men without faculty halls-"The Son of Man hath not where to lay His Head"—He told them. They had a liberal education. And this brings us to the most practical point for a Catholic: each one of us has a certain education which he must use to help him on his way to heaven and also as a help to his neighbour. What is this education he possesses and what can he do with it?

A Catholic Philosophy of Life To begin with: every Catholic knows what he is: a creature in search of His God. Happiness is the reward at the end of the journey and usually happiness accompanies him on his way in this life. The Catholic then knows his goal, knows himself, then looks around for the means to that goal. This choice of means is the essence of liberty. Of the Four Freedoms, this one is crucial: we must retain in our own hands the means to get to heaven. A Catholic education can explain this and no other.

Choose a school for your children which will develop them in both the natural and supernatural orders.

Then they will be given truths not merely for the sake of "learning" but especially for LIVING. The end of learning is the attainment of the intellectual virtues; development for LIVING demands the practice of the moral virtues: prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance.

The interests of such children will be broad as the horizon, including the good of neighbour as well as self. Simultaneously they will be vertical, with sanctity as the goal of this order. An educated Catholic is one who uses a broad base of interests as a foundation and on this he builds his ladder leading to God.

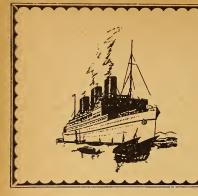
BOOKS WANTED

"Money invested in a library gives much better returns than mining stock." (Sir William Osler, Feb., 1908.)

BELLOC: The Servile State.
CRONIN: The Science of Ethics.
LEIBELL: Readings in Ethics.
MARITAIN: True Humanism.
BERDYAEV: The End of Our
Time.



CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. D. E. Stringer, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVII, No. 8, September, 1946. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.



Monsignor Fraser Writes

HE boat pulled from the wharf at Seattle on Monday, April 29th, but just crossed the harbour to an oil station, where it took on 7,000 barrels of crude oil. We went to bed and next morning expected to be near Victoria but, to our surprise, we were in the middle of the Bay with the vast city of Seattle spread before us. It was a beautiful sight with the twin towered Catholic Cathedral dominating the scene. Warships, air-crafts, carriers and other vessels filled the harbour. But the passengers were anxious to be away. Hour after hour passed and no move. They were waiting for another Doctor or something. Finally after taking on a pilot we were under way. The panorama we now rapidly passed on either side was very beautiful; and interesting cliffs, forests, white capped mountains, cities, as we proceeded through the long straits towards the ocean. This morning we woke up far out at Sea with only white gulls in sight.

Before departure yesterday, Fr. Strang and I said Mass in a nice quiet reading room. The Sisters helped dress the altar; they three and two ladies went to Communion. This morning we said Mass again and hope to say it every day, though the weather is getting rougher and the vessel is heaving a great deal, we are making good speed, 426

knots the first day. The white gulls of yesterday have disappeared and another species have appeared. They are wonderful birds, sailing through the air for hours without moving their wings. The food on board is plentiful and substantial. This is not the freighter I expected but a modern hospital ship converted into a passenger vessel with every convenience, stewards and waiters.

When I returned to the vessel on Monday to my surprise I found my room occupied by women with their dresses, etc., hung up around the cabin. A purser explained with many excuses that a mistake had been made by the Company, and all the women were now grouped together on A deck and the men on the deck below, B deck. However we got a better room, a very large compartment with a double bathroom attached; only mine is an upper berth which is not so convenient. The room is well air-conditioned, with plenty of fresh air blowing in which I can regulate at will. There is a spacious lounge upstairs where most of the passengers congregate, play cards or converse. I have made an acquaintance with a number. A Mr. Brady, a Catholic from Washington, serves my Mass, he is going to China to dispose of the surplus U.S. equipment. An elderly Anglican lady came asking

where I said Mass, she could not find the place this morning. She was very anxious to hear Mass today, the Feast of Sts. Philip and James. Tomorrow she will be there. She always heard Mass on board when the Maryknoll Fathers were present on a former trip. I hope she does not attempt to go to Communion. A Filippino young lady who intends to be a nun, is in the same cabin with the Sisters. was all through the siege of Manila, and took shelter with the Assumption Sisters in dug-outs. Quite a number of the passengers are U.S. Govt. officials, UNRRA and Protestant Missionaries. We seem to have a select crowd on board, quiet and respectable. Many of them are Catholics, also a number of the crew have expressed the desire to hear Mass next Sunday. Two of the coloured help were Fr. Flanagan's boys at his Boy Town. At the table we two priests and the three sisters are together.

The big event of today was a life boat drill, at the sound of the alarm bell at 3 p.m. we all had to don life preservers and go to the boat station assigned. Ours is number 7, a large motor launch. On the ship there is every safety device. Last night the chief steward came to explain the water tight doors would be closed all night. This is an excellent precaution; if anyone of a dozen water tight compartments into which the ship is divided should spring a leak, only that one would refill with water and the ship would remain floating. Each compartment has a double staircase to the upper deck. whole ship is made of steel through-Our stateroom is amidships which is, of course, the best location. We have regular beds with sheets, pillows and blankets. There is hot and cold water in the bathroom and a cold drinking water fountain in each cabin.

The three sisters are very brave to go to the Interior of China so soon after they were interned and repatriated. One, the Superior, showed me a picture of the first group of pupils she had and she was in the centre. It was taken thirty years ago, she would not have told me who the sister was had I not asked her. Their Convent and High School in Wuchang was only slightly damaged and an Irish Sister and a Chinese Sister who were allowed to remain when the others were interned in Shanghai, held the fort in their absence and have even opened a school already. These Sisters (Notre Dame of Namur) came from Ohio. I read the life of their Foundress, Blessed Julie Billiart in Manila, but never thought I would meet any of the community so soon.

Thursday, May 2nd

At Mass the three sisters and three ladies went to Communion. noticed the Anglican lady above mentioned was there and, while the others were receiving, she remained kneeling and bowed profoundly. The Sea is calmer today, like a lake and very little motion to the boat. We made better time than yesterday 436 knots (which is over 500 land miles). This is the first passenger vessel to cross the Pacific since the war. I counted 14 life boats and 75 rafts; six of the life boats are large motor launches capable of holding 135 persons each; others 77 or 40 each and the rafts 60 each; so there is ample room for the three hundred passengers on board. The ship is filled with empty beds. Whole deck-fuls unoccupied. From now on there ought to be no difficulty in procuring passage to China on one of this Company's (The Amreican Mail Lines) ships. Today they changed the bed linens, they will change them twice a week. We are going by the northern route which is shorter. We will soon be near the Aleutian Islands. The weather has turned very cold but the rooms are well heated.

Today I had a long conversation with a writer who intends touring China and writing articles for He will also American magazines. write articles for the Star Weekly. He said that he would like to visit Kinwha. This evening I spoke to the man in the next bed to mine. He is a U.S. Govt. official going to the Phillipines to distribute the vast sums allocated for the re-habilitation of that country. I put in a good word for the good Sisters of St. Scholastica Academy where I lived four months, which place was and the assistant purser (who is a Catholic, Mr. Sullivan) to arrange about Sunday Masses. He gave us the choice of any place and hour. Before retiring I picked up a copy of "Newsweek", there was an article on the new American Saint, Mother Cabrini. I read it to the two men mentioned above, they had never heard of her before but were profuse in their praise when they heard what she had accomplished and the miracles she had worked. 436 knots were travelled today.

Friday, May 3rd

Thirty-eight at Mass and Communion today. The sea is calm. We covered 437 knots.

¶ Simpkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office.

He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however, just a small note, as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet."

shelled and burned out. He said that he would go there and help them and he also promised to do what he could to rebuild and repair the churches of Manila. He promised to write me.

An Englishman sleeps in the bed under mine (there are two beds one above the other). Today he was asking a fellow passenger for a book for his daughters to read, I loaned him the book on the Rosary given to me by the Sisters of Loretto Abbey. His three daughters are 14, 17 and 20 years old, and it may do them some good. The man is a non Catholic and an agent of the American Tobacco Co. Today's menu for dinner was, soup, chicken, vegetables, preserved pears, cake and oranges. I visited the purser

Saturday, May 4th

Masses and 6 Communions. The sea is very calm, and the ship made 413 knots.

Sunday, May 5th

At 6.45 I said Mass in the writing room, almost 15 present, among others the Anglican lady. At 10.30 Fr. Strang said Mass in the lounge (the principal living room) 30 present among others two Anglican Deaconesses dressed like nuns. Fr. Strang preached. We saw in the distance some of the Aleutian Islands and a beautiful snow-capped extinct volcano. A Petty Officer told me that he had charge of my life boat, a motor launch: that there is danger of floating mines in the next few days: to lose no time in getting to

the life boat if we strike one: the ship would sink in a few minutes: that there is no radio on the ship, it has been taken off, nor any other way of detecting mines and no guns to shoot at them if we see one: that the President Coolidge struck a mine and sank four months ago in New Guinea; 4,000 soldiers on board; they saved their lives by swimming ashore. The Captain committed suicide.

What the sailor said about the floating mines came somewhat as a shock, though it was not news to me, I knew before leaving for the Orient that there are 100,000 mines floating around the Pacific. But to be told about imminent danger from them, when actually in the middle of the ocean, and speeding along blindly day and night and in foggy weather at the rate of 21 miles an hour is quite another thing. But today's Gospel was on the Good Shepherd who gives his life for His sheep, and the missionary, like His Master, must brave death for his flock. which in distant fields and the wilderness of Paganism longingly awaits his return. If on the way thither he should meet a watery grave he surely would be a martyr of Charity. During dinner the ship stopped dead, "What could it be?" We had our misgivings, "Had they sighted a Mine?" "No" it was only a little engine trouble. After a few minutes, she started ahead again at full speed. This is certainly a fast ship: in four days she was half across to Japan. Our Sisters lent me the Life of Mother Cabrini "Too Small a World". It is very interesting, especially to a Missionary on his way to China. She also wished to go there. Today 430 knots have been covered.

Tuesday Night, May 7th

Yesterday was Sunday, today is Tuesday. We have passed 180 degrees of Longitude, the international date line and so there is no Monday May 6th in our calendar. That is one day we will not have to give an account for on the day of Judgment.

It was rather stormy today and when the propellors came out of the water the ship shuddered from stem to stern. A tiny little Chinese girl stood at the bottom of the stairs and timidly asked if she could assist at The little girl was baptized in Shanghai, her father being an American Catholic. Of course she was accommodated in the midst of the Sisters. We made 429 knots. We had wintry weather for a few days. Once when the ship struck an unusually big wave and the propellors came to the surface, it was such a terrible shock, I thought we had struck a floating mine. The Chinese child is seven, she is an adopted child of a pagan but well-disposed lady. In Mother Cabrini's life, I read a good pointer for prospective Missionaries, she quotes St. Francis Xavier, "He who gives wholly to the missions will find many opportunities to sanctify himself". Strang is not going to Lishui. has been loaned to China War Relief Fund, a Canadian Committee of which five members are on board with a fund of two and a half mildollars for distribution China.

Wednesday, May 8th, 1946

Mass and at Communion 7. Sea calm as a lake which is unusual in mid-Pacific. The weather is getting warmer, probably because we are now further south. At three p.m. the alarm signal sounded; we had a fire drill. All donned their life preservers and went to their respective stations on deck near their life boats. Three pages of Mimeographed News are distributed daily. We heard the terrible accident that occurred in

(Please turn to page 21)

Red Pope





by Rogers Pelow

F the Dictator of the Soviet Union knew that there has been a high official in the court of the Holy Father for over three hundred years called the "Red Pope" he might be a little annoyed. However in this particular case the word "Red" does not refer to that smug brand of totalitarianism which agrees to share what belongs to others but not what belongs to it. Neither is the word "Pope" a flippant expression to mean a rival of the Holy Father, usurping his title. That there is an intimate connection between the "Red Pope" and the foreign mission work of the Church may seem somewhat surprising, but nevertheless it

The New Faith

Whenever we refer to the birth of the missionary activity of the Church we must necessarily recall the central role of Christ. After all, or more properly before all, He was the First Missioner. When He ascended into heaven He commissioned the first Pope and His apostles to spread the new faith everywhere in the world. There were no territorial limits to the foreign mission field when the march of Christianity began. Looking back on that era of heroic missionary activity it is not possible to distinguish the efforts of the Popes from the work of the bishops and priests since there are

no records extant. In those days the Church listened to St. Paul's inspired preaching of Christ and Him crucified, witnessed the beheading of Paul and the crucifixion of Peter in Rome, held vigil as thousands of martyrs reddened the sands of the arenas with their blood—Christians who died for the precious heritage of the Faith that was theirs. In those days of persecution everyone was a missionary, spreading the Gospel by word and example.

The First Papal Mission

Such was the general trend of mission activity until we meet Pope Gregory the Great launching upon the first distinctively papal mission venture. Towards the close of the sixth century in which Saint Benedict had established the cradle of Benedictine monasticism in the now well-known Monte Cassino, the Holy Father sent Saint Augustine with forty monks to propagate the Faith in Britain. Other Benedictine monks followed this example of their brethren and carried the Gospel to other parts of Europe. Ireland had already been converted. Then the Franks, Visigoths and Ostrogoths became Christians. Everywhere the Faith was taking root.

On throughout the Middle Ages continued the propagation of the Faith. But there was yet no par-

Dans Tourston

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ticular organization set aside in Rome to handle the government of the missions. Among several reasons for this was the very practical one — difficulty of communication with the Holy See, which we cannot quite appreciate to-day. Naturally this hindered co-ordinated mission activity, so missioners were given such wide powers that they did not need frequent recourse to Rome. This was not an ideal situation because co-ordinated action demanded for best results the closest co-operation between the Holy Father and foreign missions.

In the thirteenth century, the golden age of Catholic culture, mission work received a new impetus with the advent of the Dominicans and Franciscans. The sons of St. Dominic and St. Francis enabled the Holy Father to increase mission activity, and he commissioned them not only to work in Europe but also in far distant lands. Palestine, Egypt, Africa and the Far East were countries into which these intrepid missioners ventured. In spite of immense hardships, the foreign missions' activity flourished and people were fully conscious of their responsibilities in working to spread the Faith.

The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda

With the close of the Middle Ages the world entered upon an era that presented new problems to the Holy Father in his government of the Church. Christopher Columbus and other explorers had discovered new lands. With the discoverers went missioners. Direction of the new missionary activity had to be carefully maintained. The so-called Reformation had torn tragic gaps in the ranks of the faithful. The Faith had to be both propagated and restored.

It was imperative that the Holy Father have assistance in the tre-

mendous work of administration. Thus, shortly after Peter Claver had begun his noble task of aiding the unfortunate negroes in the chief slave markets of America and shortly before Oliver Cromwell had begun his ignoble task of imposing bloody rule on Ireland, Pope Gregory XV established the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide in the year 1622. To this organization the Holy Father committed the spiritual and temporal welfare of the foreign missions of the Church. The work of the propagation of the Faith was of such vital importance that an entire Congregation was devoted to it. Since its first institution there have been few changes made in its internal structure so that a brief glance at its organization to-day enables us to picture it in its beginnings.

At the head of the Sacred Congregation is its Cardinal Prefect, at present Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi. The Prefect has a committee of Cardinals to help him in the supervising of the work of propagating the Faith throughout the world. was to this Sacred Congregation that His Eminence, Cardinal McGuigan of Toronto was appointed by the Holy Father, as a fitting testimony to his known zeal for foreign mission work. In addition to the Cardinals there are secretaries, consultors and other officials who handle the affairs pertaining to the Congregation. The supreme direction of Foreign Missions falls under this efficient and modern organization.

Ordinary business is discharged by the Cardinal Prefect and his immediate assistants. Matters of major importance are submitted to the consideration of the Cardinal-members and more important decisions are placed before the Holy Father himself. The close contact with the missions and the knowledge of them which the Pope has is evidenced by the fact that the Cardinal Prefect

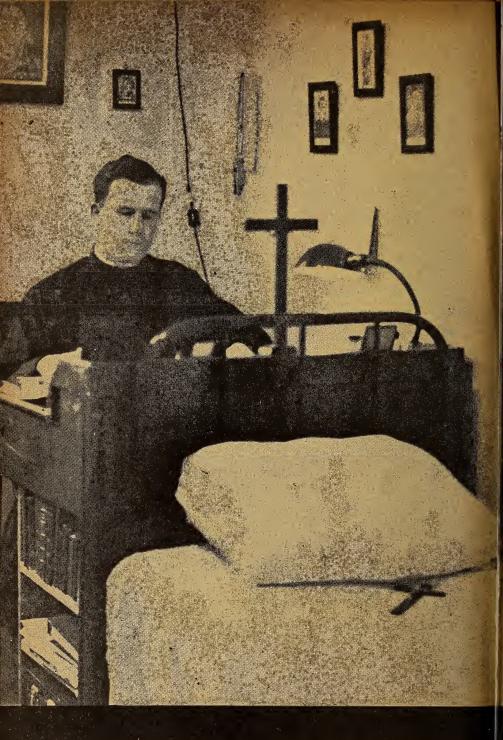
(Please turn to page 23)



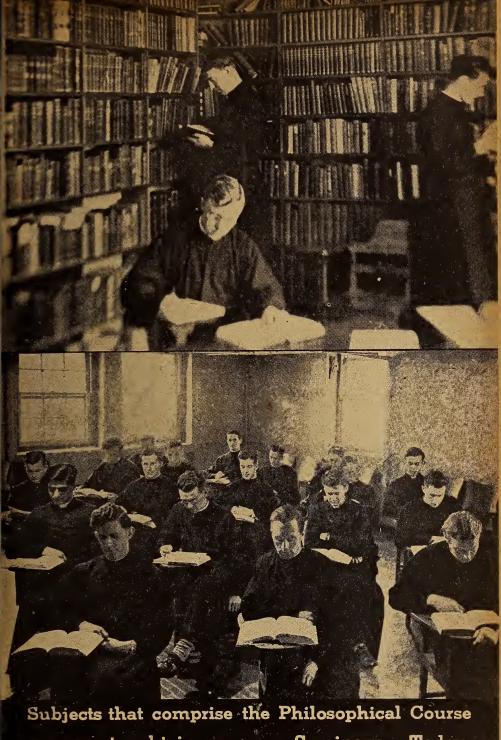
Once again September comes round and students, old and new, arrive at Scarboro Foreign Mission



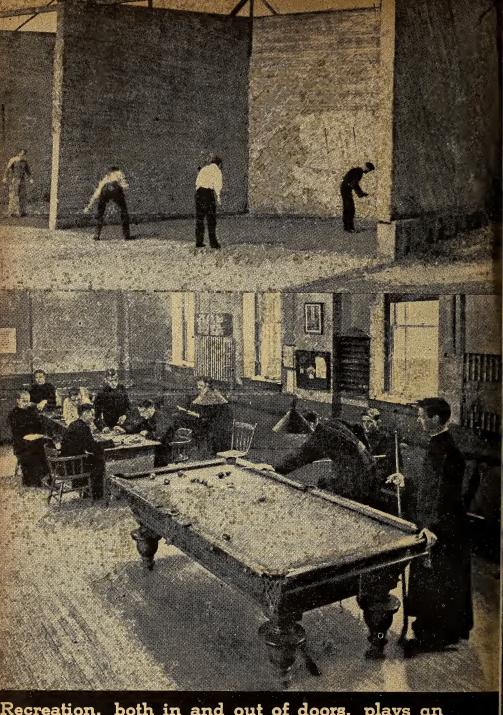
They are welcomed by Very Rev. Dr. R. Pelow, Rector of the Seminary



...and assigned to a room for the duration of the course of studies each student must pursue.



are now taught in our own Seminary. Today, more than ever, Missionaries are required to be



Recreation, both in and out of doors, plays an important role in preparing healthy bodies that will be able to withstand the physical hardships



Many hands made light work of preparing this out-door shrine to Our Lady, and many a petition

BOOK REVIEW

THE APOSTOLATE OF PUBLIC OPINION. By Rev. Felix A. Morlion, O.P. Montreal: Fides. 1944. 233 pp. paper \$1.25, cloth \$2.50.

Optimism combined with exact knowledge and technical ability is always refreshing. This spirit of confidence alongside hard work describes Fr. Morlion and his life's work.

This book is the Catholic answer to the alarm expressed by Morris Ernst's 'The First Freedom'. Its purpose is to show how public opinion may be penetrated by religious ideas and it also tells of concrete results. The scope of this new apostolate is the field of the press, films and radio. It is a form of Catholic Action on an international scale; an ambitious scheme but already at work since 1940.

To end the possibility of another 'conspiracy of silence', Fr. Morlion organized the Centre of Information

Pro Deo. It is a news service, but not on a competitive basis so much as one willing to co-operate with every other news system supplying them with the Catholic viewpoint; their response has been gratifying. Editors and writers are glad to get exact information and much of our trouble has come rather from lack of information than misinformation.

The possibilities open in the field of radio and even the film-world are outlined and results here too are already promising. The author has the ability to coin slogans; these contribute to the appeal of his book. For anyone interested in the efforts of a great man in an apostolate which he was the first to recognize, this book is an excellent introduction.

F. T. O'Grady.

HUNAN HARVEST. By Theophane McGuire. Bruce. \$2.50

In Hunan Harvest, Fr. McGuire has gathered his personal memoirs of the ten years he spent as a Passionist missioner in Hunan province. The account of his experiences is given in a very warm and human, sincere way. Although the book tells of the China of 20 years ago, nevertheless it speaks for everyone who leaves home and country to save souls, because Fr. McGuire is depicting the life of every missioner. As Bishop Cushing in the foreword says: "Fr. McGuire has wasted no time in platitudes or polite sayings.

He has shown the missioner as he really is: a man vital, alert, capable; neither a plaster-saint nor an eccentric. He has shown the milieu of the missioner in its true light; not a mere 'foreign' land, but the 'homeland' of a group of human beings created by God like ourselves, sharing with us the longings and aspirations of our common human nature, comforted like us with the familiar flavour of their own customs, language and climate".

As a young and newly-ordained priest Fr. McGuire soon learned that

to be a missioner one must be father, teacher, doctor, judge and friend—that while the beginning is grand and heroic the day by day routine is humdrum and commonplace. A bedbug proves to be as annoying and dangerous as a bandit. Haggling over prices frays the edges of a temper faster than a knockdown argument over an important affair. Sleepless summer nights sap strength more surely than days of hard labor. Depressing rains, rumours of bandits and soldiers on the march are naggingly unending.

But his people are never monotonous, and the Chinese he describes

become living personalities to the reader — for instance, the young neophyte who uprooted every opium poppy from his field; the ancient grandmother who at her very first meeting with the priest made a beautiful act of contrition. The chapters in which he describes the sufferings caused by one of the great famines are especially poignant.

Fr. McGuire indeed reproduces the life of a missioner in graphic language that succeeds in making it a real and vivid experience for every-

one who reads the book.

A. J. Pinfold.

Monsignor Fraser Writes (Continued from page 11)

Toronto when a truck ran into the street car killing one and injuring 100. The run today was 419 knots which is over 500 land miles.

Thursday, May 9th

Last night about midnight, the weather got very rough, the ship began to roll; things began to slide; people all woke up; some got up to retrieve fallen property and to tie furniture in position; one cabinet fell over several times but was finally tied to the wall with a rope. In the morning we said Mass but with difficulty. Fr. Strang held the chalice while I said Mass and I did the same for him. The storm continued all day but as the wind was from behind it did not retard our progress, on the contrary it helped to shove us along and we made a record run 441 knots (over 550 land miles) which is as good as some local trains make in America. In the dining room the table cloths were dampened which prevents the dishes from sliding, however some of the big rolls caused some of the

dinner to fall on the floor. On those occasions the women, of course, screamed. Today I ventured up to the highest deck to the gun emplacements, eight decks or storeys above the level of the sea. May 10th. Sea calm, made 455 knots (about 570 land miles).

Saturday, May 11th

smooth. Mass and Communion as usual. Sun shining all day. Sighted several islands, first part of Asia to appear, with field glasses I could see potato patches and rice fields. Made 428 knots. Loaned the book on the Rosary to a Presbyterian Minister. Learned how to use a watch as a compass. Beautiful sunset. Whole western sky over China red and gold-may it be an augury for the spread of the light of the Faith in that pagan land. Captain sighted a floating mine, the first on the trip. Thank God we did not run into it. If we did, I would not have lived to tell the tale. There is now a man continually on watch. He stands in the foremost point of the prow peering at the waters ahead.

Sunday, May 12th

Two Masses, I said the first, Fr. Strang the 2nd. Fifty or sixty present, including some of the crew: to make it easier for these to attend we said Mass on a lower deck, I think the sailors are generally shy about attending services in the passenger lounge. It turned stormy today. The boat rolled terribly at night, everything went sliding, sometimes one would think that the boat was going to capsize. Had a long talk with a Methodist lady Missionary going to Nanchang, she is the first of their personnel to venture back after the war. She expects to find everything destroyed or looted. She gave hospitality to our sisters when they were fleeing before the Japanese several years ago. May God grant her conversion to the true faith as a reward. The run today was 449 knots.

Monday, May 13th

Today we caught sight of China. Made 440 knots, crossed the ocean in 12 days from Seattle. Anchored for the night at WOOSUNG. At the mouth of the Whangpoo River, 20 miles out from Shanghai.

Tuesday, May 14th

Docked: Custom officers, immigration officers came on board and all the passengers had to present themselves. The examination however is not rigid, but more of a formality. We finally arrived at the wharf and hired a truck to take us, the sisters, and the baggage to our destination. Fr. Strang and I got off at the Procure des Lazaristes, Rue Chapsal, where I was given a big room, the Bishop's room, and met many of my old friends.

Wednesday, May 15th

I said Mass in the Chapel. There are 6 altars. Masses succeed one another, beginning at 5.30 until all resident priests (over 30) have finished. Fr. Harold Murphy is here. It is quite cool. I had use for my blankets last night. I have a number of visits to make before going inland; but I expect to get away in a few days by train in Hangchow. The Bishops of Ningpo and Hangchow and the Apostolic Delegate were here and only left the day before yesterday. I am sorry I missed them. We have much to be thankful for: a pleasant journey without mishap and good health. Everything went off like clock work.

Here are a few Famous Last Words:

"Gimme a match, I think my gas tank is empty."

"Gosh, wife, these biscuits are tough."

"Let's see if it's loaded."

"You can make it easy, that train isn't coming fast."

"What, your mother going to stay another month?"

"Lemme have that bottle, I'll try it."

"Say, who's boss of this joint, anyhow?"

"If you knew anything you wouldn't be a traffic cop."

"Y-e-s, dear, I l-o-s-t my pay g-a-m-b-l-i-n-g."

¶ "I like that baby pillow, but isn't it terribly expensive?" "Yes, madam. But you know down is up these days."

or Secretary of the Congregation has an audience with him every week. Thus the Holy Father is kept constantly and expertly informed of the actual state of the missions in the entire world. Whenever he makes a statement in their regard it is always the result of his thorough knowledge of existing conditions. Missionary bishops and priests have been amazed at the detailed knowledge the Holy Father has of their work and problems.

Under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide come all societies of clerics and all seminaries founded exclusively for foreign mission work. Thus the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society falls under the authority of this central organ of mission activity in

Rome.

To it, each year, go the reports of every bishop, vicar and prefectapostolic who is immediately in charge of the missions. Every five years they send in an even more detailed account of what has been done during that period. An accurate statement of the condition of each mission is always before the authorities in the Vatican. Wherever possible, every ten years the Vicars-Apostolic report in person to the Congregation and the Pope. In this way the efficient evangelization of the world is directed by the Father of Christendom.

The "Red Pope"

But what about the "Red Pope"? Who is he? Whence comes the name? What connection has he with foreign missions? It is the title given to the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith; "Red" because he is a Cardinal, "Pope" because of the extent of his power and influence. It is a position requiring great knowledge and tact along with tireless attention to detail. May God always grant him the fulness of His divine guidance.

HELP WANTED

This year marks a milestone in the history of our Society. Over twenty new students have applied for admission and been accepted to become priests for work in the Foreign Mission field.

By means of our magazine CHINA we keep awake among our Canadian Catholics that interest in Missions so imperative to their welfare.

Be one of the 75,000 subscribers we need to carry out the work the Divine Missionary has given us to do.

Subscribe Today

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

\$1.00 a year





\$20.00 for life



Bicycle Contest Rules

- (1) The Contest ends midnight, September 30th, 1946. All mail must be postmarked not later than that date.
- (2) For each subscription you send in, your Contest Number will be marked on a tab and dropped into the Contest Box. So, for example, if you send in five subscriptions, your number will be dropped into the box five times. Besides this, you will be sent a prize worth five subscriptions. Then, on October 1st, three of our Missionaries will oversee the drawing of one number and that number wins the bicycle.
- (3) REMEMBER that ONLY the bicycle is being drawn for. You will be sent whatever of the other prizes you want to work for. So you have the opportunity of getting these other prizes AND as many chances on the bike as you have subscriptions.
- (4) It makes no difference whether you send in new subscriptions or renewals of old.

- (5) Be sure to tell Fr. Jim what prize you want for the subscriptions you send to him. There are prizes for one subscription and up.
- (6) REMEMBER, you must have your Contest Number to try for the bicycle. You get your Contest Number on joining the Rose Garden. The other prizes can be won by non-members.

NOTICE

This is the last issue for our Bicycle Contest, Buds. At the end of this month some lucky Bud, who has sent in at least one subscription or renewal to *China*, is going to receive a bicycle. You still have a few weeks left to try for it yourself. So get busy now! You might still be the winner!

The winner of the bicycle will be announced in November China. Watch for it.

Our Mail-Bag pages will be resumed in the October issue. Be sure to address all Rose-Garden letters to Father Jim.



Dear Buds,

School again! How fast the holidays went. And did everyone have a good time? Well now, let's all get down to work with the same pep and relish that we put into summer pastimes. Study hard and God will bless your efforts with success.

I still get letters asking about the Rose Garden, how to join it, and what members must do. It is simply a club, to use the word, in which school children of all ages join together to present a united front of prayer and sacrifice against the powers of paganism. There are no meetings or fees. Each member binds himself or herself to recite daily the prayer for the conversion of pagans and to receive Holy Communion once a month. Members also receive a Rose Garden mite box in which to save pennies, or nickels or dimes, to help missionaries convert Chinese children. When applying for admission be sure to send your name, age and home address. We have hundreds of members now but we need hundreds more. So come on boys and girls, join today!

If you want a Pen Pal or two to correspond with you will find a list of them in CHINA. Ages of members are supplied to help in your selection.

Although all of us in the Seminary send each one of you our deepest thanks for the wonderful way in which you have helped us during the past school term, we must leave it to our Blessed Lord to reward you as you so richly deserve. I couldn't begin to sum up all the sacrifices you

made in order to help spread the Kingdom of God on earth. They may be forgotten in time but they will be remembered throughout eternity, and after all, that is what really counts, isn't it?

You'll all be happy, I'm sure, to know that we have many new vocations this year. Our novitiate at St. Mary's, Ont., had to be enlarged to take care of all the young men who want to devote their lives to the service of God on the mission. That means a greater number of souls will have the opportunity to hear Catholic doctrine and so save their souls. Please remember, Buds, to say a prayer every day for these heroic young men that God may bless their efforts to become true missionaries.

No doubt you older Buds have heard the saying, "Out of sight, out of mind." Now our magazine CHINA is a monthly visitor at thousands of Canadian and Newfoundland homes. Sometimes I've seen it lost between the "funnies" and secular magazines. I'd be ever so happy if all Buds see to it that Dad and Mom and all the family keep CHINA in a place of honour. And make sure that it is read each month. The more readers we have, the more educated our Catholic friends will be in things missionary. Then we won't be "out of sight, out of mind".

That's all for this month, Buds. Bye' for now and God bless you one and all.

> Your friend always, FATHER JIM.



A Bicycle FREE to the Lucky Contest Number. See page 24 for Contest Rules

No. 1-20 subs.; No 2-20 subs.; No. 3 -16 subs.; No. 3a-16 subs. (for a dozen); No. 4-20 subs.; No. 5-40 subs.; No. 6-16 subs.; No. 7-5 subs.; No. 8-5 subs.; No. 9-32 subs.; No. 10-16 subs.; No. 11-8 subs.; No. 12-20 subs.; No. 13-8 subs.; No. 14-6 subs.; No. 15-4 subs.; No. 16-10 subs.; No. 17-24 subs. (Hockey Game); No. 18-24 subs. (Baseball Game).

Rummoli, 1 sub.

Sorry Game, 4 subs. This game is a barrel of fun.

Cartoon Drawing Set, 4 subs.

Horseplay Game, 4 subs.

Chinese Checkers, 4 subs.

Jig Saw Puzzles, 2 subs.

Table Tennis with 4 bats, (a) 10 subs.

Table Tennis with 4 bats, (b) 16 subs.

Table Tennis balls (doz.), 4 subs.

Swim Trunks, 8 subs.

Swim Goggles, 10 subs.

Sheath Knife, 18 subs.

Rosary, Silver Color-7 subs.; Weriroid Plaque-2 subs.; Catechism quiz game-2 subs.; White Prayerbook-4 subs.; Crown Game-5 subs.; Holy Water Font -2 subs.; 10 inch Statue-5 subs.; Sterling Chain and Medal-3 subs.; Plastic Crucifix-2 subs.; Mary T. Waggaman-Book—4 subs.; 7 x 9 Picture—2 subs.; Bracelet: Rose Medals—8 subs.; Double Strand Pearl Choker, Black Velvet Ties-7 subs.; Set Sparkler Bangles, silver color-6 subs.; Rope Sole Walking Shoes, white and blue, beige and brown-11



subs.; Vinylite Plastic Rain Coat for girls-18 subs.; Signet Ring for girls 10K nat. gold top, two initials-9 subs. For the boys sterling silver Signet Ring 10K nat. gold top, two initials-12 subs.; Octagonally Shaped Plastic Compact, one initial-5 subs.; three piece Metal Dresser Set gilt tone, one initial, blue green, black-9 subs.; Waterman's Pen, blue, grey or black-11 subs.; Geographical Globe-12 subs.; Zipper Closing Bill-Fold, morocco grained leather-5 subs.; Photo Album (50 sheets) -3 subs.; Plastic Flashlight pre focussing, permanent and signal switch-8 subs.; Steel Roller Skates, double ball-bearing - 11 subs.; Scanty Perfume-2 subs.; 2 Piece Evening in Paris Toilet Water and Perfume-5 subs.; 3 Piece Peggy Sage Polish, Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover-4 subs.; 1 Popular Victor Record-3 subs.; 1 Popular Decca Record—2 subs.; 1 Record Album (10")-4 subs.

Aeroplanes

SOLID MODELS — Lancaster, Black Widow, Superfortress, Halifax, Mos-quito, Mariner—4 subscriptions each. FLYING MODELS—Spitfire, Airacobra,

Beaufighter, Mosquito, Stinson Sentinel

4 subscriptions each.

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Super Detail Precision Beam Con-struction—Anso Lancaster, Mitchell— 12 subscriptions each. CHEMISTRY SET - 20 subscriptions;

small sets 4 subscriptions. X-ACTO KNIFE CHEST — 14 subscrip-

tions. X-ACTO BLOCK PLANER-3 subscrip-

tions X-ACTO HOBBYCRAFT SAW (six refill

blades)—4 subscriptions. WHITTLER'S SET—No. 6 Knife, 6 as-Wooden chest-8 subsorted blades. scriptions.

SAILING BOATS—18"—10 subscriptions; 20"—16 subscriptions; 24"—20 subscriptions.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

Felicitations!

Since we last went to press the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Wm. C. McGrath, Vicar General of our Society, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the Priesthood. Our sincerest good wishes go to Monsignor that God may grant him many more years in the service of the Divine Missionary.

China Bound

Fr. K. Turner, Fr. H. McGettigan, Fr. L. Hudswell and Fr. A. Clement are returning to our missions in the province of Chekiang, China. We ask all our good friends to remember them in prayers and masses.

Bon Voyage!

Members and friends of Toronto's St. Anne's Mission Auxiliary met recently to bid Godspeed to Rev. H. McGettigan who is returning to China. Father spent the past year as pastor of this downtown Mission.

Happy Journey!

On the evening of August 19th, Fr. Leo Curtin, Fr. W. McNabb and Fr. R. Hymus left Toronto for work in the Dominican Republic. This brings the number of our priests in that country to twenty-one.

Our Cover

More and more interest is being manifested by our Catholic people in the startling story of Our Lady of Fatima. This month we reproduce on our cover the picture of Our Lady of Fatima altar in St. Gregory's Church, Oshawa, Ont.

Prayers for Our Dead

John J. Leacy, Montreal.
Mrs. J. B. De Farrari, Maple, Ont.
W. J. Powell, Arnprior, Ont.
Mary B. McKeown, Merrickville,
Ont.

Miss Mary Sullivan, St. John, N.B.

Favours Received

Through the Little Flower by Mrs. Mary C. MacDonald, Brooklyn, N.Y. Through the Sacred Heart of Jesus by B. M. F., Hespeler, Ont.

Stamps

We wish to thank all our good friends who have sent us stamps during the past months. These contributions are of real help to us and we will be happy to receive any parcel of stamps you may care to send. Please address such to Stamp Dept., Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Flash!!

EARTHQUAKES

As China goes to press we have received a graphic first-hand account of the damage caused to some of our Missions in the Dominican Republic. Be sure to read October China which will carry the whole story.

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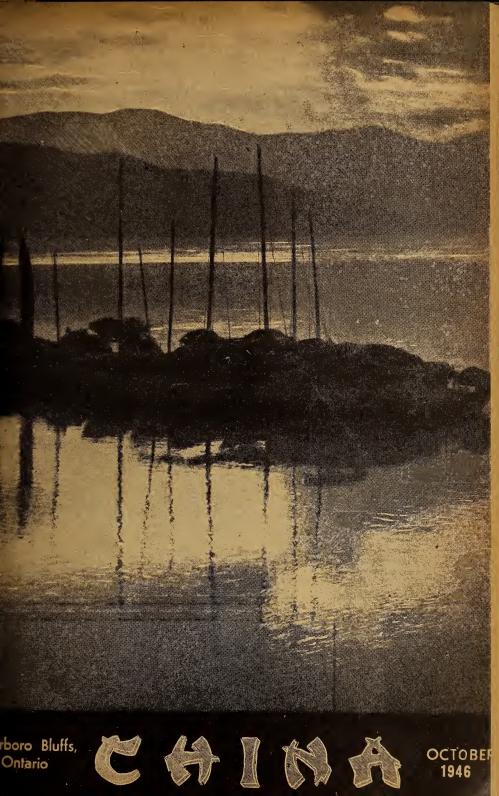
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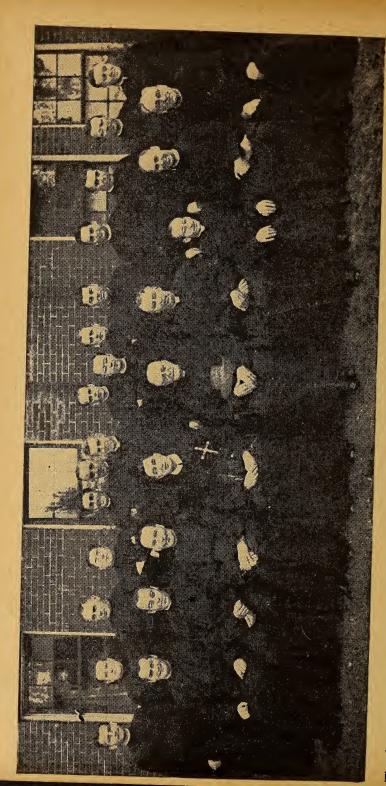




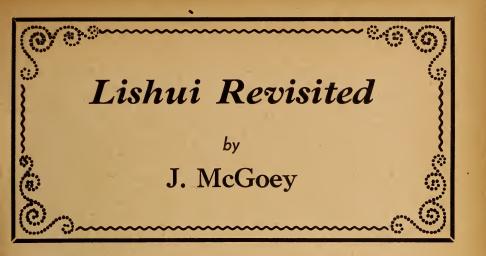




OCTOBER 1946



The above photo was taken at the annual retreat of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society held early in September at the Seminary. Rev. Father Dwyer, C.S.S.R., was the preacher.



FATHER Murphy and I having finished the work given us for the moment in the Philippines, felt that one of us should go back to China, and send in a report to the Seminary on the conditions there. Both of us wanted to go, if for no other reason than to see the old haunts again, and some of the people we had known there. However Father Murphy decided that I should make the trip.

Of course one doesn't just up and go back to China like that. But the army chaplains again were the refuge of the afflicted. Father Muldoon, a classmate of mine in days of yore at St. Mike's in Toronto, was the chaplain at Clark Field. We telephoned him. The next evening I ate my supper in Shanghai.

As is usual in China, it is the small distances that are tough. The seven and a half hour flight from Manila was small stuff compared to the days it would take to go the three hundred or so miles into our mission. Even the chances of getting a coastal steamer to Wenchow, the ocean port for Lishui, were slight because everyone and his brother were trying to move around in the post-war maelstrom. Again the chap-

lains helped. Through them I contacted a young navy man from Waterbury, Connecticut, who was going to Wenchow. Dressed in convenient G.I. clothes, the best in the world for taking a person around with the minimum of discomfort, I boarded a two thousand ton steamer without tickets or stateroom, and managed to buy a stateroom after we pulled out.

A stateroom is rather a luxurious name for a little 2 by 4 cubby-hole shared with two Chinese for the four days necessary to get to Wenchow, but at least it was good to have had Dick McComber along and to be able to speak English. It sure helped to make the time go by, and we did eventually arrive in Wenchow.

May, 1941, was the last time I had visited Wenchow, and then the Japs had made my visit very interesting for they had come in from the opposite side of the city a few days after my arrival and captured the city. The sky-line looked familiar, and it was good to see it again, although I was much more anxious to see Lishui. The boat anchored in the river and we managed to get our belongings through the mass around us, and to the shore. We

hired three rickshas and started through the streets. They were packed and there was obviously something afoot. However we had a destination and there was only one thing to do and that was to push our way through. (The next day we found that we were in the midst of one of the usual anti-foreign demonstrations. They wanted all foreignout of China. To one unacquainted with that kind of thing it would be rather puzzling. However some hot-head decided as usual that the foreigners were a menace and should go. The rest, for a little excitement and to see what there was to be seen, followed hurly-burly along the street and when it broke up everyone was happy and none cared very much whether the foreigners stayed or went as long as the even tenor of their lives was not interrupted, and they had rice to eat and a little cloth to patch their clothes.)

With our belongings loaded into three rickshas, we walked about a mile and came to the doors of the mission. No one was expecting us and the place was locked for the night. We pounded away and finally the doors creaked open and in we went to give the Polish Fathers the pleasant surprise of seeing another of the returning Canadian Fathers.

After mutual exchange of news and stories of past years, we went off to bed. The two days I spent there seemed hardly enough to tell them all that had happened to me since I last saw them, and to hear what had happened to them. I suppose the most serious thing was the Japanese putting two of the Polish Fathers in jail for two weeks. They narrowly missed being shot, due of course to the stupid suspicions of some self-styled Japanese sleuth who seemed to think that the way they parted their hair indicated that they were spies.

Two days later, and the young American navy lad decided to accompany me up the river as far as Tsingtien to see Father Joe Murphy of Toronto, whom he knew. All the navy had to do in Wenchow was to install a new generator for the Chinese weather station there, and the machine had not yet arrived, so off we went. We finally caught up with Father Murphy at Dolu where hc was spending the week-end to give the Christians Mass. It was the first time that I had seen Father Murphy since I left Toronto in 1939, so we had plenty to discuss. He asked me all about his family of course and I was able to give him the Toronto news and the doings of the Seminary. He was sorry to see us start out for Lishui the following morning. However, I told him that a week or so would see me back on my way out to Shanghai again, and warned him to have all the guestions he had forgotten to ask me ready. It was always that way. Whenever there is no one around you think of dozens of things that would be interesting and then when you have some one to talk to about them they slip one's mind.

Another day and a half by sampan, and the rain caught us just five li outside Lishui. We left the boat and risked a good soaking to walk into Lishui. Father Venadam, the Pro-prefect, was having a rest, when we barged in. He couldn't believe his eyes as the last news he had of me was that I had left Shanghai for the Philippines and he thought that was the last he would see of me. Then came questions thick and fast.

When were the priests and sisters coming back? What had been happening at home during the last years of the war and after the war? What were the plans for the mission now that peace was here? I answered these and dozens more about the priests personally. Where was this

one? What had that one been doing since arriving in Canada? These conversations went on endlessly for the eight days I spent there in Lishui with Father Venadam. Dick MaComber left to go back to Wenchow a couple of days after we arrived saying that he would see me on my return trip to Shanghai.

Lishui was itself rather a dreary picture. I lived in the hospital with Father Venadam. Of course the fact that it rained every day that I was there didn't brighten things up any. The Church, although temporarily roofed again and being used, was a mess. The priests' house was gone absolutely. The sacristy, a shell that only waited tearing down completely, and if it waited much longer it would fall down. There was no wall around the mission at all. rooms that used to exist in the gateway were replaced by weeds growing helter-skelter all over the place. The school was operating at full blast though, and the hospital was mostly intact although the windows were all pasted up with newspapers to keep out the breeze.

Over on the other side of the street was the convent, and although the filth and dirt was terrific, there would be no major problem fixing it up. I wandered through it one day and saw how the Japs had tried to burn it down but failed. One of them had lit a fire in the cupboard, and then absent-mindedly walked out and slammed the cupboard door. Of course the flames were smothered. The girls' school was pretty well wrecked and the kitchen must haunt the spirit of poor Sister Mary Daniel who during the years of her labours in Lishui kept it spotless. The convent wall for the most part stands. but the orange trees were all chopped down. Firewood, I guess; an orange tree will keep you warm for a while even if you don't like to chop it down.

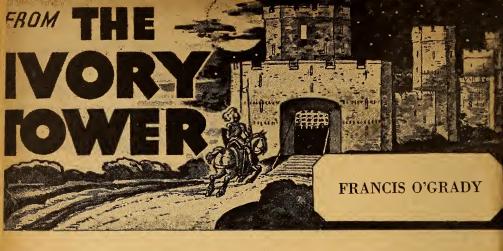
I took pictures of the place, and then decided that I had better get back to Shanghai and tell what there was to be told. The day before I left there was quite a commotion in the street. The people were going about in mobs breaking down the rice stores and stealing them because the rice was too expensive and they were hungry. The rain continued and if it kept on for a couple of more days all the farmers said that the wheat would be ruined, and that wouldn't help the situation very much. I prayed that Almighty God would take those clouds away for at least a little while and let the sun get caught up in its work. The next morning I was in a sampan on my way to Tsingtien and Wenchow.

I strolled in on Father Murphy, and spent a day and a half with him. We talked about everything. Father McQuaid had come down from Pihu so this was another recitation of all that I had told of the outside world that must have seemed awfully far away to these priests. They had been in camp in Peking all during the war. They really were overjoyed at the news that there would be priests on their way back soon. Certainly the companionship of another priest is the greatest boon that can come to a missionary.

How they ever got them in I don't know, but I found myself in the company of twenty-seven fellow passengers on one sampan not more than twenty-five feet long, and headed for Wenchow where we arrived at two o'clock in the morning. I had a sleep then for the three or four hours before my Mass.

Things didn't look good for ships in Wenchow. There had been none for a couple of weeks and there promised to be none for another couple. Contrary to the very good advice of my elders I decided to take a little motorized junk, called a

(Continued on page 24)



A Philosophy of Politics

HERE was a time when the respectable man thought it quite proper to keep out of 'politics' and would never consider 'running for office'. It was accepted that any such attempt would entail a good deal of mudslinging and hence any self-respecting citizen kept out of it. It was good form to vote but not to run. So when Cal. Coolidge said 'I do not choose to run' the statement was proof of his good sense, judgment and gentility. It has finally dawned on Mr. Average Man that those days are over. The politicians run not just our country but our world. And it's high time this was changed.

The Greeks had a word for it: 'Idiotes'; it meant people who had no interest in a practical way in the affairs of their country or state. The correlative term is 'polites', or 'responsible citizen' or, in its original sense, 'politician'. You see the choice left to you: either you must become a politician or be an idiot. Be interested in who runs and how they run your world, or else be an idiot. The choice is worse than Hobson's.

Of the many words today open to misunderstanding, probably there is none in such dire straits as 'democracy'. Generally it is used in a somewhat economic sense as allied with capitalism . . . this brought about by the 'democracy' meant by the U.S.S.R. Now the word 'capitalism' is equally open to confusion. It has an evil as well as a good meaning. It might imply the existence of strikes, lockouts, pickets, low wages, surplus profits, ridiculous concentration of wealth, absenteelandlordism in the form of nameless and irresponsible shareholders, ignorant tycoons. It might imply private ownership, government control of excess profits, protection of the individual worker by legislation, adequate safeguards for investments, encouragement for constructive production, safety devices against false booms and inflation and unemployment and depressions, compulsory insurance and universal education for all with provision for higher learning for all who could make adequate use of it.

To identify democracy with capitalism, and expect both to have an ideal meaning, take care that the worst elements of each are eliminated before making the adequation. To become a 'politician' you must also become a 'capitalist'; that is to say, you must know what the best aspects

of capitalism are before you can serve the best interests of your country as an ideal 'democrat'.

Private Rights and Public Wrongs

In our New World, every man must have a philosophy of State, i.e. he must know what a state is, what is its purpose, what means are necessary to develop a good state and enable it to carry on. When he can answer these questions, then he can use his vote properly. In our schools, one of the most important courses is the one on 'civics' since it teaches the future citizens about the structure of their form of government, and thus prepares them to take places in the body politic. have here the seeds of knowledge essential for the building of a philosophy of State. When this information is digested, the young Canadian can make the proper distinctions between mere party politics and the good of the country as a whole; he will recognize the futility of voting for this party or that when neither has any proper ideas about the common good. Then instead of throwing up his hands in despair, he will know how to circulate his own ideas where they will do the most good. It is not true that 'the greatest good for the greatest number' is the democratic ideal. This statement supposes that the individual may have all his rights cancelled for the good of the state; there are certain inalienable rights belonging to the individual person which can never be cancelled. The good voter must know which rights these are.

Politics

Bismarck defined politics as: the art of the possible. And history has shown what was underlying this. Sir Henry Wooten's classic definition "an ambassador is an honest man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his country", is to be placed alongside

Baron de Marchienne's: "a good ambassador is one who carries off the pork without spilling the beans". This implied necessity for deceit in international relations is now taken for granted. When this attitude is applied to our relations with other individuals then our civilization will surely totter, or else a new language will have to be invented. Nationalism in its extreme form attributes an absolute value to the state; hence the refusal to recognize the rights of other states with the implied refusal to be bound by any moral law. This is a sorry viewpoint which we term 'realistic'.

Government by the People

Walter Lippman made an interesting comment on the quality of our leaders a few months ago: "There is an American legend and myth that the plain people like mediocre men in their government. This is a politicians' fable. The cult of mediocrity, which is a form of inverted snobbery is not democracy but one of its diseases". If aristocracy means government by the best, surely democracy need not mean government by the mediocre! By means of the representative system we should elect our best men also. Our problem is often to find out who are the best men.

Nature of Tradition

Peoples as a whole come to acquire certain ways of doing things or of not doing things, to hold certain convictions regarding definite values not to be surrendered at any price. This is tradition. And when such a system of thought strikes deeply into the mind of the people and becomes a common belief through generations, we have a national tradition. The important thing then is to notice that such traditions are living; they are born, they develop and they can die. Now our way of

life we call democracy. But this is not the virile living tradition it ought to be. Far too many take its evils as something necessary; they fail to see them as barnacles dragging after our ship of state. It is the duty of every articulate citizen to express the ideal as often as possible, point out the evils and prove them to be unnecessary. Then our tradition will grow in the minds of the voters and eventually make impossible the rise of Huey Longs or Boss Hagues, etc.

Economic Democracy

One application of this idea is pertinent. Capitalism was once thought of as a system whereby one man with money hired other men with no money to work for him. He was obliged to pay them a wage, the lowest possible since labor was a commodity and ruled by supply and demand. After their wages were paid, the finished article was owned by the capitalist in an absolute sense; he sold it for the highest price the market would pay, and pocketed all the profits. Later this was ameliorated and the concept of a living wage, irrespective of the supply and demand of laborers, was incorporated. The extra pay came out of the profits. Labor is slowly emerging from this stage; not everyone thinks of it as a mere commodity. The next step, one already making progress, is to realise that profits should be shared by capitalist and laborer. A further step will be to recognize the consumer: when a decent wage has been paid, and when a decent profit has been made, the price of the article should go down as the costs of producing it are lowered; this would preclude the chance of excess profits to dominate the scene with the anomaly of the odious excess-profits tax. It is odious because it is necessary; things should have been arranged to lower the price to the consumer so that there would not and could not be any excess profit.

To promote the life of our traditional way of government we must first overcome the fear of the abstract. Modern man is allergic to thought. He lives by slogans. If we cannot get him to think things out, then he must be supplied with good slogans, with the explanation of what they imply, by diagrams if necessary. He must be taught that politics means the virtue of prudence in choosing means adapted to the public welfare; that politics means justice in executing the plans which further the common good. That the fundamental principle of economic democracy is the necessary subordination of the profitmotive to the common good of all. Then his vote will not be 'idiotic'.



CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. D. E. Stringer, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVII, No. 9, October, 1946. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTACE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.

BOOKS WANTED

Joyce: Principles of Natural Theology.

Hill: Ethics: General and Special.

Rickaby: Moral Philosophy. Moore: Principles of Ethics.

Pegues: A Catechism of the Summa.



A Welcome Visitor

TWO big things in one day should be enough for anybody. Especially when the second comes all of a sudden, scares the daylights out of everybody, and continues to keep 'em scared for almost a week.

Anyhow, I'm going to write a letter about it—and if the pages appear to tremble while you read them maybe it is because the paper, like the writer, just got the habit of trembling because of what it has been through in the past week.

But permit me to "sneak up" on the news gradually. So we'll go back to Friday, August 2nd, just to relate that on that date the Scarboro Fathers in Santo Domingo had a visit from a very good friend of theirs, Father Joe MacDonald, of Antigonish University. Father Joe had been giving a seven-weeks Summer School course on Co-Operatives, Credit Unions, etc., at the University of Puerto Rico, neighbouring island to this Republica Dominicana. Last year, when he first visited Puerto Rico for the same purpose, he made the headlines for being the first priest in fifty years to teach in the university. We invited him to call in and see us last year but the difficulties of transportation at the time, following the end of the war, made it impossible. This year, better luck.

The visit of Father MacDonald co-incided with the Feast of my Patron, Saint Aphonsus, so our quite efficient negress cook did herself proud in setting up quite a banquet for the occasion. The Archbishop of Santo Domingo, Monsenor Pittini, was here as our guest, too, and eight of our priests from outside parishes. Father Jack McIver had the nerve to make a "speech" on behalf of the other priests while

Coron

presenting me with a beautiful briefcase, a gift from our 18 Scarboro

priests in this country.

The gathering of so many in the Capitol at one time was to give us a chance to get some ideas from Father MacDonald about Social work as carried out by the Extension Department of St. F. X. University in Nova Scotia, with a view to doing something along similar lines here later on amongst the impoverished farmers who make up almost the entire population of our nine Dominican parishes. The Archbishop is very anxious that our priests take the lead in starting such social work here and he was very happy to meet and talk with Father MacDonald. The following day, Saturday, he had Father MacDonald attend a reunion of the Superior Council of the Dominican Catholic Action, of which I was named Director some months ago. The Archbishop and myself took turns in translating into Spanish the inspirational talk that Father Joe gave the group in English.

Sunday, August 4th, was the 450th anniversary of the founding of the City of Santo Domingo by Christopher Columbus, and the celebration of that historic anniversary is the first "big thing" I started out

to tell you about.

The City of Santo Domingo is now known as Ciudad Trujillo (Trujillo City) in honour of the present President of this Republic through whose efforts the city was rebuilt, extended and beautified after its almost complete destruction by a cyclone on Sept. 3, 1930, a few weeks after President Trujillo came into power for the first time. Gaily bedecked with flags on Sunday, the inhabitants of the city thronged to a huge procession at nine o'clock from the Cathedral (oldest in the New World) to the Alcazar (Castle) of Diego Columbus on the water-

front, and there, with the historic ruins of the Alcazar as background, Archbishop Pittini celebrated Holy Mass in the open. Assisting at this central act of the Ninth Golden Jubilee celebration were all the Government officials, the entire Diplomatic Corps accredited to this country, and a huge throng of citizens, respectfully attentive under the hot blazing sun. On the steps of the altar, prominent in our white soutanes, four Scarboro priests attended the mass-Fathers Mike Mac-Sween, Jack McIver, Bob Moore and myself. The choir for the mass was a group of seven Sisters of St. Dominic from Adrian, Michigan. These white-clad Sisters are here to staff a big new college which they will open next month in Ciudad Trujillo. It is noteworthy that after four and a half centuries representatives of the great Dominican Order should take such an active part in celebrating the foundation of this city, for it marks the return to the country of a Religious Order which was here right at the beginning but which has not been seen here since the country was traded over to the French in the 18th century.

As a familiar commentary on the event I might add that several United States film companies were taking newsreels of the celebration, and of a Pageant which followed the mass showing the re-enactment of the scene of Columbus' arrival 450 years ago. Thereby hangs a tale. One which let poor Father Joe MacDonald in for a lot of goodnatured kidding from the rest of us.

It appears (I can vouch for its truth as an eye-witness) that Father MacDonald and his erstwhile fellow-professor at St. F. X. University, Father Mike MacSween, came late to the great procession, in which, by the way, was carried a part of the original cross which Columbus planted on his arrival in the New

World. But it was a case of "the last being first" - and much to his embarrassment Father Joe was "seized" by the Archbishop and accompanied him, arm in arm, during the latter part of the street procession right up to the pavillion where the high dignitaries and diplomats were assembled, and if the arrival of the Honourable President of the Republic hadn't cut things short, Father Joe would probably know personally right now everybody worth knowing in this country, as the venerable Archbishop presented him to one "big shot" after another. While we poor Scarboro Fathers. who have borne the heat and the burden of the day here for well-nigh three years, humbly marched to one side and delightedly exchanged grins at our important guest whose more than six feet height added to his dignity on the occasion. Anyhow, there's a rumour amongst the Scarboro priests now that the Regional Superior showed great agility and tact, after the Mass was finished, in diverting Father MacDonald's attention just when a gleam in his eye gave evidence of his intention to step in front of a grinding cameralens working on the President, his wife and his mother, just to complete Father Joe's "conquest". After all, Father Joe, enough is enough and if that film ever gets circulated in Nova Scotia I hope your friends will see you, not only in your moments of "high estate" but also as you suffered, like the lowliest of us, sweating under the Dominican sun.

The Earthquake Strikes

Friends of Father Larry Hart at this point may inquire why he hasn't figured in the scene yet. Well, poor Father Hart was out in the Campo at that time, and probably hurrying up his work a bit to be back in the city in time for the second "big thing" little thought of by him or anybody else as we had dinner together here in our Society Headquarters Ciudad Trujillo. Our headquarters, which we have named "Casa de Scarboro" (Scarboro House), is a large two-storey concrete house, centre of the activities of our Society in this country, and a place where our many priests may pass a day or two in comfort as they come in from "the Missions" after a hard spell of work in their parishes where they live ever busily-occupied, doing a grand job in circumstances that are away below Canadian standards

of housing, living, etc.

In our "Scarboro House" we have the privilege of a semi-public Oratory with reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. As is our custom, we go to the chapel immediately after each meal. I was first in and had just knelt on my priedieu. I had the feeling that I had almost knocked over the priedieu in the act of kneeling. I remember looking up and seeing Father MacDonald and Father MacSween in the chapel—and I knew instantly that I had knelt as carefully as usual and the movement I experienced was something other than a disturbed priedieu. The whole chapel was literally "dancing a jig". I said to Fr. MacDonald "this is an earthquake"; but he and Fr. Mac-Sween were not there to hear me when I added "and it's a real dandy one, too". They had followed everybody else out into the street, and along the whole length of the beautiful Avenida Bolivar, where we live, both sidewalks were filled with terrified residents. But there was no running or panic. Just quiet fright. From the street we could see our big house, and others, continuing its crazy rocking. It went on for about two minutes. Strange to say, on re-

turning to the house we found not a single thing had been misplaced or had fallen in spite of the really terrific movement of the house during the quake. That was a few minutes after 1 p.m., Sunday, Aug. 4th. A few small shocks came later, and right on the dot at 4 p.m. came a short intense jolt. All through the afternoon we were getting stories ("tall" and otherwise) of what went on in the city from passersby in the street. Down town, where the higher business buildings are situated, the people evacuated in a hurry and hit for the open spaces of parks, etc. Otherwise, the city was very quiet and hardly any material damage was done.

That night, after Father Hart and I came from Sunday benediction in our city church of San Miguel (St. Michael's), there were two telegrams here for me. One from Father Kirby saying that his church at Monte Plata and Fr. Pat Moore's church at Boya were gravely damaged; the other was from Fr. John Gault saying that his church at Seybo was badly hit. The church at Boya, as well as that at Seybo, are amongst the oldest and most historic in the Republic. Fortress-like in their construction, relics of old Spanish Colonial days, they had no "give" and so cracked up badly, as did nearly all such old churches in other regions. Up to that time, because of lack of communications, there was scarcely any news in from other parts of the country. The 10 p.m. broadcast from the United States spoke only of the extent of the earthquake without mentioning details re this country, so we had no idea of how hard-hit was the north-east section of the Republic, on the Atlantic coast side. We are on the Caribbean Sea here in the Capital.

Widespread Desolation

All innocent of just what the quake had meant outside the Capital, on Monday morning all of us (again, except Fr. Hart) went for a visit to Bayaguana and Monte Plata so that Fr. MacDonald could see the places where we are working. Coming in sight of the high-towered church of Bayaguana, the parish where Fr. Jimmy Walsh and Fr. Bob Moore are stationed, and our nearest parish to the Capital, we could see the Cross tilted and almost off the church. That, we figured, was what happened to Bayaguana. So we gaily had the taximan drive over in front of the church. That was mistake number one. A policeman came running at us and a lot of people shouted (in Spanish, of course), "Get out of there, you guys!" But we had started semething. On entering, we had not noticed that the park in front of the church was jampacked with people. Now, on seeing so many priests get out of a car, the crowd surged over to us. By the time it was explained to us that the church might fall down at any moment we were back in the park with the gang.

The Mayor of Bayaguana very cautiously opened the church doors and showed us the interior of what is one of the most popular National Shrines in this country—the Sanctu- / ary of the Holy Christ of Bayaguana. It was a sad sight. Two holes in the roof where concrete parts of the tower gallery had penetrated in their fall, taking part of the choir with them; marble monument slabs fallen out of the walls and broken to pieces on the floor; a large part of the tiled-wall interior in pieces on the floor, too, and, in many places, serious cracks right through the feet-

(Continued on page 15)

Earthquake



This church is a complete loss.



A penitential pilgrimage en route to the parish church.

CHINA

Pictures



All that is left of one priest's home.



The terrified Dominican people pray in the streets.

Page Fourteen China

EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from page 12)

thick ancient walls. Statues and stations of the Cross had been taken out safely. Altar and benches were still in there, and the sacristy furniture.

In spite of the fact that Father Walsh's house had statues all over the place, and was thronged with frightened people, with one room closed up where the Blessed Sacrament was kept, he managed to entertain us very well. He was glad to see us, anyway, for he had spent a bad night of it. He was alone, at his dinner, when the quake struck the day before. The crowd in the park was principally made up of large groups of "campesinos" (country people) who had hurriedly come in to the parish centre, frightened out of their very wits and ready to go panicy any time except for the presence amongst them of their priest who was cooly moving amongst them and calming their fears.

In the early afternoon we went the further 15 miles to Monte Plata. There, Fr. Kirby every now and then said hello to his guests in-betweentimes. He was up to his ears — or should I say over his head—in work, at which we gave him a hand.

The Monte Plata story goes something like this. Excuse me if I tell most of it using the first person singular. What happened there will serve to give you an idea of what likely took place all over the country in the past few hectic days.

The Fear of the Lord

At the first terrible quake everybody rushed into the street, heading for the church which is the centre of the little town and surrounded by a small park. The frantic people were hurriedly ousted from the church when it showed danger of collapse, and have not been allowed inside since. Then cowering in the park on their knees, striking their breasts and shouting "misericordia, Senor" (Mercy, Lord!). Women hysterical and fainting, children crying, and everybody trembling with unwonted fear, praying as they had

never prayed before. Out of it all came "the Hero of Monte Plata". I must digress a bit to explain the term. I spent nearly two years as Pastor in Monte Plata and never even so much as heard of a certain individual, a retired druggist, whose house fronts on the park. He is never seen in public but lives like a hermit behind the closed doors of his house. However, he got out that Sunday afternoon, and I think it must be sometime on Tuesday that he sent over to the Casa Curial (priest's house) a two-page typewritten document, which, in the florid style of the Spanish writers, went on to tell of the awesome first minutes of the earthquake and what he saw of it at ten yards distance from his home. Then, in most elegant language he proceeded to describe how, amid all the confusion, there strode into his view "the hero of Monte Plata", a young Canadian priest not yet quite 30 years of age, who magically restored peace and order by his courage and calmness and his shouted directions to the people. Apart altogether from that document from the hermit, I heard it from innumerable people that Father Basil Kirby was the tower of strength amongst his people in their hours of terror. And I am pretty sure the same can be said of all the other priests who were faithfully on the job when disaster struck. I can speak of personal experience about Fr. Kirby, and Father Pat Moore in Boya, and Fr. Jimmy Walsh in Bayaguana. I saw them in action, and I heard the praises of their parishioners.

Immediately after the first terrible minutes Fr. Kirby set to work right in the street hearing confessions and baptizing many children who were rushed to him by their "padrinos" (godparents). Simple Baptism was all that could be managed in the emergency, and during the four days I spent in Monte Plata a good part of my time was occupied in supplying the ceremonies to those children and recording the data necessary.

You may naturally ask: "how is it that there were so many Baptisms necessary in such a small centre?" You must know that many people here are in no hurry to baptize their children. The ceremony waits for the convenience of the "padrino" (godfather), and in Monte Plata there would be 50 or more youngsters not yet baptized—some of them up to 15 years of age, or older. There was no waiting for "padrinos" that

Sunday, believe me.

And confessions? Well, no Mission, nor no Eucharistic Congress could work the miracles of Grace evident those days in Monte Plata and Boya. I specify these two places because I was witness to it there. From early morning right through till midnight, and after, Fr. Kirby and myself (I was helping only since Monday to Thursday) were ministering to the many thousands who had flocked in from the country to the parish centre. They came in huge groups, in penitential pilgrimages. I'll mention such pilgrimages further on.

The Blessed Sacrament, of course, is kept in the priest's house. At night, in the park, there were devotions and a "Holy Hour", with Benediction, attended by everybody in the place. It was a glorious opportunity to instruct those poor people, the majority of whom are very ignorant of Christian Doctrine and seldom come to church to hear it, even when

they have a chance to do so. Especially the men. But here they all were -and Fr. Kirby was almost hoarse from his many sermons and instructions, and the results, spiritually, have been tremendous. People have confessed who never did so for 30 or 40 years, if ever, including many men. Everybody who had ever been to Holy Communion was now receiving again. And a fair number were having their illegal unions rectified by the Sacrament of Matrimony. Truly, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom", and God speaking through an earthquake was being listened to for the first time by innumerable souls.

The Resurrection of Boya

Boya is part of the parish of Monte Plata. Half-an-hour's easy horseback-ride away. Its ancient fortress-like church is an historic national monument. Up to a few years ago the people who live in Boya were known for their coldness in matters of Catholic practice. Fr. Jimmy Walsh, when assistant in Monte Plata, devoted special attention to Boya and laid the foundations for a spiritual awakening there. Fr. Joe Ainslie followed him and really put life in the place, paying great attention to the embellishment of the venerable church. Now, Fr. Pat Moore has put the finishing touches, so much so that last week's issue of the Diocesan weekly paper here carried an item speaking of "the resurrection of Boya". It may be of interest to quote the exact words of Archbishop Pittini to me some two years ago: "Father", he said, "let your priests work the miracle of Lazarus in Boya. The place stinks in its religious indifference."

The first day in Monte Plata (last Monday) I heard glowing accounts of what was going on up there-how Fr. Pat Moore was really "making hay while the quake lasted". Knowing that Fr. Pat's zeal would lead him to be very hard on himself in the circumstances, at 10.30 Mon. night I borrowed a flashlight and set out on horseback, alone, to Boya, so that Fr. Pat would get a rest. It took me an hour to make the trip ir: the dark. I was glad I went as Fr. Pat was pretty well out on his feet, so after I had spoken to the people who were gathered under an open-air shelter, under which the Blessed Sacrament was kept, we both went to bed (without undressing, of course) and hit it off in fine style till about 4.30 when we had to get out among the people again as another severe tremor was felt. Every tremor (and they came frequently for days) sent the people to their knees, shouting their prayers and striking their breasts, and there was always the job of quieting some woman or other who got hysterical and made everybody else uneasy with her shouting. After Fr. Pat said his mass, in the open (the church is in extremely bad condition, part of the big dome letting in the light through the cracks) I rode back to Monte Plata to sing the second mass there.

Penitential Pilgrimages

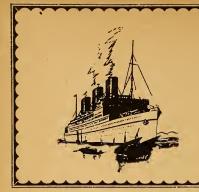
On Wednesday morning a pilgrimage of about one thousand people came up from Bayaguana enroute to Boya. I accompanied the pilgrims on foot. Outside Boya is a tiny stream. Arriving there, the people already in Boya came out with all their banners, holy pictures, etc., to welcome the pilgrimage, and all together reciting the Rosary the whole

multitude went up the hill to Boya. I sang a Mass for them (with only the altar sheltered from the sun-the front had been taken out of one of the houses and an altar erected within in plain view of everybody) and then there was a grand procession around the extensive green sward, carrying in place of honour the image of Our Lady of Holy Water, the Patroness of the Boya Sanctuary. Following the procession, and when the sun was mercifully shaded by clouds, I gave a half-hour's talk to the great crowd, and in the early afternoon set out on foot again to lead the procession back to Monte Plata. Monte Plata, too, has a small river just at the edge of the town, and the same scene was enacted there on our return. Fr. Kirby having his people waiting on the Monte Plata side of the river to welcome us.

This ceremony of "welcoming" a pilgrimage into a pueblo (community) is very levely. At the head of each group are the flags and the banners, statues, etc. As the two groups approach each other the flags of the respective groups are dipped in salute, the people advance a few steps, flags are dipped again, and as they finally meet the banners of one group are crossed with those of the other while everybody kneels and prayers are recited. Then, as a unit, the people enter the parade to the church. It is all very touching.

Naturally, the pilgrims—all sorts and conditions of people, from babies in arms to grizzled old women and husky farmers—are animated by a spirit of penance, and it is real old-time penance they do, too. They suffer physically, and the pilgrimage is no pleasure-outing, walking long distances on foot under a boiling sun. Nearly everybody carries something of a religious nature—either an 'old worn-out holy picture in a stout frame, a boxed statue,

(Continued on page 20)



Monsignor Fraser Writes

THE past week has been one of receptions, festivities and religious functions, in honour of the new Chinese Cardinal Tien, just arrived from U.S. by plane; I attended most of them. The Cardinal is very interested in our Society and Missions. Yesterday he left Shanghai with the Apostolic Delegate for Nanking, Capitol of China, to pay his respects to Chiang KaiShek and the Government which happily is now very favourable to the Catholic Church. The famous Bishop Yupin is now Arch-Bishop of Nanking.

Recently twenty Bishops in China have been created Arch-Bishops. I met Arch-Bishop Yupin at the magnificent initial reception given the Cardinal last Sunday at the Jesuits headquarters in Zikawei. The Cardinal's car and ours driven by one of Lopahong's sons, were decked with Papal and Chinese flags; at the entrance to the village, which is a suburb of Shanghai near the Good Shepherd Convent, we were met by Boy Scouts and a brass band; an immense crowd cheered His Eminence at the entrance to the vast Cathedral and thousands more packed in the interior, knelt respectfully to receive his blessing as he passed up the aisle. Some five thousand were present. It was a glorious day for the church in China and delight was pictured on every face. Besides

the Apostolic Delegate there were six Bishops in attendance. Cardinal celebrated Pontifical High Mass amid great splendour and ceremony, after which Prelates Clergy, followed by the Cardinal under a rich canopy, formed a procession and proceeded to the Jesuit Monastery. Dinner was followed by speeches of welcome to which the Cardinal responded; then we visited the Jesuit Seminary and the diocesan Seminary, listened to addresses in Latin and Chinese and assisted at Solemn Benediction given by a Chinese Bishop in the presence of the Cardinal. Wherever His Eminence went he was besieged by the pious people and little children begging to kiss his ring. I noticed one little boy trying to get near him but without success. I took him by the arm, pulled him in front of His Eminence and taking the Cardinal's hand obtained the desired favour. I will not forget the smile of gratitude on the child's face nor will he soon forget the signal favour.

SheShan or as the people in Shanghai call Zosé "Tea Mountain" is a high hill (about 400 feet) some twenty-five miles from Shanghai in the middle of a very fertile plain watered by hundreds of canals. The view of the surrounding country with its thousands of small rice fields, in various stages of cultiva-

tion, some green, some yellow, some glistening in the sun, is enchanting. The hill is crowned by an immense brick and stone basilica dedicated to the Help of Christians. It is a celebrated Shrine to which the Christians come from far and near to pray and obtain favours from the Queen of Heaven. A richly decorated statue of the Blessed Virgin, one of the most beautiful statues I have ever seen stands on a high altar. On June 4th I went by car with the Cardinal and seven Bishops on a pilgrimage to Zosé. The weather was delightful. Six busses of Shanghai Catholics were in the motorcade. Some 3,000 people filled the vast church; a thousand went to Communion. The Cardinal celebrated Pontifical low Mass. After dinner and the usual speeches we returned by car. We visited the great charitable institution founded by the famous Lopahong. All little orphans, hundreds of them, boys and girls, were prettily dressed for the occasion, and there was a great effusion of bands and music, dinner and photo taking.

The grounds, hall and church were tastily decorated with bunting and a triumphal arc. This house of refuge has 800 inmates, orphans, old people, sick and infirm. One hundred thousand have gone to Heaven fortified by the rites of the church within its walls since its foundation, and three and a half million dollars have been distributed

to the poor and sick.

I am now preparing to leave for Kinwha. From here to Hangchow and a little further, there is a railroad, but after that 60 or 70 miles the motor road is very bad, barely passable. The railroad was demolished during the war. I expect to have a companion priest at least part of the way.

The four priests who left Toronto in March have not arrived as yet

Read 'Em 😵 and Grin

The madam walked into the kitchen and caught her cook feeding the cop on the beat.

"Is this what I pay you for?" she

snapped.

"No, ma'am," replied the cook sweetly. "This I do for nothing."

"I'd like to see something cheap in a straw hat."

"Try this one, sir, and the mirror is over to your left."

The conductor was explaining to

the men in the smoker.
"We're travelling in two sections

tonight," he remarked.

The slightly intoxicated passenger regarded him in steady amazement. "Thasch right. Just what I been trying to tell my frensh. Course you are, I can see both sections of you, too."

Mr. Boastful: "I remember once I walked into a native village and spotted a leopard right there in the village square."

Young lady: "I bet you're kidding me. I thought leopards grew that

way."

but are expected any day. Fr. McGoey who is here with Fr. Murphy (Harold) expects to leave for Lishui next week bringing four Missionaries, a quantity of provisions (butter, coffee, canned milk, etc.) which he got for nothing from the Red Cross. God always comes to the rescue in time of need to those who trust in Him!

EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from page 17)

rosary beads, wearing ordinary little holy cards on a string around their neck, crosses roughly-made but decorated with colored paper, and innumerable banners held aloft on rough sticks, etc., etc. In these days I have seen for the first time large numbers walking on pilgrimage and carrying stones on their heads. The other night, here in the Capital, I saw a frail-looking woman with a pilgrimage and she had a concretebuilding-block on her head. This Letter is plenty mixed-up already without adding more of the Dominican custom of carrying things on the head instead of in one's arms. still amuses me, and fascinates me. some of the sights one may see here in that respect.

Where was I? Oh, yes, getting back to Monte Plata from Boya. The Monte Plata folks very thoughtfully had prepared a snack for the many pilgrims (a truly charitable act, financed by the Monte Plata Athletic Club) who, I dare say, had scarcely touched a thing to eat since Sunday. I know there are people in Monte Plata who have not eaten or slept

for several days in a row.

That Wednesday night I gave the Holy Hour in the park while Fr. Kirby kept at confessions in the house, which, by the way, is full of the things taken out of the church for safe-keeping. Notwithstanding, the doors were left open through the night and many people slept on the floor of the priest's house. Actually, I never felt myself so eloquent (!) as I did that night, even the Spanish irregular verbs coming to my lips with great facility, and with an audience as silent as the grave I told these people things I'd been wanting to tell them for two years but I couldn't get them into the church to listen, before.

If you're still with me, folks, I'm going to introduce another earth-quake into this letter. We'll pick Thursday morning for this new quake, because that happens to be the morning that quake No. 2 picked on us!

In accordance with the religious spirit which, basically, is part of the heritage of the Dominican people, the Government decreed that in every place in the Republic where there was a priest Holy Mass should be offered in the open to satisfy the people's devotion and with the intention to give God thanks for having saved the country from a worse fate. Nine o'clock was the hour fixed for

the mass of thanksgiving. I was to sing the mass in the Monte Plata park. Since early morning Fr. Kirby and I had been hearing confessions. I was just giving absolution to an old lady at 8.30 a.m. in the house at Monte Plata when things began to move. And I mean "move". The old earth was at it again. This time doing a tango instead of a jig -if there is any difference. I had to grab the old lady to keep her long enough for the absolution, but she beat me into the street by more than a few leaps. I'd say this quake went on for about a minute—since Sunday the tremors were only a few seconds' duration—but in that minute there were a lot of pleas for mercy rending the skies in this country. For nearly an hour pandemonium reigned; we did our best by moving among the people to get them quietened down. Everywhere we moved a throng would follow us-I nearly had my stole kissed away. I marvel now that someone didn't snatch it and try to eat it!

Finally, it was decided to start the mass as being the best means to calm the people. Did it ever! Amongst the thousands who surrounded the makeshift altar that morning there was not a murmur. Before starting

mass I told them the mass was being offered for them and gave them a bit of instruction, telling them, too, that if anything happened during mass they were to "stay put", as the safest place on earth was around an altar where Mass was being offered. There were many communions, of course.

That afternoon, much to my regret, I had to come back to my own work in the Capital, arriving at 7 p.m. after nearly four hours in a bus.

But do you want to hear more about Thursday's doings? This is getting to a close, so cheer up.

In Cuidad Trujillo, the Archbishop said Mass which was attended by all Government officials, including the President and his family, as on Sunday for the anniversary celebrations. The mass was said in front of an obelisk at the waterfront. It is estimated that 30,000 people were present. Father Hart told me about it on my return Thursday night. He had his share of excitement, even by staying in the Capital, for near the end of the mass somebody said something that sounded like "the sea is coming in", and a panic broke loose at the edge of the great crowd. They literally "hit for the hills", and, as they went, gathered momentum by being joined by everybody who was not at the mass. There had been small tidal waves along the Atlantic coast section of the country, destroying one or two small places, and causing about 40 or 50 deaths. In a panic nobody thinks of turning to see if the sea really is spurting after them-in no time at all the news spread that the water had already submerged the Cathedral, etc., etc. And so it went. Motorcycle cops had to speed through the upper reaches of town to stop the rush and arrest a bunch who kept shouting out false alarmist news.

Official Thanksgiving

In such a situation, one can see how every slight tremor of the earth causes tremors, that are not very slight, in the people here. Even now, (it's Monday, and a good twenty-four hours since I noticed the last tremor of the earth in the Capital) every little while I think I feel another shake, and only by looking at the lights overhead to see if they are moving can I judge if it's the earth or myself that's moving. I guess a fellow gets that way, even without being afraid. For, without boasting about it, I honestly did not think of being afraid, even in the terrible

minutes of last Sunday.

Having got back to the Capital my own parish (yes, besides the city Church we have, Fr. Hart and I have a parish on our hands outside the city) had to get some attention, so vesterday I went out there to the parish centre, where, as everywhere these days, there are huge throngs of campesinos making penitential pilgrimages. Fr. Hart had been out there during the week. Now, all through the campos (country districts) where there are chapels we have dates fixed for masses for the remainder of this month. It's going to mean a lot of work, but it's worth it, plenty. Around the parish church the pilgrims have already built a grotto surmounted by three crosses, using the stones they had carried in pilgrimage on their heads.

Here in the Capital, many such pilgrimages are going on all the time. It's quite colorful to see them at night meandering through the city streets, almost everyone carrying a lighted candle. Leading, there will be always someone who knows how to pray, and the others answer. Occasionally, a procession will be

centered around some high-borne image of the Virgin of Altagracia (Patroness of the country). It is the title by which the Mother of God is most known and loved by Dominicans. It is a commentary on the Catholic faith of the people in general to remark that these processions incite nothing but respect—men, as they pass, remove their hats, and women and children bless themselves. Oftentimes, spectators will get down on their knees as the holy picture or statue goes by.

Well, folks, if you'd had the patience to wade through these pages so far you might as well not give up the ship at this point. Hang right in there. It took an earthquake to make me start a letter like this — maybe it'll take another one to make me finish it. If you're not shaking by the punishment you're taking you'll probably last through to the

end of this.

A Spiritual Harvest

Excuse me while I take another glance backward at this doings. It's Saturday; I'm giving Communion during my Mass at San Miguel; I've just reached the centre of "the rails" and just by luck I wasn't knocked flat on my back. What, another quake? No, sir—this time a bit of human tornado in the person of my clerigo (altarboy). He gives me a real honest-to-goodness body-check and claws frantically at the communion-rail gates. He's out, and almost at the door of the church (with the Communion-paten in his hand still) before I recover my wits to shout at everybody to sit down and take it easy. There had been a slight tremor of the earth which I did not notice myself, but which everybody else in the church apparently did. Even some of the oldsters got out of the church ahead of my cyclone-fast altarboy. To their credit, though, be it said that nobody left the Communion rails.

For some time, Fr. Hart (whose name, Lawrence, is "Lorenzo" in Spanish) was planning on being with Fr. Moore in Boya for his Patronal Feast on Saturday, Aug. 10th. San Lorenzo is the Titular of the District ot Boya. So when I came home Thursday, Padre Lorenzo set out Friday morning. He has just come back to the Capital (Mon. afternoon) and he tells me that in Boya and Monte Plata the tremors of the earth are still going on, and that the priests are reaping a bountiful harvest among the still-scared thousands there.

I had a telegram from Father Joe Ainslie, from Yamasa, this morning, asking me to send another priest to help out up there. He and Fr. Joe Moriarty have had 200 Baptisms and over 100 Marriages during the week. So you can figure out what's going on up there. The old church and house in Yamasa will not likely have suffered—there's plenty "give" in them; but I have an idea that Fr. Joe A. is silently praying both the house and church will collapse as that's about their only method of getting something decent up there.

From Fr. Gault, in Seibo, comes this news in a letter to Fr. Hart: "We are still shaking plenty in these parts. There were ten or twelve tremors last night (Aug. 6th) and they were not very gentle, either. If we get another heavy rain like we did yesterday, and a few more shakes, the roof of the church will probably cave in. There are several very large cracks in the interior of the church and hundreds of smaller ones. Several chunks of concrete fell from the outside. One large piece is being held by electric wires. The tower is well cracked-up but seems to be firm Monday night's tremors made the bell ring three times. The rain penetrated in many parts and

left puddles in the church.

"When the big shake-up came on Sunday I was writing a letter. Immediately I knew it was a terrific earthquake. Everybody ran into the streets. What a sight! Many of the men who have never been on their knees since they fell as children were forced by fear to their knees. I entered the church immediately and removed the Blessed Sacrament. Shortly afterwards a short but sharp shock brought down the tall spire of the main altar. It fell over the tabernacle. Another smaller spire, surmounted by an angel, also fell. About 100 men removed everything from the church except the benches, and while they were at it another tremor was felt. The huge crowd gathered outside began to yell and scream. All through the night the earth was quivering in this region. My clothespress rattled all through the night. At one o'clock Monday morning a severe shock drove people into the streets in their night clothes. Nobody slept after that. The Boys' school is being used as a temporary chapel but I am still saying mass in the park to accommodate the crowds.

"Our water tank burst. We lost all our drinking water, but the rain filled it up again as soon as I had the tank repaired.

"P.S. We just experienced a terrific electric storm and an awful downpour. My cook almost went 'nuts'."

From Azua, where Fr. Joe King is with Fr. Walden Allen, came a brief note saying that a few small cracks appeared in their new church, but that all was well.

No word from San Jose de Ocoa, from Fathers McIver and Courtright. That region is not mentioned in the newspapers, either, so they appear to have gotten off easily.

The big wooden church in Hato Mayor (Frs. Diemert and Matte) did not suffer. Lots of people congregated in the park afraid that the tall clock-tower in front of the church would come down.

Bani (Frs. Fullerton and Moylan) suffered very little.

Some of the parishes most hard-hit were under direction of the French-Canadian Fathers from Quebec (Missioners of the Sacred Heart).

Some of the most ancient churches in the Capital (including the Cathedral) are closed till further notice. The Archbishop has dispensed the faithful from observance of the Sunday-mass obligation throughout all the Republic.

I think the foreign press must have over-featured the disaster. I had an anxious telegram from my sister, from Florida. That prompted the sending of a telegram to the Scarboro Seminary saying all personnel completely safe.

Thank God, with us, for the benefits the catastrophe has brought to many souls. But "a flagello terraemotus, libera nos, Domine" will always have new meaning for us.

WANTED USED STAMPS

Used stamps mean help for the Missions. Please send us any you have to spare. We suggest that you send them on paper, with a margin of about one-quarter inch all round.

Do not cut too close as stamps are useless if the perforations are damaged. DO NOT TEAR them off the paper as many thousands of otherwise good stamps are ruined in this way.

We can use all the Canadian,

We can use all the Canadian, Newfoundland and Foreign stamps you can send us. Your co-operation in this effort to help the Missions will be deeply appreciated.

STAMP DEPT., CHINA Scarboro Bluffs - Ontario

LISHUI REVISITED

(Continued from page 5)

puff-puff. They carry no passengers, but I decided that with my sleeping bag I could take a chance on the deck. If all went favourably it was supposed to be able to puff its way into Shanghai in sixty hours. I foolishly let myself be optimistic. Why, I will never know. I really did know better.

We puffed out into the ocean, and then it was decided to call a halt for supper. We were just nicely relaxed when out came a sailboat straight for us. Immediately there was a great commotion and as if from nowhere out come rifles, and shots banged out, and the navigator of the boat called a halt as he was warned off. As he wheeled the boat over we could see the others ducking down under the gunwhales which was evidence enough that the skipper's surmisal was true enough and that the pirates had been heading for us to board us and take what they could get. These waters are infested with pirates who rob the little boats. We were lucky. I didn't have time to be scared, nor to even figure out which side I was on. The boys were down below banging away at the motor of our little seventy foot ocean liner, trying to get under way as quickly as possible.

Shortly after dark I decided to go to bed. I had managed to bargain with a member of the crew for his bunk. For forty thousand he told me that I could have it to Shanghai. I found it in a little room, on the deck, seven feet long, six feet high and 5½ feet wide. There were five of us sleeping in it, but as everything is relative and it was the best on the boat and kept the wind out, it was fine. I went to sleep fairly exhausted. I woke up with that little boat rolling and tossing as if it was in the middle of the Atlantic. I could tell

that there was a lot of excitement in the air, without anything else happening, but when I heard a real crash and we heeled away over and the little oil lamp in the cabin fell out of its place I knew there was something really wrong. There went my provisions. I had brought along three loaves of bread and a dozen hard boiled eggs to sustain me along the way, and they went out through the door like a shot. That was just too much; I reached for my flashlight and went out the door after them, and managed to retrieve nine in spite of the lurchings of the boat; the other three I picked up on the deck in the morning. But we had a mighty chastened skipped aboard to say nothing of his crew. We pulled in behind a bunch of rocks and anchored for the night. The following morning we pulled

out and went for three hours to a little haven in which we took shelter because, although I didn't know it at the time, we had been hit and were being hit by the tail end of a typhoon blowing its way out of the famous China seas. We sat there without moving an inch for four days and four nights. When we arrived at Shanghai I don't think there was a more chilled or more grateful missionary on the China coast. Shanghai looked like the third heaven to me sitting there in the midst of its filth. Oh boy, a steak! I hadn't tasted meat in nine days. Ten days

As I sit here 24 or 25 B-24's are flying overhead to land at one of the fields hereabouts, and it feels good to know that they have no bombs for anyone, and we can begin to plan about the future of the mission, knowing that things will be better soon. Priests are arriving in a week or so, and the work will go on again.

of beard to shave off. It was the

9th of April and I hadn't had my

clothes off since the 25th of March.

Oh boy! a bath, and did I need it.



Attention

All Buds who have sent in subscriptions or renewals to CHINA will receive their prizes after September 30th. Fr. Jim thought it better to wait until all returns were in before sending out these prizes.

Drive For Members

Our Missionaries are writing back about conditions in China and the great amount of work that has to be done among millions of pagans who are ready to become Catholic if only someone will tell them how.

Now is the great chance for all our Buds to get many more boys and girls to join the Rose Garden and by their prayers and pennies help God's Missionaries who are faced with such gigantic tasks.

How to Join

Simply send Father Jim your name, age and home address and he will send you your certificate, contest number and mite box.

October Rosary

What a beautiful way it would be to show our love for Our Blessed Mother if during the month of October every Bud was to say the Rosary every day! And what wonderful example you all would give to grown-ups too! Just think a moment of our beautiful Mother, and then remember that thousands of Chinese boys and girls like yourselves have never heard of Her. She wants you to pray for their conversion. Will you do it, Buds?



The Little Flower

October 3rd, Buds, is the feast-day of St. Theresa. If possible go to Mass and Holy Communion that day and among other intentions pray for those of the Rose Garden and all our Buds.

BUDS! LET'S GET TOGETHER AND INCREASE OUR MEMBER-SHIP!

Quickie Quiz

What naval battle, which saved Christendom, was won through the power of the Rosary?

Prize given for lucky draw from among correct answers sent in.



Dear Buds,

Letters continue to come in from so very many of you and it makes me very happy. I wish I could see each and every one of you and tell you how much I think of you and how thankful I am for all you are doing to make God loved in hearts that once were filled with paganism. And up in Heaven the Angels are busy writing all your good deeds in letters of gold. When you get there you'll be amazed at all the Chinese you have helped save, and forever and forever God will make you happy!



There's a little Bud (I won't tell you where) who was talking to one of our Missionaries and she was almost heart-broken. She had lost her prayer to Father Jim. Golly, Buds, I'm not dead yet!!

见

Nearly every mail brings some new idea Buds try out to give their Missionaries more help. Down in Thorold, Ont., lives Mary Doreen Glover who writes, "I have my mite box in our store and when it is full again I will send it to you." I know we all don't have a store but we can keep our red Rose Garden mite box at home where everyone can see it. And by the way Buds write and ask me

what to do with the money they have saved. Change it into a money-order or bills and send it to Father Jim.

P

I wonder who is going to win that bicycle? By the time you read this someone is going to have it. And many other Buds are going to have prizes. Maybe next year we will have another Contest for our magazine CHINA. And don't forget what I asked you last month. Keep CHINA at home where everyone can see it. If the baby wants to chew on it, well, hmmmm?????



Just a word about our Blessed Mother. October is the month of the Rosary which she wants all of us to say every day. Some years ago she appeared to a very holy woman and told her: "I underwent the hardships of infancy like other children. I felt hunger, thirst, sleepiness and other infirmities of the body." In other words, Buds, She felt just like you feel some days. But She was never cranky, never lazy or too tired to do always what She was told to do. So be a real child to Her and She will be a real Mother to you.

Your friend always,

Father Jim.



Dear Fr. Jim,

Here is the money I saved in my mite box for China's Children . . . and a picture of Grade 4 children. I hope you like it.

Kathleen Belliveau, 34 Prince Arthur St., Amherst, N.S.

You're a great little missionary, Kathleen, and I'm proud of you. By the way you forgot to mention the name of your school. Next time you write, please tell me.



Dear Fr. Jim,

I just finished the Rosary for the missions. Please send me another mite-box...

Betty Sampson, 15 Sulva Rd.,

Grand Falls, Nfld.

Keep on saying the Rosary for the Missions, Betty, and you will draw down many Graces for pagan children.



Dear Fr. Jim,

It's about time I wrote you. Here is a dollar for the magazine CHINA and some new members for our Garden.

Mary McLoughlan, 75 Botwood Rd. Grand Falls, Nfld. Thanks for your very newsy letter, Mary. You are a real live-wire Bud and God will crown your efforts with success. Tell Ron to select Pen Pals from the lists given.



Dear Fr. Jim,

I received the beautiful Bud-ofthe-Month picture you sent and was ever so glad. There are more boys and girls here for the Rose Garden. Do you want them?

Murial Parette, Martintown, Ont.

Do I want more members??? Murial, there are millions of Chinese Children still to be helped! Get every boy and girl you know to join with us. Thanks.



Dear Fr. Jim,

Here are the contents of my mitebox with the sincerest wishes that the children of China will be helped at least a little bit. Please send me another mite-box.

> Isabel Woodford, Hr. Main, C.B. Nfld.

Isabel is 16 years of age, Buds, and this is the first publication of her name. Write her and thank her for her help to China's Children. And I thank you too, Isabel.



Barbara, Buds, was selected to be October Bud-of-the-Month. She lives at 351 Chapel St., Ottawa, Ont. For an all-round hard and cheeful worker for the Missions, she's among the best. Thanks a million for everything you have done, Barbara, and keep up the good work for the salvation of China's Children. God bless you.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am sixteen years old and want to join the Rose Garden. . . . Here are two dollars for the magazine.

Anne Morgan,

Thamesville, Ont., R.R. 6. You will have two chances on the bicycle, Anne. Here's a new Bud, folks, so get busy and welcome her to our Rose Garden.



Dear Fr. Jim,

My name is Eleanora Federovich and I am 11 years old. May I be admitted to the Garden?

Fork River, Manitoba.

You are a most welcome member, Eleanora, and I hope you will have many Pen-Pals.

New Pen Pals

AMHERST, N.S.

AMHERST, N.S.

Estabrooks, Dawn, 9, 18 Albion St.; Fagan, Omer, 27 Patterson St.; Fraser, Robert, 9, 11 Electric St.; Gallant, Lloyd, 11, 49 York St.; Ginley, Betty Lou, 10, 20 Victoria St.; Gouchie, Marion, 9, 107 S. Albion St.; Gouchie, Marion, 9, 107 S. Albion St.; Goughen. Leo, 12, 26 La Planche St.: Gould. Ivan. 9, 32 S. Albion St.; Gould. Yvette. 13, 32 S. Albion St.; Gould. Yvette. 13, 32 S. Albion St.; Hicks. Catherine. 9, 30 Prince Arthur St.; Lamy. Murray, 9, 47 Albion St.; Lamette. Raymond. 10, 6 Spring St.; Lawless. Charles. 11, 115, Douglas Lane; LeBlanc, Hazel. 14, 50 F. Pleasant St.; LeBlanc, Donald. 10, 17 F. Pleasant St.; LeBlanc, Loraine. 9, 5 Stanley St.; Legere, Gerald. 9, 5 Patterson St.; Legere, Gerald. 9, 5 Patterson St.; Legere, Irene. 9, 59 Eddie St.; Legere, Lorenzo, 10, 3 Edgewood. Ave.; McGahev. Robert, 9, 5 Chignecto St.; McDonald. Shirley, 9, 24 Douglas Ave.; McGahev. Robert, 9, 5 Chignecto St.; McDonald. Angus, 9, Brook Village; McNeil. Margaret. 9, Mahon; Kohart. Francis. 10, Upper William St.; McCallum. James. 9, 21 Foundry St.; O'Neill. Ronald. 8, 11 Palmer St.; Perry. Patricia. 9, 56 Eddy St.; Stewart. Robert. 9, 78 Albion St.; Tattrie, Audrey 7, 47 Hill St.; Vance. Joyce. 10, 14 Wellington St.; White, Doreen. 8, 13 Edward St.; White, Rita, 10, 116 Church St.

ARNPRIOR
Gibeau, Roland. 10. Charles St.; Grenier.

ARNPRIOR

Gibeau, Roland, 10. Charles St.; Grenier.

Annette, 11. 229 John St.; Grondon Paul,
13; Herrick, Leonard, 11. R.R. No. 1;

Hogan, Shirley, 12. 28 Russell St.; Hassard, Marguerite, 11: Laderoute, Brian,
12, 62 Madawaska, St.; LaPierre, Doris,
11, 116 Harrington St.; LaPierre, Dorothy,
11, 116 Harrington St.; McCormick, Ron1d, 11, 125 Madawaska, St.; McGrath, 11. 116 Harrington St.: McCormick. Ronald. 11, 125 Madawaska St.: McGrath, Collista. 11. 92 Victoria St.; King. Arthur, 12, 56 Ottawa St.; Power. Geraldine. 12. 82 Hariet St.; Prentice, Patricia. 10. 47 Edward St.: Robinson. Gordon. 13. 102 John St.: Sinn. Barbara. 12 Sevmour St.; Wall, John. 10. 98 Vancortland St. ALLANBERG, ONT.

Tiffney, Catherine. 12, Allanberg P.O. AVONDALE, NFLD.
Costella. Mary, 11, Avondale. Nfld.; Meaney, Mildred, 14, Avondale; Lyons, Catherine. 12. Avondale; Lyons, Catherine. 12. Avondale; Lyons, Catherine. 14. Avondale; Lyons, Catherine. 15. Avondale; Lyons, Catherine. 16. Avondale; Whalen, Dorothy. 14. Avondale; Whalen, Dorothy. 14. Avondale; Whalen, Monica, 12, Avondale.

12, Avondale.

AVONMORE, ONT.
Gwendolyn, 13, Avonmore,

Ont.

ANTIGONISH, N.S.

MacIntosh, Ralph, 14, Lower South
River, Antigonish; MacIntosh, Sadie, 15,
Lower South River, Antigonish,
BELL ISLAND, NFLD.

Ethridge, Rita. 17, Bell Island; Kennedy, Edward. 15, Tower Square; Neville,
Jack, 12, Bell Island; Shea, Bernadette
Marie, 15, The Front, Bell Island; Walsh,
Mary, 13, Armoury Rd., Bell Island,
Whiffen, Genevieve, 14, Bell Island,
BELLE RIVER, ONT.

Gignac, Jeanne, 10, Box 38; Gignac,
John, 12, Box 38.

BIRDS CREEK, ONT.

Flynn, Tom, 9, Birds Creek.

BLOOMFIELD STN., P.E.I.
Keefe, Freddie, 12, Bloomfield Stn.



Another Victory!!

Because YOU helped, our Missionaries were able to bring Christ to still another of China's countless villages.

Because YOU helped, these Chinese whom you see here, will, by their word and example, lead others of their countrymen to the feet of Christ.

THAT IS CATHOLIC ACTION!!!

Keep up the good work. Keep reading CHINA. Keep your own subscription up to date. Get others to subscribe.

75,000 Subscribers! . . . Our Aim . . . 75,000 Subscribers!

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA!

\$1.00 a year





\$20.00 for life

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Welcome Back

We welcome back Rev. Russell White, Squadron Leader in the Royal Air Force, who has returned just recently from Scotland, where he had been stationed. Before being posted to Scotland, Rev. Father White had been on Mission work in China and for a time was stationed in India as a chaplain in the R.A.F.

Grey Sisters Return to China

We have just received word that the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario will return immediately to resume their mission work in our district of Lishui.

They hope to leave for China late this month. We wish them Godspeed.

Completes Translation of Scriptures

Doctor John C. H. Wu, famous Chinese convert to Catholicism has just completed his gigantic task of translating the New Testament into the Chinese language. He had been especially commissioned to do so by Generalissimo Chiang Kai Chek, and China's wartime leader has expressed great admiration and satisfaction at the conclusion of the momentous task.

Priests' Retreat

The first week of September saw most priests of our Society in Canada, assembled at the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs for the Annual Retreat.

The retreat was preached by Rev.

Father Dwyer of the Redemptorist House in Toronto. We offer Father Dwyer our heartfelt thanks. His sincere efforts to help us, his very instructive discourses and his own evident piety, deeply impressed us all.

The Seminary Reopens

On September 15th China Mission Seminary opened its doors for another scholastic year. The house was taxed to its capacity by the largest enrolment of students in the history of the Institution.

The Novitiate at St. Mary's will not reopen till November 1st. The new residence being there erected, will not be ready for occupancy until that date.

We ask your good prayers for our seminarians and novices and for a year of blessings and success for both institutions.

The Road Back

On Sept. 28th Fathers Turner, Clement, Hudswell and Kelly sailed from San Francisco on the first lap of their return journey to our mission prefecture of Lishui in China.

God grant that they are but the vanguard of a great army of missioners that Canada and Newfoundland will send forth for the evangelization of the Orient.

To the Dominican Republic

Rev. Michael Dwyer recently discharged from the Chaplaincy service of the Royal Canadian Navy, will soon proceed to Santo Domingo, where he will be posted to one of the parishes under the care of our Society. We all wish him well.

Page Thirty



We Must Build

Every Catholic in Canada and Newfoundland will rejoice to learn that the Seminary of their own Foreign Mission Society is jammed to the doors with future Missionaries! And not only that! Our Novitiate at St. Mary's, Ont., is filled, too.

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS?

It means that next year another twenty-five students have to be accommodated in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs. And that means we must build next Spring.

Remember that this Society is yours. Obey that impulse! Send your donation TO-DAY.

Make Cheques and Money Orders payable to

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSIÓN SOCIETY

Scarboro Bluffs - - - Ontario

CHINA Page Thirty-One

Urgently Needed!

We appeal to our many friends to help supply the following items for our missions in China:

- NEW VESTMENTS
- •ALTAR CLOTHS and LINENS
- •MISSALS (new)
- •CHALICES
- CIBORIA (small)
- OSTENSORIA (small)
- COPES
- •HUMERAL VEILS
- BURSES (Benediction)
- ROSARIES
- •MEDALS
- •HOLY PICTURES

- •TRUNKS (used ones are all right)
- SLEEPING BAGS
- MOSQUITO NETS
- •BLANKETS
- •SINGLE SHEETS
- •TOWELS
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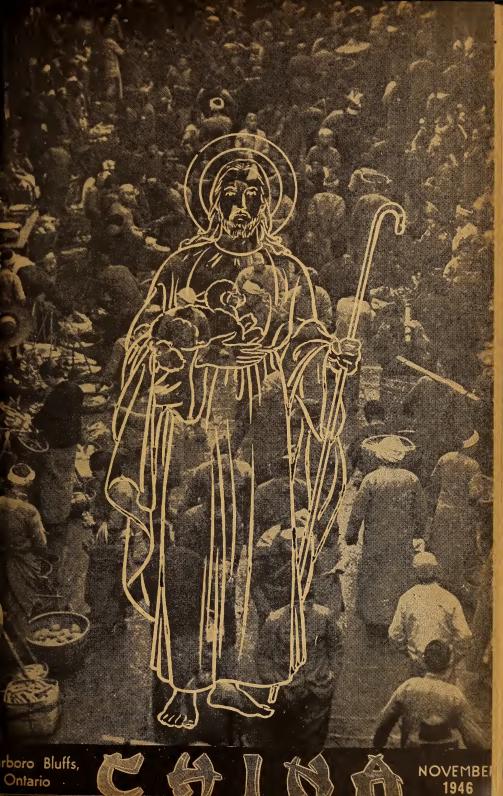
HAMMER, HATCHET, HAND SAW, SCREWDRIVER, PLIERS, PLANE, HAND DRILL, CHISEL

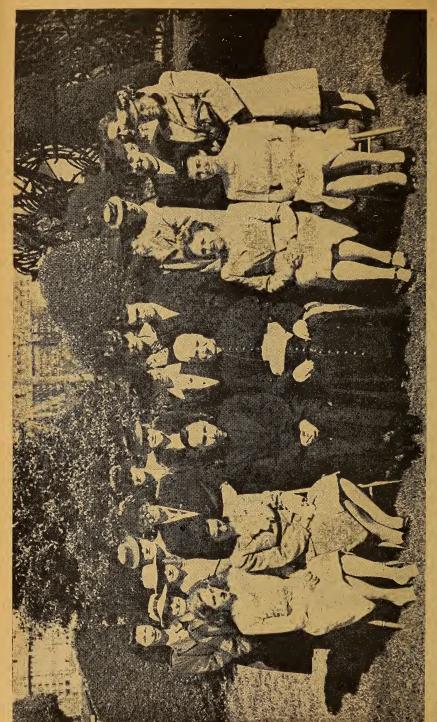
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CHINA MISSION SEMINARY Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.



WATCH EXPIRY DATE ON YELLOW LABEL AND RENEW PROMPTLY.





Right Rev. Monsignor Wood, Rev. Lorne McFarland, pastor of the Chinese Mission in Victoria, B.C., and members of the Little Flower Mission Circle

FILIPINO PANORAMA



YES it is true, there is definitely no zero weather in Shanghai. But, Oh brother! if anyone tries to tell you that it isn't cold, let him get up real early some January morning. That is what we did, and wondered how long we would survive as we chattered our way through the following hours to the tropics. That is a little confusing isn't it. I suppose the best thing I can do is explain just what I am talking about.

Why was I up so early in January? Well Father Harold Murphy and I were on our way to the Philippine Islands to begin a little survey that might lead the way for the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society into the Islands. Rather than take days waiting for a boat, and then more days travelling we decided that six hours by plane, although it might be quite a shock to St. Francis Xavier, would be very pleasant to us. And to get that plane we had to rise at four o'clock one fine January morning; and it was cold.

On the field at Kiangwan Airport, Shanghai, the big four motored C-46 warmed up. We were all strapped into our bucket-seats, with our Maewests tied on. Down the runway we roared into the dawn. As we rose we veered away to the south while blanketed and shivering we climbed to ten thousand feet, and then settled

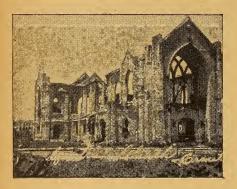
away for the long run.

After a few hours the ship's captain sent back for Father Murphy and me, to go to the pilot's compartment for a look-see. Then the navigator took us into the confidence of the Radar apparatus. To show us how it worked, he did a quick calculation of our position, and as usual hit it right on the nose. Just as he was saying that we ought to be right off Luzon, the Captain called back and said, "Father, there is the land of vour destination." A few moments more and we where over the Lingaven gulf, and took a right angle turn to cross the Island toward "There is Bataan, Father. We are just passing Corregidor now". and we couldn't help but think of the days in China when these names had brought so much discouragement to us because they were falling like leaves in the Autumn air. There was

CHINA

Manila, that used to be called The Pearl of the Orient.

We wheeled around to land into the wind. The plane gave a slight tremor as the flaps were let down for the landing. Another tremor as the wheels hit the strip, and we taxied up to the depot. The doors were opened and we were met by a hot blast of Manila's winter air. A sweat



shirt and an overcoat did seem super-

fluous to say the least.

Within an hour we had stopped at the snack bar, been jeeped six or seven miles into the city, and had been introduced to the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word. They made us very welcome, and showed us to two rooms in the Seminary of

Christ the King.

In spite of the fact that this was a new land to us, and therefore it should have been interesting, we could not shake a feeling of depression. Why? Well the sights we had seen coming through that city had been rather grim. Manila was a mass of ruins. More than half the homes had been destroyed. What were left had been patched with old sheets of galvanized iron. A beautiful city changed to a crazy-quilt. The few houses that remained unscathed only reminded one that it must have indeed been a beautiful city. The public buildings with one or two exceptions were masses of twisted steel and broken concrete. The whole of the ancient walled-city was gutted. It had been a natural museum, and it was no more. Only three Churches were left standing in a city that was host to the Eucharistic Congress just a few years ago. More than seventy priests killed in the city alone, and God only knows how many in the Islands. Yes, I guess Manila deserved the Purple Heart.

We rested in the Seminary for a couple of days, using this time to chat with some of the Fathers there who had seen years of service in the Philippines. These Fathers were almost an inexhaustible source of mission information.

Then out came the maps to see just what part of the country we had to see. We decided that our itinerary would cover at least eleven hundred miles, and we realized that transportation facilities were the very poorest. If we could only get a Jeep we would be saved. Well one couldn't be shot for trying. We contacted as soon as possible some army chaplains. As usual they were the greatest help to us, and it was principally through their interest in us that we managed to convince the Foreign Liquidation Commission that we really needed a Jeep. Then came the boys. They took the Jeep out of our hands promising to bring it back in a few days, and when they did, vou can be assured that its own mother would not have known it. It had had a complete facial, with additions in the nature of major gastric surgery. Two days later, after all the necessary registering, and rigmarole of making a civilian out of it, it was christened McGurphy in honour of the two proprietors.

We were anxious to get our job done, and so we hit the road towards Lingayen where we were to meet Bishop Madriaga. We spent the first night with Father Mahoney, a veteran of all the 86th Divisions action in Europe and the Islands. Six feet five inches tall, he was a lot of man, and a real priest. The greatest trib-

Page Four China

ute paid him was the way the boys dropped into his tent one after the other for a few minutes chat, and whatever pleasantries he could churn out for them. We passed the evening out under the stars, with the boys looking at a movie from the hood of a Jeep. After Mass the next morning we started out for Lingayen about a hundred miles to the north.

In the city of Lingayen we found an American Columban Father, Father O'Kane, holding the fort alone in a parish that numbered twenty-three thousand catholics. He was living in a thatched native hut, built almost against the wall of the ruins of the once-beautiful cathedral. The Bishop's house which had been a veritable museum of Spanish art in the ecclesiastical line was a heap of rubble. This city had been on the receiving end of 62,000 shells before the Americans landed, and it looked just like that.

Bishop Madriaga was living in a temporary house a couple of miles away, and he came over that night for supper. He made us very welcome to his Diocese, and after a pleasant chat with him we arranged to pick him up in the morning and visit the places he had in mind for the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society should they take work in the Islands.

Up with the birds the following morning, we pounded along the highway in "McGurphy", towards our rendezvous with the Bishop. During the morning we visited the municipalities of San Clemente, Santa Ignacia, Myantoc, and the city of Camiling. We were deeply impressed by what we saw. One would not have to be much of an apostle to desire to work there. The conditions were sad. People nominally catholic who knew nothing about their religion. Falling away in the dozens because there was no one to instruct them. Eighty percent of the people dying without the last sacraments. No matter what criticism

might have of the Spanish there were priests in the Islands when Spain dominated them. Now there had been few if any American priests sent out to replace the Spanish Fathers after the Spanish-American war. The effect was disastrous. It simply had to be remedied.

There was lots more to be seen, but we had seen enough to convince us that this work must be done. In this city of Camiling the population was 25,000. The Church could seat 2,000. God alone knew how many people there were in the surrounding barrios or small villages. There were two priests in the city. What could they do with such a field before them? It looked to Father Murphy and me as if we just had to come. One thousand five hundred school boys and girls in town and no one to really guide them. Many of the American army chaplains who had seen these things had started in to help as best they could, and they were all impressed with the necessity of doing something for these people.



What we really wanted to give these people was an inheritance of real living faith not just a rich inheritance of concrete highways and skyscrapers. What a difference in values, and yet the brick-makers and concrete mixers always seemed too anxious to pile up monuments.

Convinced as we were already, we still had work to do, and so after as-

suring the Bishop that we would do all in our power to see that priests would come out, and Sisters too, we started on another leg of our journey. Across the Island of Luzon, and up the eastern half to Tuguegarao, a distance of 293 miles. We made it in a day, up over the famous Balete Pass which the Japs arrogantly thought the Americans could not traverse. In a miracle of bull-dozers, dust, and artillery as well as some of the best blood in America it was traversed. What a job that was, we readily realized as we second-geared our way up six miles of twists and turns and down four miles of the same pattern.

In Tuguegarao, all was in ruins. The Bishop had only three out of sixty-three Churches standing. His own residence, School and Cathedral were rubble. Forty-seven of these Churches the Bishop had built himself. Only he himself was not

crushed.

We conferred with him for two or three days, and started back for Manila, with his expressed hope that his Diocese which was a hundred miles wide, and two hundred and fifty long, and which had only forty some priests, would receive help in men and material from Canada.

The Churches that were still standing paid tribute to the holocaust of war by much of their furniture. The flower vases were empty artillery shells. The water fonts oxygen tanks.

The real tribute to the holocaust called war, was in the number of fresh graves in which were wrapped the bodies of the priests and sisters that served our Lord so well in the time that was given them. We stopped in Bayambong for dinner. The native sisters there told us of the two of their number whose lives had gone with the war. They had been bombed. The pianos from the music room above crashed through the ceiling, and pinned one of the Sisters underneath it. The others tried to move the piano. They couldn't, and the

terrific heat from the devouring flames from the incendiaries made the victim cry out "Save yourselves, I am not afraid to die, and we must not all be lost." Another Sister had an arm and a leg blown off, and the following day she went to her reward. That was not uncommon.

One could hardly travel any place without hearing stories of heroism. Bishop Finniman was taken by the Japanese to Manila for questioning, on a boat. When the boat did not arrive with the Bishop on it, there were many apologies. Very sorry but the Bishop in a fit of despondency jumped overboard and they could not find him. He had already been beaten several times for his refusal to cooperate. He was a German. Father Jose, had been tied up and tortured for seven days before being mercifully hanged with a piece of wire. Two Irish Fathers, of the five that were killed, met violent deaths on the end of bayonets for they were suspicious characters according to the The German Fathers at Japanese. the Seminary had been slapped and kicked about. Surely these deaths would bring some help to the Islands that the souls they had worked to help might get the help they so much

A long hard drive brought us back to Manila, and we went to work on our report. The gist of it was simple. The Islands had almost 18,000 -000 people. Eighty-five per cent were nominally Catholic. but there were very few priests. The average 10.000 nominal Catholics for every priest. Eighty per-cent of the people dying without the last sacraments. God only knows how many are not even baptized. An opportunity without peer for making a vital virile catholicity out of what could be paganism in another 20 years. Regardless of climate, conditions, sickness or any other mission bane, there was work that could not be foregone.

The Land That is China



By D. E. Stringer

The Religion of China

THERE is a line from the poet Tennyson which is very apt to describe the longevity of China, "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." Out of the dim mists of antiquity, more than four thousand years ago, Chinese come into written history. Twenty-five hundred years before Christ! Do they come in the trappings of savages, a wild uncivilized horde; a nomadic people, restless and uncertain, with primitive habits and customs? No! The sun of the written word rises on a settled and civilized people, a dignified race. Where did they come from? What is their stock? The certain answer is still to be found, for there seems to be no specimens extant which one may claim represents the primitive type. Mystery! Into the shadowy regions of oblivion have gone the proud peoples of Egypt, of Babylon, of Carthage, of the Incas. forever old, forever new, marches on, -one fifth of the human caravan. In spite of famine, of wars, of pestilences which have taken a toll, not in tens of thousands but in tens of millions, China struggles on, growing, growing, growing! Four hundred and seventy-five millions of them. "Men may come"

Religion in ancient China was a clear-cut affair at least in its liturgy. I can do no more here than indicate some of its more salient points. Without doubt they believed in one supreme Being, but no ancient text has been found to explain either the nature or the origin of this being. Some scholars have offered the suggestion that the Chinese belong to the Semetic stock and this may explain their tradition of God. That it was a personal God can be understood from the text, "the way of Heaven (their term for God), its constant practice, is to reward the good and punish the wicked." Along with this belief went animism. This is a system in which living things are personified, that is in all living things there is human life. Hence the abundance of spirits, good and bad.

Every clan of importance claimed the Sovereign on High as the father of its founder and thus we find the emperors being termed Sons of Heaven. In the days of the Chou dynasty there was an instance of this action of Heaven. Had you lived then, you would have heard them singing, "Chiang-yuan was without sin. It was the Sovereign on High who caused her to become a mother." Remarkable, isn't it? Yet, in their humility, they were never guilty of

the blasphemous excesses of later Roman and other emperors who deified themselves. There was something clean and fresh in that old religion of China, and its lack of any phallic worship. The emperor believed he received from Heaven the mandate to govern and that he must be careful lest Heaven take it away again for any serious transgression. Let me give one quote from those ancient times. It is from an old hymn sung by the emperor Ch'eng, 1044-1008.

"Oh let us be careful, let us be Heaven observes and judges. Its mandate is not easy to retain. Say not, it is away on high, it is very far. No, it rises and descends unceasingly, it is present at our actions. All day long it is there, examining everything. The action of Heaven on all beings is imperceptible but incessant. I burn some fat kneaded with mug-wort in order to secure a prosperous year. The fragrance of this offering rises and the Sovereign on high is made glad thereby. Glorious and resplendent Heaven I look to you for an abundant harvest."

In spite of their belief in a personal Being, they never caught the idea of the soul in the Christian sense. They did believe in survival after death. But the how and the where was never clearly understood. Their conception of the next life was based on their understanding of this life. And so departed ones had to be supplied with the necessities of existence from this world. Even today we often see the offerings of clothes, shoes, houses, etc., all made of paper and then burned so that they are thus transported to the next world.* the case of any given soul, these offerings taper off and are finally discontinued, which leads us to believe the Chinese thought such souls eventually ceased to exist.

*Read page 26.

In those ancient days the official public worship was offered by the Emperor for himself and for his people. He was their high-priest. By means of fire and smoke he notified Heaven, and established connection therewith. The lords had a lesser function within their own territorial limits. At this official worship the people were merely the spectators, forbidden under pain of death from taking any active part in it. They had their own private worship at the mound (of earth) which marked the locality of worship in every town and village. Besides the worship offered to Heaven there was that offered to the Genii and Manes. The Manes were simply the lesser lights among the Genii. In reality the spiritual hierarchy was simply an imitation of this world's. As the social and political set-up started from the emperor and descended to the people so the religious system started with the Sovereign on High and descended to the hosts of spirits, the guardian angels and patron saints so to speak.

Thus up to the twentieth century B.C., about the time Moses left Mesopotamia, Chinese religion can be summed up as, "A religious worship of a supreme Being, Heaven, a Sovereign on high, the ruler of the universe who sees and understands all, who rewards and punishes, who makes and unmakes the princes his mandatories; reserved to the government and forbidden to the people. An animistic worship offered to the Genii of the mountains, the rivers, and certain places; souls of glorified men, deceased celebrities, benefactors of the nation; reserved to the government and forbidden to the people. A worship of the local Patron of the soil, at the mound of each village; the only public worship allowed to the people. A private worship of Ancestors, by all the families, each honouring its own. They are in constant communication with them. They

(Continued on page 12)

ighter (S) VEIN



Confusin' But Amusin'

When the enemy nationals were being prepared by the Japanese officials for departure to the internment camp at Wei Hsien, one of the Japanese officers pulled one of those "boners" that added a spark of amusement to the otherwise rather dull life of an internee. He very regally arranged his group according to name and number and then in a clear, strong voice issued the following order, or should I say disorder—"Line up single file and march two by two".



It's All in Your Point of View

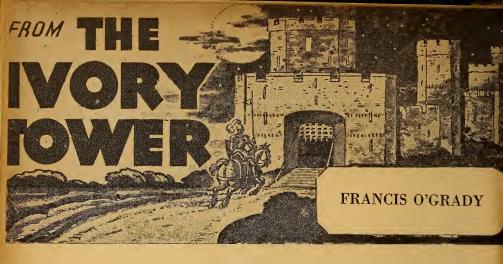
It happened down in Santo Domingo. Archbishop Pittini was visiting our Mission Superior in the Republic, Very Rev. A. Chafe. The Archbishop, who is bothered with

very poor sight, was sitting in his car, together with some other priests, and was of course looking out. Father Chafe, however, had his head in the car window, talking to the priests. It was a beautiful evening, or should I say—had been. All of a sudden one of those typical tropical downfalls started, and the Archbishop, trying to peer out, asked if it were raining. Father Chafe, who was outside (well, at least part of him was) looking in, answered-"O no your Excellency, it is a beautiful evening". Just at that moment he pulled his head out of the car, and felt the rain pelting down on his face. Was he ever embarrassed and were the others ever amused.



It's a Good Trick If You Can Do It

When the train was leaving the station at Peking, carrying the internees to the camp at Wei Hsien, the Americans, very characteristically started to sing "Anchors Aweigh", just to show they were not downhearted. This seemed to rattle the Japanese guard, but not wishing to appear too harsh he compromised with—"You can sing but don't make any noise".



R. JUSTICE JACKSON, recently the prosecutor at the Nurenberg trials, gave the main address at the centennial celebration of the University of Buffalo. He began by quoting the late H. G. Wells: "History is a race between education and catastrophe". His theme was that law is the highest development of education and thus was Buffalo University doing its share towards helping the American people on to Progress. Mr. Jackson is sure that the trials have been epoch making in the history of mankind and may even be the only gleam of hope in this whole century. His confidence in the power of law was inspiring to the naive, annoying to the average citizen and revolting to the historian. His soothing assurance was based on the fact that the Four Great Powers had agreed to condemn aggression and hence Law would be backed up by Power and the human race would march on to a brave new world.

The lesson of history is anything but this. Pacts have been made before, international laws have been made before, Force has backed up the concept of Law and yet wars followed upon wars. A better solution must be attempted before historians will enthuse. The Roman

Empire was one version; it collapsed. The Holy Roman Empire (which Lord Bryce pointed out was neither Holy, nor Roman, nor a real Empire) was a development of the same thesis but it also failed. The British Empire saw the writing on the wall and is still in the process of changing into a Commonwealth. All of history is a proof that Force cannot back up Law and guarantee lasting success. When the Force dies, the Law is forgotten. I'm sorry, Mr. Jackson, but even getting the Four Great Powers to agree will not save our civilization . . . and maybe it's just as well.

Anatole France wrote 'That which distinguishes man from the animals is lying and literature'. Besides this specific difference, man has other characteristics almost incredible in the makeup of a rational being. Perhaps his worst is a common understanding to use words which are never to be defined. It is a gentleman's agreement and anyone who dares question it is known as a crank or a fanatic. If such a person persists in questioning such a concept during his entire life and finally succeeds in compelling his fellowman not only to define but to stick to the established meaning with the necessary attitude this will imply, such a

Dans Ton

C----

person is a hero, a martyr for the race and many will attend his funeral.

A concept which requires clearing up is that of 'Progress', and this essay is a call to mankind for a victim to sacrifice himself and lay down his life if need be to compel a definition of this term. Think what it would mean: first it would ring the death-knell of the dangling comparative. You have heard people exclaiming of the merits of some new article which is 'bigger and better' . . . and you never discover what it is bigger or better than. A good definition of progress might save us wondering what is the advantage of having aircraft travel 600 m.p.h. rather than only 500 m.p.h. when one goes from a dismal existence in one place to an equally dismal existence somewhere else. Indoor plumbing has likely not contributed anything towards the happiness of the human race although advertising agents would have us believe it a mark of true culture and certainly evidence of 'progress'. The man who invents something to fill a need is soon forgotten; the man whose invention creates a new need becomes rich; this is one result of material progress. Dr. Johnson put it: Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment.

Progress by Number

When athletes run faster, jump higher, lift more than their ancestors we say it's progress made. If a city has one swimming pool this year and two next year, it's progress. Supposedly if there are three times as many divorces now as a decade ago that's progress too! When we publish a thousand novels yearly in Canada that will be taken as an indication that we are more progressive than, let's say the Australians who may only publish 900. Surely the confusion of quantity for quality should be ended. If there is no idea

of what the race is trying to reach as a goal we can never speak intelligently of any kind of progress.

Henry Adams

An autobiography which has always been a good seller among thinking people is 'The Education of Henry Adams'. The author visited Europe many times and compared it with his homeland in America in a memorable chapter: The Dynamo and The Virgin. He wrote of the motive power, the push behind our material civilization with its giant pieces of construction whether buildings, bridges, dams etc. as opposed to the motive power or push or inspiration which produced the art of Western Europe. The beauties of architecture, painting, sculpture which were inspired by devotion to the Blessed Virgin have no peers anywhere else in the world and his conclusion is that the lasting Force in the history of civilization must be something spiritual and in the final analysis some Person. We recommend the reading of this book to Mr. Jackson.

Atomic Ache

The scientists who produced the Bomb are worried; the political implications of their weapon have finally dawned on them and they are all excited. First they advocated telling all their secrets to the whole world; if all had the bomb then nobody would dare use it. Now they want international control with supervision of every country to prevent the possibility of making any bombs secretly. They have lost confidence in International Law; they have no confidence in politicians; they hope a super-police force watching over the world will be able to save civilization. They assure us very solemnly that the alternative is the end of the world. Their education has been along scientific lines which have kept them in the laboratory; now they

CHINA

have suddenly discovered that their research was paid for by people who intended to use their inventions out in the cold, practical world; and the scientists are all excited. They would have preferred time to think things over before letting the politicians in on their secret. Unfortunately the world could not wait for someone to explain to them the relation which obtains between theory and practice; between the laboratory and the world. In August of this past summer the U.S. Senators refused to vote for the establishment of a world court on the plea that they did not know enough about the question. Their chairman then said: 'Gentlemen the progress of the world cannot await your intellectual development'. They passed the motion. Our scientists needed the same lesson.

Coming of Age

After Bikini a sailor expressed his disappointment; he said he had hoped for a greater thrill. Someone else said: 'Esthetically the pastel shades were gorgeous'. Obviously the average man who witnessed these explosions did not realise what was going on; or perhaps did not want to. Such innocence is dangerous. Children are not permitted to play with explosives and our politicians are mostly children. It's very unfortunate that adolescence seems to be the limit of their political development. However there is hope that the emphasis is changing from merely material ideals to something more lasting. The brotherhood of man thesis is becoming more popular with the writers and the lack of charity towards suffering populations is being condemned more pointedly and for better reasons. If we can switch supernatural standards for natural, then true progress will be made.

Social Cancer

In 1910 patients suffering from cancer waited on an average of 63

weeks before consulting their physician; medical science then had little success in this line. Today the average patient reports to his family doctor within a month after first noticing his symptoms; and today medical science is having success in 20% of all cancer cases. Perhaps we would have better luck with other problems if we had a 3-week or one month limit before doing something about them. The latest statistics show that one marriage in 3 ends in divorce; this is likely our worst social cancer. Now discontent is usually the first step in the progress of a man or a nation. If we can influence public opinion to recognize the broken home as the source of most juvenile delinquency and crime, then the divorce laws will be revised radically.

Human progress involves the establishment of the city of God on earth; a society with supernatural standards because man has a supernatural goal; laws to develop the character of the individual so that he may take his rightful place alongside his fellowman. The force behind law must come from within man himself; it is

grace.

THE LAND THAT IS CHINA

(Continued from page 8)

inform them of everything. The ancestors are invited by means of music. Offerings are made to them. Their blessing is sought. Official divination, a sort of exact science, to ascertain the intentions and the consent of Heaven. Astrology and meteorology studied with the same object, to know if Heaven is satisfied or not."

But with the passage of the years, and long before the coming of Christ, the growth of animism blotted out the clear outlines of the Sovereign on high and loosed upon the people superstitions of every kind.



Two English officers drove past a column of troops in their jeep.

"Fine company", one of them re-

marked.

"Yes", the other agreed, "there are

288 splendid looking men".

"What did you say? Two hundred and eighty-eight men? Do you mean to say you managed to count them as we drove by?"

"Why yes".

"But how? It's extraordinary". "Not at all. It's very simple. I counted 576 pairs of boots and divid-

ed by two—that makes 288 men".

"Sergeant!" said the captain. I have just caught Private Durand imitating me. Go and tell him that his behavior is not compatible with the dignity of the army".

The sergeant rushed off, and was

back five minutes later.

"Did you reprimand him?" asked

the captain.

"Oh yes, sir. I told him to stop playing the fool".

"This war is nothing", said a soldier from Marseilles. "You ought to have seen me fighting against the Zulus. Why once they ran me through with a sword, pinning me to the ground".

"That must have hurt you very

much", a listener ejaculated.

"Yes indeed — particularly when I laughed".

"By jove, Mac, you've holed in one!"

"Awell, it saves wear and tear on the wee ball."

Andy: "How can one tell a Scotch ship at sea?"

Sandy: "Give it up, how?"
Andy: "A ship with no gulls following it."

Bobby-soxer on the telephone: "I'd love to go, but I feel I should help my father with my home work."

"I hear that you dropped some money in Wall Street. Were you a bull or a bear?"

"Neither, just a plain, simple ass."

The weighing machine was out of order, but no notice to that effect had been posted. An unsuspecting fat lady clambered on and inserted a penny. Among the curious bystanders was an inebriated gentleman intently watching the dial. The scale registered seventy-five pounds. "My gosh," he whispered, hoarsely, "she's hollow."

There was an old man from Calcutta

Who coated his tonsils with butta, Thus reducing his snore

From a thunderous roar To a soft, oleaginous mutta.

CHINA



Draw up a chair and listen while your missioners tell their stories of adventure in far-off China and colorful Santo Domingo.

A Sick Call to Jobo Dulce By M. McSween

There is something romantic about a sick-call, especially when you have no idea where you are going and you have to go on horseback. There is something awesome and breath-taking about a sick-call; being with a soul during its last moments on earth, conscious of the fact that God has chosen you to assist it to face death with confidence. There is something inspiring about a sick-call as it is a time when by a little talk, not a sermon, lukewarm and sometimes hardened hearts can be moved to tears of repentance. There is, my dear reader, something consoling about a sick-call as it is an occasion when a priest knows that, by God's Grace, he is doing a work for God that will prove that His sufferings and Crucifixion were not in vain.

Such are my sentiments as I return from my first sick-call in Santa Cruz del Seibo. Arrangements were made yesterday but for want of a horse I had to wait until this morning. When my guide arrived he told me that there were two, a man and a woman, very ill in the same district. In my last article I told you

about the sugar-cane and the mountains beyond. On this trip instead of going along with the sugar cane I went through it and up into the mountains. Speed was out of the question and although I was assured by my guide that the sick would not die before we arrived, I was uneasy. What must Paradise be like when God has deigned to make the earth so beautiful. Once we were beyond the sugar cane we rode through gardens of orange, lemon, mango, palm de coco and palm trees and fields of coffee. I asked my guide if he grew coffee. "Yes", he said, "but my wife and I drink so much that I never have any to sell."

I visited the woman first. As always there was a large number present. The house looked wretched from the outside but when I entered I found it clean and everything was in order. What a beautiful tribute they paid Our Blessed Lord by having a communion table and the walls of the sick room draped with white sheets. Confession, Communion, my "little talk" and Extreme Unction. I thought for a moment that she was dying but it was only a spell. On every side of me, beautiful Spanish prayers, often choked with sobs, rose

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to Heaven like incense, as I administered the Sacraments in that humble but God-Fearing home. The customary cup of coffee was much appreciated and, laden with cocoanuts, I rode on to my second call. Poverty again-dire poverty. I venture to say, that it was only surpassed by the Stable in Bethlehem. Poor in the things of the world but how rich in the sight of God. The procedure, actions and reactions were almost identical as in the first case. I shall never forget the emotion of that man when he reached to embrace me as I was about to depart. They will pray for you and me in Heaven.

Adiosita,

Michael R.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By C. B. Murphy

It was the first attempt in organized concerts or dramatics for the Internment Camp. Already, we had held sing-songs on the bowling green—but now we wished to do something bigger for St. Patrick's day.

There was a stage, but it lacked the accoutrements thereof. No curtains, no props, no scenery-little wonder, for this was an internment camp. However, nothing daunted, we felt we must give our people some mode of entertainment-some diversion from the drab existence we were enduring, knowing full well, too, that amateur theatricals always give vent to uncovered talents, and to excessive energy in the young people as well as adults, and yet more important that it helps immensely to boost the morale of everyone under strange circumstances.

The only auditorium in camp was being used as a sleeping quarters, nevertheless with the co-operation of the sleepers and a bit of sacrifice on their part, we were able to book the hall. Of course there were no chairs or even benches in any of the buildings, let alone the "music hall", and

and the state of t

so the audience must supply their own accommodation. If one had a folding chair—the result of their own ingenuity, all very well. If others were the proud possessors of cushions or rugs, they, too, were lucky. The majority just squatted on their haunches to witness the variety show.

There was no end of talent-and good talent too, for although it was to be a St. Patrick's celebration we were determined not to relegate our stars to an Irish background. There were English poems and stories recited by England's sons and daughters with rich Oxfordian accent, and the soft articulation of England's countryside. There was the Welsh male quartette with its plaintive tunes; the pivoting of Scotland's children in their four handed reels, and Austrian pianists with their Arias from Chopin and Lizst and Beethoven. It was a happy gathering of freedom loving countries in an inimical surrounding of a concentration camp. No dearth of artists—artists who were interested only in contributing to the happiness of fellow internees for an evening, because life had stopped living for many; because life behind barbed wires was drab and dull and lustreless, and because subjects of free countries were held as bond men in an alien land.

But undoubtedly the most charming act of the evening, and the scene to be most remembered and cherished by all, because it made the people forget even for a short time that they were prisoners of war, recalling to their minds earlier days of freedom and happiness and life, carrying each out of his drab surroundings, away from barbed wires and bayonets into lands of liberty and peace, was the song of Eileen.

Tall and blonde and beautiful with eyes of deepest blue, and gracefully draped in a gown of bluest silk; radiant with the beauty and truth of youth, her Irish beauty and spon-

(Continued on page 22)

A Reception and Presentation are Tendered Cardinal McGuigan

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Francis Xavier's China Mission Seminary are hosts to His Eminence at St. Anne's Mission.

Monsignor Davis, Very Rev. R. Pelow and Father Ainslie together with a section of the large group attending the reception listen to the Cardinal.







Mrs. A. Hymus, President of the Auxiliary, presents His Eminence with an illuminated Missal while Monsignor McRae and Monsignor McGrath look on.



The Fatima Column

Dear Friends of Our Lady:

As the story of Fatima spreads over the world and Bishop after Bishop consecrate their dioceses to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the marvellous revelations made by Our Blessed Mother, The Lady of the Rosary, become the subject matter of deep and loving meditation. Therefore, it is my desire to place these facts before you from month to month in a clear and simple form.

In Europe, for many years, and now on our own continent, Catholic organizations have adopted a very wise and effective formula, OB-SERVE: JUDGE: ACT. If we put these three operations into effect on the Facts of Fatima we should very quickly arrive at a state of life in which the Will of God will be our

only concern.

God disposes all things in an orderly way! He acted thus at Fatima, by sending an angel to prepare the hearts and minds of the three little children to whom Our Blessed Mother Herself was later to appear, on six successive occasions. It was indeed fitting that an Angel of God should come to Fatima, to prepare the way for the Queen of Angels and Saints.

THE STORY IN BRIEF (Part One)

It all began on a spring day in the year 1916 when the three children of the Fatima Story, Lucia, Jacinta and Francisco, were in the country. A sudden wind made them look up from the cave in which they were taking shelter from the rain. They saw what looked like a bright light moving towards them over the trees. As this light approached they were able to distinguish the form and features, as it were, of a young man. It was an angelic apparition! The Angel told them not to be afraid and said that he was the Angel of Peace. Then as he knelt and bowed his forehead to the ground, he said: "Pray with me." The following words constitute the prayer which he and the children said three times:

"O my God, I believe in Thee, I adore Thee, I hope in Thee and I love Thee. I ask pardon for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope, and who do not love Thee."

And the angel said to the children: "Pray thus, the hearts of Jesus and Mary are attentive to the voice of

your supplication."

Only during the Silver Jubilee year of Fatima was it deemed prudent, by the Ecclesiastical Authorities, to make known these and many other details connected with the marvels of Fatima. There was no question of keeping this angelic visitation secret, yet the children did not mention it at the time: It was all too intense and intimate.

Next month we will consider the second angelic visitation. In the meantime, OBSERVE: JUDGE: ACT!

Sincerely yours in the Immaculate

Heart of Mary,

James P. Leonard, S.F.M.

Views From Victoria

By L. McFarland



HE "China" is the official publication of the Missionary Circle of the Little Flower organized in this city for the aid of the Chinese Catholic Mission which is cared for by the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission. It is just five short years since this mission for the Chinese was begun at the request of and with the aid of his Excellency the Most Reverend John C. Cody. Father William Matte was the pioneer priest for this work and work there was aplenty. It was seen at once that an auxiliary to aid financially and spiritually in the work was necessary and so the Missionary Circle of the Little Flower came into being. The active members and officers of this society were women and they embraced their new task with enthusiasm and zeal. course the society was organized to include all Catholics of the city but in practice because of the distances separating parishes most of the members are of the cathedral parish St. Andrews. "Charity begins at home" is a saying that has been much abused. But the members of this missionary circle in spite of varied calls upon their services by parish organizations have still been able to raise their eyes to other fields white unto the harvest and have given of their time and means for the furtherance of the work of the Chinese mission in Victoria.

Of course each member realizes that her first and most necessary contribution for the success of the work among the Chinese is her

This thought as a matter prayers. of fact is clearly written in the constitutions of the Missionary Circle. For this reason members of the society who can not take an active part are still very valued members since their prayers supplement the work of active members. The missionary circle has been very fortunate in having energetic zealous officers from the very beginning. This year is an exception and the elections in January really placed the "accent on youth." Miss Rita Thompson is this year's president, Miss Mary Grant vice-president, Miss Phyllis Monoghan secretary, and Mrs. William Kissinger treasurer. These young women have already made their mark and with the cooperation of other members have held several successful "Evenings" for the benefit of the Chinese mission.

One of the prettiest events so far was the membership tea held in the beautiful grounds of Loretto Hall. The tables were tastefully decorated and the refreshments left nothing to be desired. Monsignor A. F. Wood was guest speaker and after his talk on the obligation of mission work every member felt encouraged to new efforts in support of the work among the Chinese in this diocese. Photographs were taken to mark this occasion of our annual membership tea but not all the wiles of a professional photographer could persuade all the women to pose for a picture as he gathered together as many as he could. Hope you like the result.



Let George

ROBERT HYMUS

Continuing a series of short humorous They'll take you to many parts of the that, after all, human nature is the same

How George Washed the Church Windows

NE fine day about four months ago George was looking for more work to do. "Just tell me. It's finished." Of course, George did not notice the paint nor the dirt on our twenty odd windows. The paint was not an oil paint but only a calcimine or water paint. The windows are a krinkly glass and tinted brown, and the five-year-old paint had hardened into the cracks. Like Tom Sawyer of old away went George, brush, pail and ladder. In a little over one hour George was back. "Well, that's finished." One look from the door of the house assured my fears that it was not finished. Casually and calmly I pointed a long finger churchwards and said, "Why you didn't take off the paint." "Which one," replies George, not hearing very well that day and having to say something. "Not which one-the paint, it's still on the windows," I repeated, my voice raising a couple of notes higher. "Oh, paint -why that paint won't come off in a thousand years." So I resigned

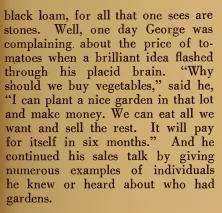
myself to paint spotted windows. Later walking up and down reciting my office, my mind and eye at every turn saw paint. I'll make the famous "thumb-nail test" thought I. So having ceased to pray I run the wet thumb over a paint spot on the glass and off came the thousand year old paint. "Let George do it, eh, well!" "George, George," I shouted, "why, that's water paint it comes off." "Oh, no it won't, never!" What could I do but take a basin of water, some soap and the brush and George. A little work is what George lacked. One window a day and do it well was the prescription. George began but unlike Tom Sawyer no helpers hove in sight—so George is still doing what he began one fine day four months ago and hasn't finished yet. One day I shyly suggested he hire a man to do it, when he loyally proclaimed, "Hire a man? What for? I'm here. Just tell me and it's finished."

How George Planted a Vegetable Garden

Next to my house there's an empty lot. One would not say it was rich

o It!

ries by Father Hymus rld and prove once again erever you go.



So every few days came the same professional lecture. Finally I decided to give George his chance to make good. "George," says I, "I've been thinking how foolish we are to buy vegetables when we can grow our own. Suppose you give me an estimate of the amount of money to plant a garden next door." George, having by now forgotten yesterday's speeches began to put his thinking apparatus in gear. "Well, to get a man to dig up the ground and plant the seeds, then to weed it will cost quite a bit as it is rocky." "Oh,



but you said you would do all that yourself," says I. "Me! why you need a tractor; I haven't got a spade nor tools"—"I'll buy them," says I, sensing the kill. "Oh, that costs too much. We can buy what we need each day at the market like we do," says George, and so he continues saying and buying at the market.

How George Made Candles Out of Old Wax

One fine morning I was patiently explaining to George how he should run the dust cloth over the whole top of the sacristy vestment case. You know one does get tired of seeing the half circle, tell-tale dust marks on what should be a shining surface. Well George being used to barbering always believed in leaving a little on the top. But he sensed from what I said, that I was displeased so George true to form, looking at all sides either for the door or for an excuse, found refuge in a corner. "Why", says he, "I can use that box of candle-stubs and make new candles. Sure, I know how. Why you get an old pot and melt it,

then get an old spoon. You get old strings and pour on the wax - it runs down hardening as it goes and leaves the bottom larger than the top". This, of course, was far from the subject of dusting properly. But it was all George could do. He would have been farther away if possible. However thought I, "if he will make candles he will at least do something useful". So I said, "Alright if you can make them, go to it!" "When," says he, "it's eleventhirty now and I have to ring the bell at twelve". Well I suggested he go get the pot and string and that was that. I "let George do it". Now I'm not so old but there are many things to remember and the days passed more or less serenely. Then one night I had to open the cupboard for a candle. I saw the candles were scarce, but in the corner still in happy repose was the box of candle-stubs. "George hadn't done it".

That night we sat down for our coffee when I said, "George, you didn't make the candles yet". Said George, "I did light the candles. They were both lit, ask Father Basil". I resigned myself to another session. "I didn't say "light" the candles, I said 'make the candles'." "What candles" was the reply. "Patience" whispered my angel, and "caffeine nerves" said, "Bawl him out". I took the middle course which an ordinary man will at once perceive as dangerous. "George, one day over two weeks ago you told me you could make candles out of that box of old candle stubs. You didn't do it yet". The bird was caught and almost in the hand, but George flew the trap. Looking at Father Basil he said, "Look at that, what could I do? I have been busy every day. I go to the market, I clean the church, I wash the windows, I get the mail, etc., etc. Give me time". Now I didn't mark everything George did, but I knew some

four or five hours were spent in a chair by the front door, and other hours at friends' homes with his scissors and razor earning "a few odd coppers", but said I "Well tomorrow you can start". "Yes," said he, "I borrow an old pot and get some string." "I have string. Remember that old string you wanted to burn. Well I saved it. I told you some day you would use it". The fact of my having a whole ball of string never entered into his calculations. So I never reminded him. Another week passed and another. Then one day the lady who washes the floor said, "If you like, I will make candles out of that old wax". I liked; and the new candles were back within three days.

Some days later George complained bitterly that the lady who made the candles didn't know how to make them—"Next time let me do it". The only wax George would ever touch would come out of his

ears.

How George Fattened the Two Chickens

"Compre Gallinas, Compre Gallinas"— a country lady shouted (Continued on page 23)

THE STORY TELLER

(Continued from page 15)

taneity captivated the hearts of the entire camp that evening, as her golden voice wafted over the weary internees the words of her favorite

song Aileen Alana.

Her voice, resolute and sweet and firm—without restraint or hindrance or fear sang forth its message to every person present, and that evening as the crowds wended their way back to their prison rooms, their hearts were lighter, their hearts were healthier, and their hearts were determined not to allow any enemy domination to crush the spirit of freedom and democracy.

LET GEORGE DO IT

(Continued from page 22)

through the ever open rectory door. I was at my desk trying to figure out how to write a letter in Spanish. George, of course, was busy sitting in the shade near the door reading a five year old Geographic Magazine. He had two copies both of which dealt in part with South Africa. I don't know why he read them since he had already memorized them, but I suppose he wanted to tell me all about the Victoria Falls. At any rate "Gallinas" or chickens are a favourite sport with George. Now don't think George loved cock-fighting — oh no, his sport was buying. "How much?", said he weighing them by guess measure and poking a finger here and there. "Fifty cents each," came the reply. "Here take them—fifty cents?" "Why they only weigh a pound. Fifty cents a pound?" Chicken at fifty cents a pound, (I began to think the chickens were at fifty cents a pound). "Thirty cents each cash money", and George stood up one hand in his empty pocket. "Oh no, forty is the lowest I can go, you see they are a neighbour's, not mine". "It's no go" says George, forgetting his Geographic and walking towards the back room knowing he would turn around before he got there. Stopping at my door he says, "they're young birds, shall I take them at thirty-five? I will feed them for a few days . . ." "O.K., O.K., do what you want" said I, pretending I was seriously occupied. By now the lady had shuffled off along the road—slowly of course, and not unexpecting to be called back. "Pst I'll give 35, sold?" shouted the ready buyer. And retreading shuf-fles indicated the cash sale was closed. One half minute later George proudly displayed the two birds. "Feel them, why they weigh nearly

a pound and a half each. I'll feed them in the back yard and in ten days one bird will do for dinner and supper for you and Father Basil'. (He didn't include himself, nor did he exclude himself either).

The next thing was five cents for corn. That evening came the prophecy renewed and expanded. Next morning it was I who let the birds out of the cage, fed and watered them. At noon I said, "George you were going to look after the birds: I had to let them out, feed, and water them". "I fed them" said he emphatically. "Oh no, you fed them yesterday; today you had to rush out to ring first bell". "Yes, that's right-but from now on that's finished". That night it was I who gave them water and put them in their box. Next morning the same. Now I can't say George never fed them. Once or twice he was faithful. And every day before dinner or during the afternoon he would suddenly remember and rush into my room to make sure "those birds got something to eat". So finally after about a week or so the axe fell on the neck of chicken number one. As Father Basil and I strove to find a little more meat from the glaring bones, George made his presence felt to say-"nice bird eh?; nice and tender and fat - why you didn't leave any for me". Far away from his mind was the ten day fattening process, or the two-meal chicken. I "let George do it" but I ate it.



CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. D. E. Stringer, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVII, No. 10, November, 1946. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, On a ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.



Congratulations

to

COLLEEN WELLS
(30 KANE ST., HALIFAX)
the
WINNER
of the
BICYCLE!!!

ELL Buds, it's all over until the next time. All who sent in new subscribers or renewals of old will receive their prizes very soon.

I want to thank each and every Bud who took part in our contest. Besides having a lot of fun for yourselves, all you did will be of great help to our priests, your Missionaries, in caring for the pagan school children who are about the same ages as yourselves. I am sure the Little Flower is ever so pleased about all that you are doing, and will obtain many blessings for each and every one of you. So once again thanks a lot and perhaps you will be the winner next time.

All Souls' Day

On another page Father Stringer tells you a short story that will amaze you. Did you ever think that the Chinese would have an All Souls' Day too? It just goes to show what a really spiritual people the Chinese are and what great hopes we can have that one day it will be a great Catholic Nation. Doesn't it make you happy to have a share in bringing God to them?

AND THE

Please Have Patience

A great number of Buds have written me that their names have not vet appeared in the Pen Pal column. Please have patience, Buds, because our amount of space in CHINA is limited, and just to read a long list of names wouldn't be very thrilling for you, would it? Everyone who writes in now will receive several as-vet-unpublished names of bovs and girls to whom they may write as Pen Pals.

Drive for Members

Try to get as many of your friends as posible to join our Rose Garden. Remember to send in name, age, and home address, and Father Jim will take care of the details. So LET'S GO!!



Dear Buds,-

It's late at night now while I write these lines. Earlier this evening five of our priests—your Missionaries—left for China. At this moment they are speeding westward through the night, going far, far away from their loved ones; going far, far away from our beautiful Canada. For just a few more short days will they be thrilled by the beautiful sights of Canadian autumn, the red and gold and green of our forests, the early morning mists hovering over lakes of blue and green water. . . .

Here in the Seminary all is quiet. Everyone is sleeping. Tonight's farewells were brave and smiling. Yet Christ's Commandoes have human hearts—you know what I mean, don't you? Yes, they can suffer the sorrows of partings... the ache of loneliness. Their dads, mothers, brothers and sisters, they are alone with their thoughts—we won't intrude. Just let us remember to pray for them too. Especially to Mary. After God She understands best. Her Son too left home one day for the missions.

Do you ever wonder what that home in Nazareth was like? Peace and happiness and harmony. Daily tasks done cheerfully and without fuss. And then, humanly speaking, the blow fell. Her beloved Boy left to begin His missionary life, a life

of joys and sorrows, of successes and failures; being loved and hated; praised and snubbed. And after two thousand years things have'nt changed. Ask any Missionary.

But He did have a source of unfailing comfort. Little children! How He loved them! So much so He made the becoming as little children the ONLY way of getting into Heaven. Do you think of that often? And do you recall the time He said, "He that shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth Me"? What a glorious reward! How easy sacrifice becomes when it brings lesus to dwell in our hearts!

This is the beautiful purpose of the Rose Garden. To work hand in hand with your Missionaries to receive pagan children in His Name. To have their little souls washed pure and clean in Baptism; to prepare their little hearts to receive Holy Communion. Do sacrifices seem so hard to make now? What's a mere ice-cream cone, a chocolate malted, a show—in a word, all the nice things that can be turned into means of saving souls?

Jesus gave everything. His Missionaries who left tonight are giving everything. What are we going to give?

God bless you all, Father Jim.

Quickie Quiz

To how many children did our Lady of Fatima make her first appearance?

Prize given for lucky draw from among correct answers sent in.





Father Stringer tells of





Chinese All Souls' Day

T was Ancestor-Worship day. Little Mei-ling had put the finishing touches on a paper chair just like the one the Old Lady, her grandmother, had used when she was alive. In a corner stood a colourful paper copy of the house they lived in. Fang-tzu, her older brother, had made it. Everyone in the family had been busy for days getting ready to honour the spirit of the Old Lady who had died

about a year ago.

Mei-ling had often wondered what the other world to which her grandmother had gone, was like. She hoped the Honourable One had escaped all the evil spirits which, she was told, beset the way of all souls on their way to Heaven. She remembered the crackle and din of all the firecrackers, the sacred charms and incantations used during the funeral procession to frighten away any bad spirits. And after the burial everyone had gone home a different way from the one they had come in order to confuse any of these evil ones who might be following. Yes, Mei-ling felt, the Old Lady had been given every protection and should be safe in the Beyond. But by this time she would be needing all the new shoes and clothes and articles of furniture —as well as the house—which had been made from paper these last few weeks.

Mei-ling had wondered at first what possible good could these paper imitations be. But her mother had carefully explained that they were to be burned; that was the only way they could be sent to the other world where the Old Lady was.

Very soon the whole family started out for the Old Lady's grave. Meiling's father carried a hoe while her elder brother brought along a bamboo rake. She herself was allowed to carry a quantity of paper money, spirit money it was, the kind the Old Lady could use if she needed it.

It didn't take much time to tidy and decorate the mound of earth that covered the red-painted coffin in which her grandmother's body lay. Mei-ling followed her mother in crying aloud the lamentations and incantations the occasion required. These would help the Old Lady and also let the neighbours know how much they missed her. Mei-ling then gathered some small stones and pinned down the paper money on top of the mound so that the wind wouldn't blow it away before the spirit of her grandmother could gather it. Very carefully her father set fire to the paper objects they had made and in a very few minutes all were consumed by the flames.

When they arrived home they sat down to eat the rice and other foods which had already been offered to the spirit of the Old Lady. Mei-ling wondered just how the Old One could eat the food without touching it. But all the departed ones could, so she was told. The Ancients had said it.

That night when Mei-ling went to bed she was lonesome. She had loved the Old Lady, her grandmother and hoped her spirit would benefit by the offerings they had made to her today; and too that no Evil Ones would torment her. And there in the darkness of her room little Mei-ling softly cried herself to sleep.



Dear Fr. Jim.

I worked again to earn money to pay school fees . . . but managed to save a dollar for the missions. Here are five new members.

*

Clare Connolly, 5587 St. Urbain, Montreal, Que.

Glad to know you're going into Third High, Clare, and wish you all the best success. Thanks ever so much for the new Buds you sent in. Dear Fr. Jim.

Please enroll me in the Rose Garden and send me my Contest number. I think it's a great club.

*

Adoleen Cornett, 119 Hannaford St., Toronto, Ontario.

I was talking to Adoleen over the telephone, Buds, and she is most enthusiastic about our Garden and what its members are doing for China's Children. Don't forget to get more Buds, Adoleen.

Dear Fr. Jim,

We are sending you some stamps . . . and would like to join the Rose Garden.



Lucy and James Downey,
Great Codroy via Doyle's,
Newfoundland.

Lucy is nine years old, Buds, and James is twelve. Here's a chance for some of you Canadian Buds to learn about Newfoundland. Dear Fr. Jim,-

I would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I am fourteen years of age and in the Eighth Grade at school.



Bettie M. Hains, 2645 Westgate Dr., Houston, 6, Texas.

A great welcome Bettie, and I hope you have a very enjoyable time playing and praying in our Garden. Dear Fr. Jim,

Here is my entry for the Bicycle Contest. I am nine years old and would like to have some Pen Pals.



Pamela Wallace, 10044—106 St., Edmonton, Alta.

Thanks for the subscription to CHINA, Pam, and I hope you will receive many letters from Pen Pals. Dear Fr. Jim,

Your magazine in my estimation is about the best in Catholic mission literature, and is thoroughly enjoyed by my non-Catholic friends. I couldn't do without it.



Eleanor Maglio, 1019 Latimer Str., Nelson, B.C.

Father Editor's vest buttons just went pop and pop, Buds, when I showed him this letter. It's good to know CHINA means so much to so many. Thanks, Eleanor.

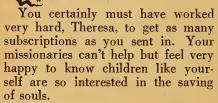


Alice gets the call this month, Buds, for the great work she has done and is doing in St. Patrick's school, Bay of Islands, Newfoundland. She encouraged the whole school to become members of our Rose Garden. Keep up the good work Alice. Every new member means that much more help for your Missionaries.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am twelve years old, in grade Seven, and my birthday is October twelfth. Here are a lot of subscriptions.

Theresa Blackmore, 1 Riverview Rd., Grand Falls, Newfoundland.



Pray for the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

PEN-PALS

(New lists continued)

BUCHANS, NFLD.
Head, Helen, 12, Box 121 Buchans
Nfld.; Walsh, Gertrude, 8, Box 120
Buchans, Nfld.; Walsh, James Jr., 10,
Box 120 Buchans, Nfld.

BRITTON, ONT. Stemmler, William, 13, R.R. No. 1 Britton, Ont.

BLACK DONALD, ONT. Quilty, Rita, 12, Black Donald, Ont.

BRUDENELL, ONT. Scully, Marie, 13, Brudenell, Ont.

BADGER, NFLD. Roberts, Rita, 16, Badger, Nfld.

BONAVESTA COVE
Mills, Gerald, 7. Plate Cove. Bonavesta;
Walsh, Charlie, West Plate Cove, Bona-

BELLEVUE, NFLD. Walsh, Andrew, 14, Bellevue, Nfld.

BRIGGUS, NFLD.

Morrisey, Frank, 14, Briggus, Con, Bay;
Morrisey, Mercedes, 17, Briggus, Con,

Gushue, Anna, 14. Conception, Nfld.; Gushue, Josephene, 13. Conception, Nfld.; Keating, Katherine, 12. Conception, Nfld.; Keating, Loretto, 14. Conception, Nfld.; Keating. Viola, 14. Conception, Nfld.; Kelly, Regina, 18. Conception, Nfld.; Kelly, Theresa, 15. Conception, Nfld.; Kelly, Geraldine, 16. Conception, Kelly, Theresa, 15, Conception, Mark, Kennedy, Geraldine, 16. Conception, Nfld.; Kenney, Laura, 12, Conception, Nfld.; Kenney, Theresa, 12, Conception, Nfld.; Lewis, Lorraine, 14, Conception, Nfld.; Lewis, Margaret, 15, Conception, Nfld.; Lewis, Marion, 10, Conception, Lewis, Marion, Nfld.; Conception, Nfld.; Whalen, Mary, 18, Conception, Nfld.; Williams, Evelyn, 16, Conception, Nfld.; Williams, Margaret, 16, Conception, Nfld.; Williams, May, 15, Conception, Nfld.

CONVENTION, N.B. Hare Shirley, 14, Convention, N.B.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I. McInnis, Paul, 10, 50 Great George St.

CALGARY, ALTA. d, Patricia, 13, 2416-3a McDonald. Calgary.

Grubb, Betty Ann, 12, R.R. No. 1. CHATHAM, N.B. Isiah, Mary, 14, Chatham, N.B.

COLINET, NFLD.

Davis, Angela, 12, Colinet, Nfld.; Davis, Frank, 12, Colinet, Nfld.; Downey, Richard, 12, St. Mary's Bay.

CARBONEAR, NFLD.
Kennedy, Patrick, 14, London Rd., Carbonear; O'Brien, Margaret, 17, Carbonear; Butt, Ellen, 11, Carbonear, East; Butt, Gerald, 8, Carbonear, East.



WANTED 75,000 HOMES

It wouldn't be difficult—were it necessary—to find a home for this bundle of loveliness. Healthy, happy, and well-fed, she is another beneficiary of the culture and standards of living that have grown out of the labours of Canada's early Missionaries.

Do you take all these wonderful benefits for granted? Have you done anything really worth-while to express your gratitude to God?

There is no better way than to take an active part in the affairs of Scarboro Foreign Mission Society and the work its priests are doing to bring mankind to God.

Through the columns of CHINA keep in touch with your Missionaries. They are your Ambassadors of Christ.

Keep reading CHINA!

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

Sincere Congratulations

CHINA offers its sincere felicitations to the auxiliary Bishop-elect of Toronto, the Most Reverend B. I. Webster, former Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Welland, Ontario. May God bless His Excellency and grant him the graces and assistance needed in his high office.

Archdiocesan Missionary Exhibition

Held in conjunction with the Centenary Celebration of the diocese of Victoria, British Columbia, the second archdiocesan missionary exhibition of Vancouver was a magnificent success.

It was housed in St. Ann's Academy, the school gymnasium, the Primary School on Heywood Avenue, the lecture rooms of St. Joseph's School of Nursing and in the Pioneer Convent.

One of the highlights of the exhibition was the booth erected by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels and the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. This booth was in charge of Rev. Lorne McFarland, S.F.M., and Sister Mary Gabrielle. All objects that were on display were brought from China and included hand-embroidered silks, hand-carved furniture and objects of art.

Rev. Roland Roberts, S.F.M.. the national director of the Holy Childhood Association, was the general supervisor of the very successful exhibition.

Pravers Requested

We have the following requests for prayers from our readers of China. For the intentions of Elizabeth McCloskey of Whitby, Ontario, who also wishes to publish her thanks for a favor received. She obtained this great favor through her prayers to the Sacred Heart and the Precious Blood, Our Lady of Perpetual Help and the Canadian Martyrs.

For the speedy recovery of Mr. Thomas O'Mara, injured critically in a fall from a building, at his home

in Chatham, Ontario.

Mrs. E. Baxter of Dorval, Quebec, asks your kind prayers for her cure from a severe case of arthritis.

A "Reader" wishes to thank St. Jude for a great favor received.

Pray For Our Dead

Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus of the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario.

Sister St. Edith (Mary McGuire), also of the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario.

Sister M. Lutigarde Lapp of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto.

Mr. Leo Walter McGuigan of To-

Mr. Joseph Moser of Britton, Ontario.

Rev. Father C. Kerlin of Eire.

Mr. James McGregor of Tilbury, Ontario.

Mr. Edward F. Lynn of Goderich, Ontario.

Notice

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary wish to announce their Annual Bazaar and Grand Drawing, which will take place on Wednesday, November 20th at the St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission, 222 Simcoe Street.

"....And other sheep I have...."

Scarbore Sluffs.
Ordario

(Our cover)

Yes, there are millions of these sheep still outside the Fold of Christ.

In China alone there are 475,000,000 of them.

Now here is a most important fact! There is no lack of young Canadian Catholic men willing to devote their lives to following the Divine Shepherd into far-flung mission fields.

BUT, right now all available space in the Seminary is taken up.

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CHINA Page Thirty-One

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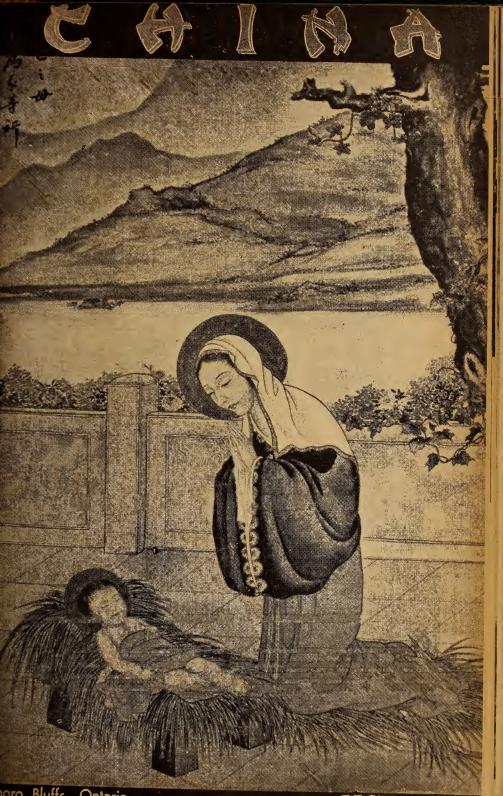
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BOOK DEPARTMENT

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario



WATCH EXPIRY DATE ON YELLOW LABEL AND RENEW PROMPTLY.



Out of Bounds

A Little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home today;
Comes down to find His ball—the earth.
That sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all,
Join in to give Him back his ball.



Father Tabb

The priests and students of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society wish all their many friends a Holy and Happy Christmas.

Page Two



Bethlehem-Yesterday and Joday

By MARGARET CUMMINS

CHRISTMAS DRAWS NEAR and once again we recall the greatest event of all ages. In retrospect we turn the pages of time two thousand years when Christ the King was born. The stillness of a winter's night was mysteriously broken by a heavenly choir singing jubilantly, "Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel" as angels hovered over a lowly stable in Bethlehem. A million stars twinkled in the darkened sky, but one star brighter and larger than the others, shone directly over this shelter for beasts of labour and the field. The lonely shepherds tending their flocks by night, heard the celestial voices, and seeing the luminous star, stood still and gazed in wonder and be-

wilderment at this strange phenomenon in the heavens. The three wise men from the East: Melchior, Balthasaar and Jasper, who had long waited for some manifestations of their Redeemer to come, also saw this extraordinary star and said one to another, "Come, let us go thither; this must be the sign that our Saviour is born." When they arrived at their destination they found Christ the Redeemer of the World, cradled in a manger with only Mary, His Mother, Joseph, His foster-father, the shepherds and the beasts keeping vigil throughout the long night. Thus was born the King of Kings on that first Christmas morn centuries ago.

C H I N A

Established 1919

Associate Editors:
D. E. Stringer; F. O'Grady

Circulation Manager: L. Beal

Subscription rates:

\$1.00 a year \$2.00 for 3 years \$20.00 for life Single copy 15 cents.

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August.

Printed by Garden City Press Cooperative, Toronto 1, Ont.

Address all communications to Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Vol. XXVII

No. 11

LET US BRIDGE the centuries and revisit the birthplace of Our Saviour in that quaint little hamlet, Bethlehem, nestled in the Judean hills. Bethlehem—what memories it brings back at this time of year to a pilgrim who has visited The Holv Land! The thrilling six-mile drive from Jerusalem early one December morning, teeming with interest all the way! The fruitful vineyards, now bare of leaves; the orchards with their traditional fig and olive trees; the shepherds, some bent with age, and some but mere lads, tending their flocks of sheep and goats along the wayside.

Nearing the town itself we met a steady stream of people: Christians, Jews and Mohammedans, wending their way to the market-place, the men-folk prodding their oxen, camels, goats or sheep with sticks, while the women carried immense baskets of oranges on their heads as they walked gracefully along. Women, or children, trundled home-made carts to their humble dwellings with firewood. A bevy of ragged urchins swarmed the streets and with grimy hands outstretched pleaded "Bakshish, chocolatta, ciggara". Seeing lads of nine and ten years nonchalantly puffing at a pipe or cigarette, made you gasp. They eyed the stranger within their gates with keen curiosity and suspicion. The rattle of cart-wheels on the cobblestone roads; camels and donkeys trudging along; the mysterious archways and passages where heavily veiled Mohammedan women darted in and out. Truly we were in a very different world. The highlight of the trip was a visit to the Church of The Nativity, built on the hilltop of Bethlehem. Here a blackbearded Greek priest who guards the entrance, guides you down a wellknown winding staircase to the Grotto. Heavy tapestry curtains are drawn aside and old-fashioned lamps illuminate the cave. A silver star in the marble floor marks the very spot where Christ the Child was born. An age-worn stone is venerated and shows where, it is said, astounding miracles are wrought by the Blessed Mother.

Midnight Mass on Christmas is a very special occasion. A procession of priests and acolytes carry a replica of the Infant Jesus lying in a manger, from the lower Grotto to the Church of the Nativity.

This is Bethlehem as it was yesterday—as it is to-day, and will be for all time, forever that hallowed place

where Christ was born.





Monsignor Fraser Writes

UNDAY July 14th was a nice bright day and more people than usual came to the church—about 70. The heavy rains and swollen rivers prevented them coming before. These good people crowded around me when I left the church, eager to tell me the harrowing experiences they went through during the war and anxious to hear my news. They are a lovable people, so childlike and so responsive for the least favour done them or for a few words of consolation. They are worthy of great praise for having persevered in the Faith during the long Japanese occupation, when the church was used as a soldiers' dormitory, and their priests were far away. God bless them, and preserve them ever in the Faith.

On Monday July 14th I rose early and said Mass and boarded a small sailing vessel which took me down the river, making fifteen miles in three hours to the big city of Lanchi. This city is three miles long but not very wide. Being at the head of large barge navigation on the important Hangchow River it is a busy place. There were twenty-five passengers on board and eight of a crew. These were attending to the sail and sometimes helping the boat along by rowing and poking. They have an easy time going down stream but

going up have to pull the boat against the rushing water and take nine hours for the return trip. The fare was only thirty-two cents Canadian money, which is about the cheapest thing I have struck so far. At the landing place in Lanchi an emaciated old man wanted to carry my club bag and I let him have it as I did not know the way very well. He wanted Canadian 15 cts. for the mile's walk. The passengers on the boat were from different parts of the country and it was amusing to hear their different dialects. On the whole we made ourselves understood and I hope the few saving truths I was able to enunciate will in time bear fruit. All were pagans. In Lanchi the inhabitants are all pagans except a few families. On entering the mission compound I was affectionately greeted by the Chinese parish priest Fr. Ouang, a very efficient missionary and life long friend. I was delighted to find the church standing in spite of the bombing the city got. The priest's residence is also in fairly good condition; only almost entirely occupied by war victims. However it will be a blessing in disguise for them as Fr. Ouang is instructing them in the Faith and when they leave for their distant homes will bring with them the seeds of Christian doctrine. We

owe it to these poor people that our buildings were not destroyed. This church was built with great difficulty during the war and finished just before I left for America in 1941. It was a donation from the present Bishop of Burlington, Vt. U.S.A., at that time a priest in Boston. On the wall of the sanctuary is a stone slab inscribed in Latin "This church dedicated to St. Anastasia was erected in 1937 in memory of Mary Giles, religious, of the Congregation of Notre Dame, by Edward F. Ryan, D.D., priest of the Arch-Diocese of Boston, U.S.A." When occupying Japanese troops saw the letters "U.S.A." they declared it was American property and decided to raze it to the ground. Local pagans also incited them to destroy the building in the hope of getting possession of the building but as an after thought the Japs decided to use the church as a place of physical exercise on rainy days and as a moving picture theatre



changing the name on the entrance from "Church of the Lord of Heaven" to "Public Hall." The war refugees begged them not to destroy the priest's house as it was their only place of shelter. So through the prayers of friends in foreign countries, the intercession of the patron saint, and a pleading of the poor our buildings were preserved. Japanese soldiers and two local stone cutters mounted the facade and began to knock down the massive stone cross, but though they hammered and hammered they made no impression on the stone so they gave up the job and the sign of redemption is still proudly surmounting this beautiful church which is one of the large churches of the province being about ninety by forty-five feet in size. The pulpit remained but the altars were done away with to make place for the stage and movie screen. The loss that Father Ouang laments most is that of a beautiful chalice, gift of Bishop Ryan the benefactor who built the church.

In the kitchen I was shown the spot where a two hundred and fifty pound bomb had fallen and did not explode. Certainly the Lord was watching over His temple. If that bomb had exploded the church, residence and all would have been destroyed, and perhaps Fr. Ouang and his Christians who at the moment were in the church would have been killed. It was Ascension Thursday 1941.

The principal object of my visit to Lanchi was to Bishop Deymier who invited me to meet him there on his way back to Hangchow. It was nine years since we met and he had important matters to treat. was at his consecration in 1937 soon after which the Sino-Japanese war broke out and his diocese was divided between the contending armies. Ours was left in the southern portions under the Chinese government and his in the north under the Japanese. As it was impossible under the circumstances for him to visit our half he confided it to our care. It was therefore with extreme joy and consolation we met in Lanchi and talked about past experiences and present conditions.

Mother Cabrini

The next day July 17th I made my way back to Kinwha. Mary Cheou's brother accompanied me to the bus station. He is about to get married and Mary a postulant in the Sacred Heart Convent in the Hangchow diocese was in Lanchi for a few days to settle her mother's af-

fairs. Those are the sisters founded by Frances Cabrini newly canonized. She brought a letter from the sisters asking me to help the girl to buy clothes and pay her fare back to Kashaing, which I did. The sister's letter recommends her as "a very good girl." This is consoling as she is a pupil of our Kinwha school. This is the third vocation to the sisterhood that has developed in this district. By the way Ko San Na has been ordained and is taking a postgraduate course in a Catholic university of Peking. He is the first native priest from Kinwha.

I got a front seat in the bus with the driver. It was twice as dear as in the back of the vehicle, and though we were five packed in that front seat it was worth it. In the back part there are no seats and the passengers are shaken to pieces over the rough roads. For the next hour and a half we rumbled over stones, dodged holes, heaved and swayed. I hung on to a piece of iron in front of me. Fortunately I had my blanket to sit on. How the man on the mud guard and the three perched on top of the driver's hood managed to stay on I don't know. At one junction we were all ordered to get out and walk. The wooden bridge in front was rotting and could only bear the weight of the empty bus. Across the bridge we all scrambled in again. The fifteen mile journey took 11/2 hours.

On my arrival home in Kinwha I was just preparing to say office and take a rest when in came an urgent sick call. The caretaker in a Chapel twenty miles away wrote that a woman was dying, that there was not a moment to lose and for me to set out immediately on receipt of this letter if I wanted to find her alive and able to receive the last Sacraments. As Fr. Carey was absent in the country distributing clothing gathered in Canada and U.S. for war

victims, I set out. Haojen, the place I had to go to, was in charge of Fr. Allen McRae before the Japanese invasion. I sent to house boy post haste to enquire if a bus would be leaving in that direction but the answer was disappointing, there was only one bus a day and that had already gone. The next best thing was to hire a rickshaw. The price was exorbitant but in a case of administering the last



Sacraments there is no choice. It was a sweltering hot day and for the next 5½ hours we jolted over the rickety old road. But we should not complain; we were under a hood in a little carriage and surely more comfortable than the puller out in the sun in front. Still we were knocked back and forth as the wheels met rocks and dropped into holes. Four times we had to stop, remove the tire and patch the inner tube after blowouts. At one repair job, tired of waiting, I thought I would walk a little. There were turns in the road as it wound through the hills. After walking for almost a mile and often turning around to see if they were coming I resolved to take shelter from the broiling sun in a little straw hut where sweet melons were being sold by an old man. I enjoyed one and set to conversing with the several other customers, interjecting here and there spiritual thoughts. They were pagans, perhaps the seed may take root. At last the rickshaw arrived, and the reason for the delay was that my puller had an attack of heat prostration. How pleasant it was to come in sight at last of the Chapel with its little belfry. It is now surmounted by a flag pole instead of a cross. The Japanese used the place as a hospital during the war. Leaving the rickshaw there and taking the holy oils etc. we wended our way through the rice fields to the next village a half a mile away. What a consolation to give the last Sacraments to the poor old Christian woman in this out of the way place in China. And if I had not come to China (Fr. Carey was absent) she might have died without the last rites of the church.

After the Japanese moved out last year, the present occupant, a Catholic doctor, moved into the Chapel with his family and children to protect it from looters. It is therefore no longer a house of prayer, but a family dwelling. This will interest Fr. Allen McRae. His rectory next door is in a delapidated state. slept in one of the beds in the Chapel but spent a restless night. There is no mattress and no bedding except my steamer rug. Fortunately I brought my mosquito net with me. Half the population of the town are laid up with malaria. One youth who used to attend my school in Kinwha before the war was there with his mother. He has malaria and not only no money to buy medicine but nothing to eat either. I supplied them with funds. (I forgot to say above that I lightened the financial burden of poor Fr. Ouang in Lanchi with some of the money Fr. Mac-Donald gave me on leaving).

Next morning I heard confessions and said Mass on a desk at the end of the Chapel where the sanctuary used to be and gave Communion to the Chinese congregation. Then taking the Sacred Host I had reserved in the pyx went across the fields to administer Viaticum to the dying woman. It was a nice cool morning and nature was at its best. What a pleasure to carry the God of nature through such beautiful sur-

roundings. The rice was ripening in the fields, the water lilies filled the ponds—and such water lilies, eight inches in diameter, and white as snow, with leaves three feet in width, and shaped like basins, some of them actually hold enough water to wash in.

The countenance of the poor sick woman wavering between life and death semed to lighten up as I placed the crucifix before her eyes, that beautiful crucifix given me by the Women's Auxiliary of the Church Extension. And here let me say that this was the first sick call in which I used the fine Mass kit given me by that Society.

After a frugal breakfast, the sick person's son brought us a cooked chicken which served as food on the way back to Kinwha. We went through the same ordeal of rough riding and heat, I often walking to avoid the bumping. Half way, when we had another ten miles to go, the tire on my rickshaw gave out altogether. The Chinese are ingenious however, they took out the inner tube and stuffed the tire with straw which of course did not increase the comfort of the passengers. We finally arrived in Kinwha in the early afternoon, all sunburned. Fr. Carey was sorry he was not here to take the sick call. He is absent again, this time in the next province Kiangsi to get our sacred vessels and the deeds of our property which, thank God, Fr. Stein writes us are safe in his hands.



The Fatima Column

My dear Friends of Our Lady:

As we proceed in our consideration of the Story of Fatima, month by month, we must keep in mind the marvels that have gone before so that we do not lose the perspective; facts do not make for truth if we lose the perspective. Last month, then, we saw the Angel of Peace come from Heaven to teach the three young Visionaries of Fatima how to pray. That prayer was one of Faith, Adoration, Hope, Love and Reparation.

On another occasion in 1916 the same Angel appeared to the children, Lucy, Jacinta and Francisco, and said to them: "What are you doing? Pray, pray very much: the holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary have designs of mercy on you! Offer continually to the Lord prayers and sacrifices in reparation for the numerous sins which offend Him, and in supplication for the conversion of siners. Try then to bring peace to your country. I am its guardian angel. Above all accept and bear with submission the sufferings which it will please the Lord to send you." Lucy tells us that, "Those words engraved themselves on our minds like a living light, making us understand: How much the good God loves us, how much He wishes to be loved by us, how great is the value of sacrifices, and how by them the Lord converts sinners.

"Henceforth," continues Lucy, "we made a habit of offering to the Lord whatever mortified us . . . and we continued to repeat each day the Angel's Prayer, for long hours . . ."

Two or three months later, one day after the children had partaken of their lunch they retired to a cave to recite the Rosary and spend a part of the afternoon reciting the Angel's

prayer (see November issue CHINA) . . . suddenly, they were surrounded by an extraordinary light. As they arose they saw the Angel, who held in his hand a Chalice surmounted by a Host, from which drops of blood flowed into the Chalice. . . . Leaving the Chalice and Host suspended in mid-air, the Angel knelt beside the children and made them recite three times the following prayer: "Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I adore you profoundly! I offer you the most precious Body and Blood, soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, present in all the Tabernacles of the world, in reparation for all the outrages committed against it; and, by the infinite merits of His sacred heart, through the intercession of the immaculate heart of Mary, I pray for the conversion of sinners." . . . As the Angel arose he took the Host which he gave to Lucy (And Lucy is alive to this day, a nun in Europe), and the Chalice which he divided between Jacinta and Francis saying: "Receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ horribly outraged by ungrateful men. Make reparation for their sins and console your God." Then the Angel of Peace, the Guardian Angel of Portugal, prostrated himself once more, as if in thanksgiving, and, said again three times the prayer, Most Holy Trinity . . ."

The reality of these angelic visits is guaranteed for us by the authentic documents published at Fatima and and at Rome.

God disposes all things sweetly; we must mediate on these truths — we shall observe, judge and act.

Sincerely your in the Immaculate Heart of Mary,

James P. Leonard.



E claimed that the team of horses he used at the novitiate of Nazareth House, St. Mary's Ontario, was really good. The straightest furrow in Perth County was his boast. Cows and chickens — why anything that went to make up a good hundred acre farm was down his alley. Whose alley? Why Father John McIver's alley of course! He was bursar at Nazareth House—but he longed for the tropic sun and a good saddle horse.

The plane landed in Ciudad Trujillo, capital of the Dominican Republic and Father John stepped out and entered a rather dilapidated car which chugged to a bumpy stop at my front door some seventy miles inland at San José de Ocoa. That's when Father John McIver became Padre Juan José.

The glitter of the tropics almost lost its attraction after three long months of language study from a Spanish grammar, but then one day I took Padre Juan on a mission trip. Horses did you say? Well not exactly. I rode a right good mare

but Padre Juan had already lost his taste for them—they just didn't come up to scratch with the farm wise breeds of St. Marys and Staffa Ontario. Padre Juan decided to ride a mule. So a mule he got and away we went.

I faintly remembered something about "spurs that jingle jangle jingle" but they were also used to make a horse go faster. So I informed the said Padre Juan to jab the sides of said mule as if the spur was the gas pedal and the mules flanks, the floor boards. Now I've seen the back wheels of a car skid around with the pushing down of a gas pedal, but the car stayed on the ground. The mule lifted both hind feet to go into second gear and almost left the rider and the spurs jingling in the air. However "the plowing champ" held the course and headed down the trail.

Three hours later by force of will and not of strength he dismounted to look up his first mission station. There wasn't much to look at, just three or four houses that seemed peaceful enough not to have many people inside of them. But the unanswerable mystery of, "where do they come from?" sprang up again, for person after person poured out of the front doors. We gradually hinted about some food by asking if supper was ready, so after some time we sat down to rice and beans and dried bread. I glanced sideways at Padre Juan and saw him contentedly chewing away at the hard, dry bread and seeming to enjoy it-although I wouldn't ask him. The ever present little cup of black coffee was a good desert and made us feel like taking off our spurs and staying a while.

I really think Padre Juan was looking for a bed, but none was in evidence so we prepared ourselves for a night's work. That's right friendat night about eight o'clock the godmothers came carrying the babies or dragging the very obedient child for baptism. The godfather was somewhere among a group of men who were talking about the dance. I began to prepare for baptisms and Padre Juan went outside the front door of the little house to give a catechism class to a group of men. Sometime during the baptismal service of seven young bawling subjects I heard the rather distinct voice of Padre Juan saying "No! say, Father Son and Holy Ghost, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" (in Spanish of course). Sometime later during another group baptism I heard some student outside the front door aiding the professor, saying to another man "No, you got to count them this way-Father Son and Holy Ghost! I knew the lesson would be well learned and that some would know the names better than the man who told me the Trinity was "The Son, the Spirit and the Our Father". So far into the night until the last baptism and ten o'clock. Now came the

(Continued on page 29)

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MAKE US VERY HAPPY!

The Land That is China



By D. E. Stringer

A Study in Revolutions

T is remarkable, even to the casual student of history, how mankind can continue to run its course falling into the same pitfalls and making the same blunders as it did in the distant past, never seeming to benefit from experience except temporarily. Perhaps the misguided idea that progress means 'going somewhere' makes us unduly critical of mankind's attempts to achieve perfection; whereas it is not on the march at all but rather engaged in a series of ups and downs, much like any individual in his quest of culture and salvation.

However that might be, it is still true that mankind makes very poor use of the lessons of experience. And in the Bolshevic experiment of our day lies a striking proof of this. Of course it is necessary to have a correct conception of Bolshevism if the lesson of history is to be learned aright. However truthful and earnest Lenin may have been in striving to establish what he called the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' so that the State would be the servant of the people, the very antithesis of these ideals obtains today behind that 'iron curtain.' A handful of men, a ruthless oligarchy, rules millions of people in a despotic way unknown since the tyrants of old.

It may come as a shock to the pseudo-intelligentsia to know that the

Russian experiment is not new; that China tried it out centuries ago and that her present state is a sorry result of it. Away back in the days of the third dynasty were men who tried to force human nature into unnatural channels of thought, word, and action. Consider a quotation from the history of those times to bear out this fact.

"The Emperor, and through him the lords, were the sole proprietors of the land. They ruled from very high up the stupid people. . . . Penned in groups of eight families, the men cultivated the land of the master and the women reared silkworms, spun and wove. They were directed in all their work, almost like children, by imperial or seigniorial officers, who compelled them to labour at fixed times. There was this administrative tutelage even in family life. In a word, man, supposed to be absolutely devoid of intelligence, was brought up and managed as the chief of the domestic animals with a view to the greatest possible return."

All this has a most familiar ring to the student of Russian affairs. Perhaps some will say this would apply aptly to conditions under the Tzars. No one will deny that conditions were bad in those days, but it should be remembered that social reforms were launched and many effected long before the present gang came to freeze everyone into a worse

slavery. But to continue our quotation.

"They were requisitioned en masse for military expeditions. Seized on their fields, the poor rustics were dressed out with cuirass and armed with a lance and then led to battle in dense masses, gagged in order to prevent them from expressing their discontent or fear and encompassed in such a way as to render all flight imposible; in consequence defeats were accompanied by frightful slaughter."

It isn't necessary to recount the various refinements of cruelty to which criminals were subjected. But I doubt if they were any worse than those we are hearing about in connection with the scientists' trials in Nurnberg these days; or those described by Valtin in his 'Out of the

Night.

In these far-off days we are writing of, free-thought was absolutely proscribed. We are told that attempts at material innovation and every introduction of a new doctrine were crimes punishable with death. And as regards an 'iron curtain' in those days, we can all remember how China, under the Emperors, fought to keep all foreigners out of the country.

The revolutions in China and Russia happened within a few years of each other. Yet what widely divergent paths each has trodden since. As in China, so in Russia, the revolt was a popular one; but in Russia the attempt of the people to free itself from tyranny and tread the path of democracy was thoroughly and effectively sabotaged by Lenin and his associates and her last stage was worse than the first. And so we are witnessing the retrogression of a Christian nation into the barbarities of paganism; and a pagan nation rising from its chains to walk in the sunshine of true democratic freedom. True, it has a long way to go, but

there are signs which point to ultimate success, and it may yet happen that China will send missionaries to reconvert the western world.

This spectacle of two Oriental nations forging themselves into mutually antagonistic ways of life contains much for us to ponder. If in the future China should succumb to Bolshevic ideology the West will be doomed by sheer force of numbers alone. Force has never been able to do more than temporarily halt ideas, be they good or bad. Only the Gospel of Christ can reform and vivify. Peace based on the atomic bomb is a delusion.

Wife: "I'm afraid the mountain air would disagree with me."

Hubby: "My dear, it wouldn't dare!"

We don't have to wait to know the results that will attend the Bolshevic experiment. We know they cannot be for the good of mankind. It's up to us by word and example to rescue the millions of our fellowmen who are in imminent peril of being bound forever to the wheels of an Absolute Dictatorship.

And incidentally, the dangers that lie before our Western world should bring home especially to our Catholic people the fact that Missionaries are the best emissaries they can send to teach China and other pagan nations, if for no other reason than to further mutual understanding and confidence.

It should be self-evident that China deserves our closest friendship and co-operation. In her quest for true freedom she is bound to make mistakes and may make us impatient. But she is trying to be a free nation among free nations, and that cannot be said of Bolshevic Russia. It would be to our undying shame and

(Continued on page 22)



AT San Jose de Ocoa we are beginning to experience some of the moral after-effects of our recent earthquake. In this particular parish it did no more damage than shake up a few consciences, although in the northern part of the country damage was heavy. It is reported by radio from New York that 20,000 are homeless and some 74 killed as a result of the tremors. Temporary shelter and food supplies are necessary and there is a great deal of Red Cross work being done under government supervision.

We were most fortunate inasmuch as we are probably farther removed from the centre of the 'quake than all our other parishes except Azua. Moreover the ground is very hard and the hills were a shield against the full force of a sizable earth

tremor.

President Orders Mass of Thanksgiving

Still there was enough shaking to cause the more obdurate to think. It is to the credit of President Trujillo that he ordered Masses of Thanksgiving in all parishes of the country, four days after the first jolt, in order to thank God for having been delivered from a worse disaster. Tremors have continued and some at very opportune moments. Let me mention in particular the morning of the Mass

of Thanksgiving: our town had begun to lose some of the fear and sense of guilt brought on by the initial session of August 4th. Now we were setting up an altar in the town park in front of the church to accommodate the large crowd. Some halfhour before Mass-time, it appeared as though there would be a good number of people attending but no indication of a really vast assembly. It may have been God's way of reminding the stragglers and doubting-Thomases as well as the more callous, of their obligation to come to this Mass, but quite apropos there was a warning jolt just 25 minutes before Mass was to begin. This quake caused a throng of some 1,500 or more to scramble over to the park. This would be about 3½ times the largest Sunday crowd.

Blessing in Disguise

Fr. McIver, on very short notice for we are as yet novices at preaching in Spanish, gave a fine sermon on the prevalent abuses such as civil weddings without any Sacramental Marriage, Mass missing and general laxity. This was a long looked for and golden opportunity and the people listened very attentively. This Mass was only a beginning. Despite their lack of instruction in Christian Doctrine most are imbued with strong Catholic traditions. In times

of stress these express themselves spontaneously in organized processions of penances. These are impressive spectacles and prove that point in theology about man's instinctive craving for religion. When you see a large crowd advancing towards you, some 14 people across and rank after rank numbering anywhere from 100 to 500 people, many carrying crosses decorated with coloured paper and others with candles burning, it is quite inspiring. They are actually singing a plaintive peni-

to derive any benefit from their penances and prayers. Then they followed him as he led them in the rosary; another hymn and then they regrouped and filed out. The chant began again before they were quite out of the church and continued during the 3 mile walk to their homes in the dark guided only by candlelight.

Public Penances Ground for Hope
These processions are quite numerous lately and the penitents come
from as far away as 25 miles, over
forbidding mountain roads and trails,



tential chant and the sound of the music can be heard long before the pilgrims are in sight.

Pilgrimage from Upper Naranjal One of the best organized processions came from Naranial Arriba a small settlement about 5 kilometres from San Jose de Ocoa, across the valley. The lilt to their singing was reminiscent of a Scottish regiment on the march. Over 100 singers led the group through the streets of the town and into the church. The music was ear-filling as they marched up the aisle to the Communion rail. At this point the pastor invited them to sit down and he addressed a few words to the assembled pilgrims. He stressed the necessity of reform in their conduct before they could hope often walking barefooted as an added penance. Their powers of endurance are amazing for they sing almost all the time. They stop for meals and periodic rests which are necessary in such heat especially considering the advanced age of some pilgrims, as well as a number of children who go along. Their singing is a type of repeated chorus with a few leaders adding a verse each time for variety. The result is a measured chant not unlike the Divine Office, and when sung properly produces a very inspiring refrain to which I, for one, enjoy listening.

It is not for us to say but this earthquake may be the forerunner of a fuller Catholic life for many of God's forgetful children.



We Must Build!!

N a pastoral letter for Mission Sunday, October 20th, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toronto draws attention to the appeals of Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII for his world wide needs in sustaining Catholic Missions.

His Eminence makes clear the obligation resting on all Catholics to supply these means and goes on to point out that the great destruction and famine caused in mission fields by the war have presented a new opportunity to the Church. "Perhaps never in history has such an opportunity been offered us as a result of World War II. After suffering disillusionment and hardships many non-christian peoples of the world are looking with new interest to the Gospel of Christ for inspiration and consolation. The prestige of the Catholic Church has risen to a high degree in the minds of the pagan people as a result of the ministrations of our missionaries and chaplains in allied occupied territory. If we are able to intensify and enlarge our mission work at this time, millions of souls will be brought speedily into the household of the faith."

The importance of this message should awaken our Catholic people to the necessity of corresponding to the fundamental purpose of our Divine Redeemer in establishing His, the one true Church: the salvation, not only of those who are already in the household of the faith, but more especially those who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Pope Pius XI in his great mission encyclical of February 28th, 1926, states emphatically that "the Church has no other reason for existence, than, by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His salutary re-

demption. And whoever, by divine commission, takes the place on earth of Jesus Christ, the Chief Shepherd, far from being able to rest content with simply guarding and protecting the Lord's Flock which has been confided to him to rule, on the contrary fails in his especial duty and obligation, unless he strives with might and main to win over and to join to Christ all those who are still without the fold. . . . There is no need to insist how foreign it is to the virtue of charity, which embraces God and all men ,for those who belong to the fold of Christ, not to have a care for the rest who are unhappily straying without the fold."

Here in plain language is pointed out the chief purpose for which the Church exists, which is to spread the Gospel to those who are outside its pale rather than to rest content in protecting those within, who already have every means within their grasp to save their souls if they take advantage of them. If we in this latter class are thus favored with the gift of faith, if we are privileged to enjoy what may be termed the luxuries of religion, we owe it through our forefathers to those courageous missionaries who went out into the world in obedience to the divine command to preach the Gospel to every creature, to teach all nations. If, then, we are in possession of the faith brought by those interpid apostles, shall we be indifferent to those who still languish in error and in ignorance of that faith?

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

The words of Pope Pius XI, quoted above, certainly imply that one cannot be a thorough-going Catholic if one's attitude towards the Church's foreign mission work is one of aloofness and indifference. That there is indifference to a certain extent goes without saying, but it can be attributed in great measure, not to de-

liberate choice, but to the fact that North America was itself a mission country until comparatively a few years ago when mission education was given very little attention. This continent did not become mission conscious until after World War I when the Church, ever mindful of her commission to teach all nations. had to turn to it to recruit her mission apostolate which had been decimated by that war. Up to that time Europe had supplied by far the greater part of mission personnel and the means to support it. It has been only in recent years that the duty of assuming our share has been brought home to us by the Church in her Europe was no longer able to come to her aid, leaving her no alternative but to turn to the Catholics of this North American continent.

That the appeal has not fallen on barren ground is evident from the splendid response that has resulted in thousands of priests and sisters having been sent to foreign lands to take up where Europe was forced to leave off. The Church in North America has answered the call of the Chief



CHINA

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Shepherd of the Flock and is prepared to do much more in its ardent faith and charity.

Opportunity Knocks

Now more than ever is the call urgent to supply missionaries and the means to support them. As Cardinal McGuigan points out, "Never in history has such an opportunity been open for us. . . . The prestige of the Catholic Church has risen to a high degree in the minds of the pagan people." Archbishop Cushing, of Boston, writes: "Mankind is at a crossroad, ready to turn to the right or to the left. It is our business to do everything possible that men will follow Him Who alone is the Way and the Truth and the Life."

this, the seminary at Scarboro Bluffs has outgrown its accommodation to such an extent that an addition is essential if we are to take care of the number of students which is increasing from year to year. To realize this will necessitate appeals to our friends. While we have been barely able to carry on in the past, the projected new seminary will be impossible without help on a considerably larger scale. Up to the present the Society's work has been sustained principally by the offerings of individuals either directly or through appeals in various parishes schools. To all these friends we are indeed grateful. It is our earnest prayer that the means for our undertaking will be provided. The new

¶ Ruth Gordon once described a new play to George Kaufman. "There's no scenery at all," she explained. "In the first scene, I'm on the left side of the stage, and the audience has to imagine I'm eating dinner in a crowded restaurant. Then in Scene Two I run over to the right side of the stage and the audience imagines I'm home in my own drawing room." "And the second night," nodded Kaufman, "you have to imagine there's an audience out front."

That the Church is girding herself especially here in North America for the conflict, is evident from the extraordinary growth of her mission activity during the few years that have elapsed since World War I.

New Seminary Needed

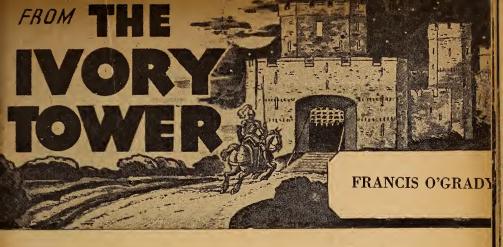
Turning to our own Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, we are proud and privileged to be numbered in this growing army of ambassadors of Christ. This year, for example, the Society has the greatest number of applicants for any one year in its history and this with a limited Catholic population on which to depend in comparison with other mission organizations. To accommodate these, a new building is under construction in St. Marys, Ontario, where our Probation House is situated. Besides

seminary will then supply an adequate number of missionaries and be able to take its rightful place in

this great apostolate.

In this solemn season of the Nativity of Our Lord, humanity stands on the brink of despair. The City of this World has practically collapsed and mankind is ready to hear the claims of the City of God. We ask the Child Jesus to look with pity on the children of men, and on this feast of the children which we call Christmas may He bless all efforts to spread the doctrines of His Church; may He bless all who are to receive the good news of His birth, whether in China, Santo Domingo or America and a special blessing on those who make this work possible.

J. E. McRae, Superior General.



"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long:

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm:

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

—Hamlet.

THE story of mankind has a very complex pattern. Some there are who would simplify it and express all change in terms of very precise formulae. A strong man appears; he organizes followers; he assumes the position of leader; he eventually becomes a monarch; he establishes a dynasty; either he or his descendants are overthrown. There is chaos for a time and then the cycle begins again.

Interpretations of history are likely to follow such a line and from our earliest school days we recall stories of kings, good and bad, all eventually dying and replaced by strangers. As our education advanced, other factors were admitted; wars and conquest were influenced if not caused by

economic causes. Later still in our schooling the race motif was assigned as a determinant in change. One race declared itself superior to others and fought to enslave or be enslaved. The final conclusion of modern learning is a choice:

(a) we are going nowhere but merely repeating historical cycles;

(b) we are on the road to progress inevitably but blindly.

H. G. Wells and

Count J. du Plessis.

The 'Outline of History' by the late H. G. Wells was one attempt to trace the story of mankind. It was attacked by Hilaire Belloc in his usual devastating and thorough way. A Catholic equivalent was written by a veteran of the First Great War, one Count Jean du Plessis, entitled 'The Human Caravan'. Perhaps the best sentence in the book is: "Man remembers Paradise but seldom thinks upon his Fall." That sums up the difference between the Catholic view of history and Mr. Wells' theory. Man is essentially good, but he has fallen, and always this fall requires an effort to get up and a vigilance against the possibility of another disaster.

Optimism, Pessimism, Realism

It is the fashion to call optimists those who teach that man is essen-

tially evil. Both of these views are those who teach that man is essentially evil. Both of these views are simplifications. The former implicitly contains the heresy of the Irishman Pelagius: man is so good naturally, that sanctifying grace is quite unnecessary although it may be useful. Others who thought man essentially good, without qualification, include Mencius, the Chinese sage, Aristotle the pagan Greek, Rousseau and Leibnitz in more modern times.

Among the pessimists we Buddha, Lucretius, Hobbes (of 'man is a wolf to man' fame), Calvin, Voltaire, and those prophets of despair: Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. The consequences of their views have led many men into disaster, both political and moral. The middle of the road view of St. Thomas Aguinas states that man is essentially good BUT original sin is a fact and the results of this fact are obvious. Cardinal Newman has some fine lines on this last point in the 5th chapter of his Apologia Pro Vita Sua. is Realism of the finest sort.

Reformation or Renaissance

That the time is out of joint cannot be questioned. This world is not a happy place, nor are there enough happy people. The average man sighs for the 'god old days' but reflection shows things no worse now than they were a few short years ago. If there has been a decline it has been gradual. But at least it is agreed that things could and should be much better. Two types of solutions have always been advocated (a) reform and (b) renaissance. Solution (a) repairing ruins, restoring structures, retaining old foundations but remodelling the house. It implies replacing minor elements, renovating, resuscitating, retrieving, reclaiming, reorganizing but with the same old business at the same old stand. Plus

ca change plus c'est la meme chose; essentially it is the same thing.

Solution (b) implies more. means going back to origins; seeking the first sources of inspiration; discarding contemporary answers because they are a particular application; in general it means a search for first principles. Renaissance means a new birth; hence a new life. torically an era has been tagged with this label; it followed medieval times. It was anthropocentric because of its humanism while the medieval was theocentric because of its religious attitude. Thus was God replaced as the hub of learning by man; theology gave way to science as the highest wisdom and gradually God was made into the image and likeness of man, reversing the divine plan.

Christ and Santa Claus

Each Christmas we are reminded that God became man in order to lead man back to God. possibility of our becoming God-like is the most wonderful thing to happen to the human race. It refers to sanctifying grace, the means given to us to restore the likeness of God lost by sin. And during Christmas-tide most people act as though they were living in the state of grace. Leacock said that Christmas day was a day of goodness to show us what we could be like on the other 364 if only we wanted it so. It is a season of kindness and gift-giving, a time of peace and joy.

There have been misunderstandings every time somebody attempted to commercialize the feast. But these eventually fail. For several years the Christmas cards were anything but religious: sail-boats and puppy dogs and stage coaches, etc. These are being replaced by scenes more in harmony with the biblical narrative. And surely pictures showing the Saviour's crib or the Wise Men are

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MOLDERS OF OPINION. Edited by David Bulman. Milwaukee: Bruce, 1945. 166 pp.

Molders of Opinion is an analysis of our news and radio analysers themselves. The chapters in this excellent evaluation of the American oracles of the airwaves and press first appeared in the Sign magazine. They were written by authors noted for their intellectual ability and

moral integrity.

There are fourteen chapters and each is an analysis of one of the men whom we hear so often but about whom many of us know very little. Before accepting with complete gullibility the infallible pronouncements of such gentlemen as H. V. Kaltenborn, Walter Winchell, Raymond Gram Swing, etc. it is wise to know something of their characters and qualifications. For example, Mr. Walter Winchell, who advises Presi-

dents and chorus girls with the same profundity, went all the way to the sixth grade and writes for coin, not for humanity, he himself has told us. An analysis of Mr. Gabriel "There's bad news tonight" Heater reveals that there is little behind his sensational prose to mold public opinion on intellectual grounds. Then there are others, like John B. Kennedy and George Ephraim Sokolsky, who have an instinct for truth and right.

Included in the book is a series of pictures of the fourteen commentators and columnists: Dorothy Thompson, Drew Pearson, Walter

Lippmann, etc.

Having read the book, one is somewhat hesitant about quoting certain of the "Molders" with former enthusiasm and faith. R. J. Pelow.

A CANADIAN MYSTIC, MOTHER CATHERINE AURELIE. By a Religious of the Precious Blood. Brooklyn: Monastery of Precious Blood, 5400 Ft. Hamilton Parkway. 224 pp., \$2.25.

HE life story of the foundress of the Institute of the Precious Blood is an inspiring reminder of the power of the cloister. For those who seek a sign from heaven of the efficacy of prayer, this biography is the answer. The common confusion relative to the type of life led behind convent walls is soon corrected by reading this book. Far from being a time of peace and quiet with nothing to do, it is here revealed as a life of severe penance, a perpetual retreat.

The austerities practised by Mother Catherine Aurelie are for edification

rather than imitation but this record is for every type of reader who may wonder if there are still holy people capable of extreme mortification and suffering. In her life she illustrated perfectly the desire all Catholics should have for expiation and reparation. Devotion to the Precious Blood must be spread throughout our world, as it best recalls to us the mystery of the Redemption. This was the aim of her life, and her example plus the example of the thirty-one monasteries of the Precious Blood thus far founded, will help realize it.

(Continued on page 22)

in better taste than Ye Olde Inn filled with revellers.

Essentially it is a religious feast and no occasion must be missed to insist on this. A star appeared in the heavens before Christ's birth and only humble shepherds and very wise men saw it. This link between humility and wisdom must be pointed out. The lesson of Christmas is the humility practised by Christ in order to bring true wisdom to mankind. If Santa Claus is a pagan twist given to the story of St. Nicholas, its misleading possibilities must be guarded

against. St. Luke's narrative should be reread each year so as to be perfectly familiar to every Catholic. Surely more pains must be taken on this than we do to revive Dickens and his Scrooge.

"And it came to pass, that when they were there, Mary's days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger".

A Holy and Happy Christmas to

BOOK REVIEW-A Canadian Mystic (Continued from page 21)

From St. Hyacinth the Institute has spread westward through Canada as far as China, southward through the United States as far as Cuba; since 1925 there has been a monastery in Rome. This growth certainly is a manifestation of divine favour as well as proof of the intense vitality of such a devotion.

This excellent biography has been translated from the French by a Re-

ligious of the Institute at Brooklyn. It is ably done. Every Canadian who hopes to have a fellow-citizen honoured on our altars should read this book. The records it contains of favours received through her intercession gives ample cause for the inclusion of a prayer for the beatification of Mother Catherine Aurelie of the Precious Blood.

THE LAND THAT IS CHINA (Continued from page 13)

possible destruction if through our ignorance and inactivity—or misguided activity—we allow the ancient forces of modern Russia to hurl China back into the abyss of slavery.

Finally a point of intense interest to Catholics. None of us is under any delusion as to Bolshevic policy in regard to religion: It must be exterminated! In China, her true leaders see the need of religion and it behooves us to see that she is taught Truth before it is too late. There are those who tell us we should

not disturb the people of China by sending Missionaries to her shores. How silly! Even were there no positive command of Christ, common sense would tell us that His Message must reach the Chinese people before the gospel of Marxism if we hope to save our own skins!

Let us hope our Catholic people will realize more and more the tremendous importance and wide significance that attaches to their obligation of preaching the Gospel to all nations.







Merry Christmas

Dear little One, how sweet Thou art, Thine eyes, how bright they shine; So bright they almost seem to speak When Mary's look meets Thine.





CHRISTMAS once again! Laughter and music and joy overflowing! The birthday of Jesus, the Son of God. It is a story we never tire of hearing; the singing Angels, the thrilled shepherds, the silent St. Joseph, the Mother and Child. Down through the ages rings the joyful message, "Christ is born, forget all sadness!" Indeed we should forget all sadness when we think of the numberless blessings that have come to us because Christ was born.

But, dear girls and boys, can we forget all sadness while there are still millions of children who have never sung a Christmas hymn, nor "with Mary gazed in joy upon that Face awhile, upon the loving Infant smile?" All they have gazed upon have been fearsome idols made of clay and stone.



Christmas is indeed a feast of happiness and joy because on that day the Hope of the world was born. To bring this *Hope* to all pagan nations is our glorious privilege. So, this Christmas, as you kneel to receive your Infant Jesus in Holy Communion, beseech Him to have mercy upon the thousands of children the world over. Pray Him to inspire yourselves to increase your own missionary efforts to bring more and more souls to His Crib. Thus, little by little, we will banish all sadness, and in every country "songs of angels will fill the air" and all men will adore Him.





Dear Buds:

I wish I could get around to some of the Christmas parties you will have in school before the holidays start. Have a real good time and make sure

no one is neglected.

On Christmas morning I hope all of our Buds will receive Holy Communion and pray especially for China's Children that they, too, may come to know the Infant Saviour.



Fr. Sharkey and Fr. Stringer are helping to increase the membership of our Garden. Fr. Sharkey entertained the pupils of Notre Dame Academy with his magician's show and some days later Fr. Stringer spoke to all the pupils, class by class. Someday they hope to visit you too.



The pupils of grade VIII, Mt. Carmel Convent, New Waterford, N.S., are busy as bees working for the missions. They sent me a most newsy letter brimming over with enthusiasm and containing forty-two names for our Rose Garden. Wonderful!!



Then from far-off Lac La Biche in Alberta, our Buds sent in a handsome donation to help their missionaries in China. How about the

East meeting the West? Write each other a letter and see what happens.



Sometime ago one of our Missionaries walked into a classroom. The teacher had told the pupils that a Chinese Missionary was to visit them. But there was one little fellow who seemed very disappointed, and when asked what was wrong, he replied, "Gosh, Sister, he isn't a Chinaman!!" Oh boy!



Grade VI, St. Patrick's school, Halfway Pt., Bay of Islands, Nfld., sent me a lovely letter telling me they all want to be Buds. "We never heard of you before," they wrote, "but our new teacher told us about you and the missions." Thank you, teacher, for this introduction of our Garden to your pupils, and God bless you all!



Our happy thanks go also to the Crusade Unit in Notre Dame Convent, Miscouche, P.E.I., for the generous gift sent to help our priests in China. On their behalf we thank you one and all.

Bye for now and God bless every-

one.

Your friend always, Father Jim.



What Saint introduced the custom of having a Crib in Church at Christmas?





Dear Fr. Jim,

Please tell Fr. Russell White we are saying a prayer for him every day, and for you too. And every night at home we say the Rosary for our Missionaries and the Chinese people.

Theresa Blackmore, 1 Riverview Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.

Bless you, Theresa, for all you and those at home are doing to bring pagan China to God. I won't forget to tell Fr. White your message. Here's wishing you all a Merry Christmas! Dear Fr. Jim,

I am 16 years old and would like to hear from boys and girls between 16 and 20. I think our Rose Garden is wonderful.

> Jacqueline Coulombe, 7830—106th Ave., Edmonton, Alberta.

Edmonton, Buds, is a city growing daily in importance and I am sure Jacqueline will have much to tell you about it. Be sure to write her.

Dear Fr. Jim.

My name is Mary and I am 13 years old. Patrick is 12 and Joseph is 11. The three of us would like to join the Rose Garden and help China's Children.

W.

Mary Murphy,
Otterville, Ont., R.R. No. 2.

I started humming McNamara's Band when reading your letter, Mary. I hope the three of you will have a happy time praying and playing in our Garden.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I think it is wonderful how the members of the Rose Garden correspond with one another. I will be 15 soon and would like to be a member. Here's a dollar for China's Children.



Rita Ann Convey, 487 Corydon Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

You say the nicest things, Rita, and I am sure you will have many friends to write to. Thank you ever so much for your gift to help our Missionaries.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I read CHINA every month and I think it's tops! Please enrol me in the Rose Garden and send me a mite box. . . . I am fourteen vears old.



Rachelle Saulnier, Saulnierville, Digby Co., N.S.

Here's hoping you will always like to read CHINA, Rachelle, and will interest others in your home town in it. Thank you for the stamps.

Dear Fr. Jim.

I could not delay any longer in writing to join the Rose Garden. I

Page Twenty-Five

am ten years old and hope to have some Pen Pals.



Maureen Young, Peterboro, Ont., R.R. 1.

great big welcome to you, Maureen. With a lovely name like that everybody will want to write to you. Good luck!

Dear Fr. Jim.

I am 14 years old and live out here in the West. Please send me a mite box, certificate and Contest Number.



Yvonne Perron. 1115 St. Paul St.. Kelowna, B.C.

Here's your chance, Buds, to learn about Canada's famous Okanagan Valley, where much fruit is grown. Be sure to write Yvonne and she will tell you.

Dear Fr. Jim.

I am seventeen years old and particularly anxious to have Pen Pals who are Altar boys. Please publish this request and thank you, Father.



William P. Burns, 65 Charlotte St., Sydney, N.S.

Here's a chance for you Altar boys to get together and exchange experiences. So get busy, boys, and write.

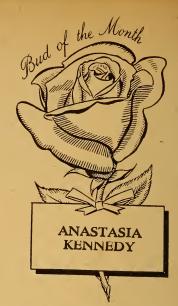
Dear Fr. Jim,

I would like to join the Rose Garden and add my bit for China's Children ... and have friends in Canada and Newfoundland to write to. I am fifteen years old.



Elsie Semple, 47 Ballycolman Ave., Strabane, Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland.

Here's a glorious opportunity for our Buds to learn all about Ireland and to show Elsie that her Canadian and Newfoundland cousins welcome her to our Garden. Doesn't our CHINA get around, Buds?



Anastasia is eleven years old, Buds, and comes from Chapeau, Quebec. She is a very generous little girl and on her birthday just recently she sent the money her friends gave her to help China's Children. I am sure God will bless her and that her example will lead others to sacrifice to save souls. I hope a lot of Buds will write to her.

Dear Fr. Jim.

I lost my Daddy in October and I sure do miss him. . . . I am enclosing the contents of my mite box for China's Children.

Sybil Costley, 39 Metcalf St., St. John, N.B.

My deepest sympathies to all at home, Sybil, on the loss of your father. I am certain all the Buds will remember to say a prayer for the repose of his soul. Many, many thanks for your generous gift. God bless you.



A Few Riddles

- 1. Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?
- 2. Why is a dirty child like flannel?
- 3. Why is the letter Y like a young spendthrift?
- 4. What is the coldest place in a theatre?
- 5. Why is Ireland likely to become the richest country in the world?
- 6. Why is a blotter like a lazy dog?
- 7. Why is getting up early like a dog's tail?



Calling Names

Who was-

- 1. "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"?
- 2. "The Maid of Orleans"?
- 3. "St. Joseph's Coolie"?
- 4. "The King of Swat"?
- 5. "The Little Corsican"?
- 6. "The Father of His Country"?
- 7. "The Scourge of God"?



What Do These Initials Stand For?

- 1. R.F.D.
- 2. T.N.T.
- 3. H.R.H.
- 4. F.B.I.
- 5. G.O.P. 7. W.C.T.U.
- 6. F.O.B. 8. S.F.M.

Who Said It?

- 1. "A woman is only a woman but a cigar's a smoke."
- 2. "There's one born every minute."
- 3. "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."
- 4. "They run, they run, now I can die in peace."
- 5. "Would that I had the faith of a Breton peasant woman."
- 6. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."



True or False

- 1. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place?
- 2. Bats are blind.
- 3. There are no fish in the Dead Sea.
- 4. Hair may turn grey in a few hours from fright.
- 5. Elephants are afraid of mice.
- 6. No two snowflakes are alike.
- 7. Cats can see in the dark.



Quickie Quiz Winner (October)

Congratulations go to Theresa White, age 13, St. Georges, Nfld. Your prize will be sent next week, Theresa. By the way, Buds, Theresa is a brand new member.

(Answers on page 28)

New Members and Pen Pals

Cantwell, Josephine, 16, Conception Bay, Nfld.; Wade, Veronica, 15, Conc. Bay, Nfld.

CORNWALL, ONT.
Paterson, Helen, 11, 341 Fifth St. W.
Taillon, Kathleen, 11, 320 Fifth St. W. CURLING

Battcock, Annette, 11, Curling, Nfld.; McHugh, Joan, 12, Curling; Battcock, Elaine, 10, Curling; Battcock, Mary Joe, 14, Curling.

COBDEN, ONT.
Laurier, Joseph, 13, c/o John Holly,
Cobden, Ont.; Uren, Arnold, 8, R.R. No. 4
Cobden, Ont.; Wren, James, 15, R.R. No.

4, Cobden, Ont.
COLLIERS CENTRAL CONC. BAY
Poole, Margaret, 14, Colliers Central

COLLIERS CENTRAL CONC. BAY
Poole, Margaret, 14, Colliers Central
Conc. Bay.

DALHOUSIE, N.B.

Arsenault, Margaret, 14, Dalhousie,
N.B.; Babock, Riva, 15, Sacred Heart
Convent, Dalhousie, N.B.; Bernard, Georgette, 16, Sacred Heart Convent, Dalhousie, N.B.; Brown, Olive, 16, Dalhousie,
N.B.; Cannon, Marie, 16, Dalhousie, N.B.;
Carter, Adelaide, 18, Dalhousie, N.B.;
Farah, Joan D'Arc, 16, Sacred Heart
Convent, Dalhousie, N.B.; Foran, Valeria,
19, Sacred Heart Convent. Dalhousie,
N.B.; Neilson, Hilda, 16, Dalhousie, N.B.

DEER LAKE, NFLD.

Healey, Florence, 19, Deer Lake, Nfld.;
St. George, Mary, 11, 173 Nicholsville Rd.

DUBLIN, ONT.

Flannery, Frances, 8, R.R. No. 1 Dublin, Ont.; Flannery, Patrick Jr., 10, R.R.
No. 1, Dublin, Ont.

DOUGLAS, ONT.

Breen, Ruth, 11, Douglas, Ont.; McManamy,
Gertrude, 11, 132 Holt St.; McIntyre,
Carmel, 7, Douglas, Ont.; McEachern,
Marguerite, 8, Douglas, Ont.; McEachern,
Reg., 8, Douglas, Ont.; Power, Colleen,
11, Douglas, Ont.; Russett, James, 8,
Douglas, Ont.; Russett, James, 8,
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Douglas, Ont.; Russett, James, 8,

DORCHESTER, ONT. Nicholls, Mary, 14, R.R. No. 1 Dor-

Nicholls, Mary, 14, R.R. No. 1 Dorchester.

EASTVIEW, ONT.

Ethier, David, 10, Ethier, George, 9, 43 Second Ave; Jordan, George, 10, Assumption School; Jelley, Charles, 9, 1414, McArthur Rd.; Landrian, Jean, 9, 87 Main St.; LeSabe, Michael, 10, 179 John St.; LePage, Shirley, 11, 23 Scott St.; McConville, Ann, 9, 31 Main St.; McDonnell, Bruce, 8, 29 Russill Rd; McNulty, Jim, 10, 154/2 Marier Rd.; McNulty, Margaret, 9, 274/2 Palen St.; McKay, Harold, 11, 10 Third Ave.; McKinnon, Claudette, 9, 246 Marier Rd.; Mancuso, Bobbie, 8, 84 Aberdeen Rd.; Knowles, Leslie, 9, 484/2 Aberdeen St.; McConn, Ronnie, 10, 30 Main St.; Lavergne, Loretta, 9, 144/2 Durocher St.; O'Callaghan, Catharine, 11, 84 Aberdeen St.; O'Sullivan, Audrey, 9, 106 Montreal Rd.; Paquette, Jim, 9, 60 Marier Rd.; Piche, Beverley, 9, 175A Montreal Rd.; Tippuns, Frank, 7, 394/2 Montreal Rd.; Tippuns, Frank, 7, 394/2 Montreal Rd.; Tippuns, Frank, 7, 394/2 Montreal Rd.; Errisson, Gorman, 11, Jeanette, 7, Noreen, 10, 31 Kennedy Ave.; Brousseau, Joel, 10, 23 Lee Ave.; Charette, David, 6, Callander Rd.; Chatelain, Adele, 6, Annette, 8, Eva, 12, Patricia, 10, Raymond, 13, 126 Gladstone Ave.; Brousseau, Joel, 10, 23 Lee Ave.; Charette, David, 6, Callander Rd.; Chatelain, Adele, 6, Annette, 8, Eva, 12, Patricia, 10, Raymond, 13, 126 Gladstone Ave.; Deller, Noreen, 12, 33 Kaichen Ave.; Holmes, Garry 11, 11 Lee Ave.; Hurtubise, Pierette, 12, Jacqueline, 9, 34 Kennedy Ave.; LaLonde, Lorenzo, 12, Robert, 5, 12 McDonald Ave.; LeBlanc, Ronald, 5, 30 Lee Ave.; Mainville, Michael, 13, 95 Whitney St.; Mantha, Cecile, 8, Edgar, Llonel, 8, Maurice, 12, Simone, 13, 80 Lee Ave.; Parker, Barbara Ann, 7, 48 Pollard Ave.; Sabouren, Anita, 7, John, 14, Leon, 10, Leona, 12, 59 Nelson Ave.; Stevens, Barbara, 7, Bruce, 8, Diana, 6, 25 Kennedy Ave.; Tattaon, Paul, 11, Larasse Rd.; Thibert, Helen, 5, Collaide Rd.; Turcotte, Flain, 7, Clarence, 14, Gloria, 12, Victor, 9, 18 Kennedy Ave.; Turcotte, Celina, 13, Joseh, 9, Theodoro, 7, Edgar, 15, Callander Rd.; Zahn, Keith, 9, Box 84, Fox

GAME PAGE ANSWERS

Riddles

- 1. Because it's farthest from the
- 2. Because its shrinks from wash-
 - 3. Because he makes pa pay.
 - 4. Z Row.
- 5. Because its capital is always doublin' (Dublin).
 - 6. A blotter is an ink-lined plane; An inclined plane is a slope up; A slow pup is a lazy dog.
 - 7. Because it's twirly.

Calling Names

- 1. The Bank of England.
- 2. St. Joan of Arc.
- 3. Mr. Lo Pah Hong.
- 4. Babe Ruth.
- 5. Napoleon Bonaparte.
- 6. George Washington.
- 7. Attila.

Who Said It?

- 1. Kipling.
- 2. Barnum.
- 3. Lord Alfred Tennyson.
- 4. General Wolfe.
- 5. Louis Pasteur.
- 6. Cromwell.

True or False

- 1. False. 2. False. 3. True. 4. True.
- 5. False. 6. True. 7. False.

Initials

- 1. Rural Free Delivery.
- 2. Trinitrotolulene.
- 3. His (or Her) Royal Highness.
- 4. Federal Bureau of Investigation.
- 5. Grand Old Party.
- 6. Free On Board.
- 7. Women's Christian Temperance Union.
- 8. Scarboro Foreign Missions.

BOOKS WANTED

Ross: Christian Ethics.

Ryan: A Living Wage; Distributive Justice; The Church and Socialism.

It is impossible to buy decent Latin dictionaries; any such which can be spared will be gratefully appreciated.

WANTED

Used Breviaries

Rev. Wm. K. Amyot, Superior of Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ont., will be pleased to receive breviaries, old or new, for our students in their novitiate year.

FATHER JOHN McIVER versus PADRE JUAN JOSE

(Continued from page 11)

dance and for us a five minute walk next door to a bed and a hammock and the nicest sleep a fellow ever wanted.

Next day we said Mass on a dining room table and instructed a few people who remained for Mass. Then we mounted and began the trail to another station farther west. After an hour or so, and a little difficulty with the mare not wanting to cross a muddy stream, we arrived at another little cluster of houses that seemed about as deserted as the first, and had as many people. Once again the course of catechism got no further than "counting" the Blessed Trinity. But Padre Juan beat me even at that. I tried for ten minutes to teach a rather big girl of about fifteen years, the five essential truths -but she couldn't remember how many persons there were, though she would repeat after me several times. After some time and the "O dear me" of impatient godfathers I had to admit defeat and gave her an I.Q. rating of an infant and baptized her as such.

Then once again the hammocks swung to and fro and we gradually went to sleep—not so soon however for Padre Juan would shake the supporting rafter as he moved in his hammock to dislodge some little creatures commonly found in beds that persisted in sustaining their life. I guess the moral is—use D.D.T. or never tie two hammocks to the same rafter.

At any rate we were both happy to ride off in the rising sun and into the sunset, over the hills and down the dales because the seeds of faith were taking root in welcome soil and Our Lord was once again being known and loved in this beautiful tropical island.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Safe Journey

On Sunday evening November 3rd six Sisters of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont., passed through Toronto on their way to China. All of them have had experience in the mission field and are returning to re-open schools, hospitals, and dispensaries closed by the Japanese invasion.

The Sisters are: Sr. St. Angela, Sr. M. Angela, Sr. M. Catherine, Sr. St. Martin, Sr. M. Genevieve,

Sr. M. Vianney.

May God and His Blessed Mother guide them safely across the ocean and bless their work with countless souls saved for eternity in Heaven!

La Salette, Ont.

Mrs. Andrew Beal, President, and members of the Catholic Women's League of La Salette were shown motion pictures and given a talk by Fr. Lawrence Beal, S.F.M., on Friday evening, October twenty-fifth. The school children welcomed Father with a song and the League presented him with a donation for the Society's work in China. Our sincerest thanks go to each one who helped make the evening such a memorable one.

Our U.S. Friends

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society extends sincerest thanks to its friends in Philadelphia and Boston for their enthusiastic interest in our work. A social evening held in Philadelphia was a huge success. Congratulations to everyone!

R.I.P.

KINGSTON, Oct. 24-Very Rev. R. J. Pelow, S.F.M., J.C.D., rector of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs. brated the solemn requiem Mass for his father, who died early Tuesday morning. Rev. F. O'Grady, S.F.M., Scarboro ,was deacon; Rev. A. J. Welsh, subdeacon; and Rev. J. Ainslie, S.F.M., master of ceremonies. Archbishop O'Sullivan assisted at the throne, attended by Rev. M. J. Brady, Portsmouth, and Rev. F. A. Agnew, Gananoque. His Grace officiated at the Libera.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society extends sincere sympathy to Rev. Dr. Pelow and the other members of his family.

In Thanksgiving

To St. Joseph for favour received.

Mrs. M. R. Williams,
Halifax, N.S.

To our Blessed Lady and St. Theresa for favour received.

Miss Anna Moore, Avondale, Nfld.

To the Sacred Heart of Jesus for favour received.

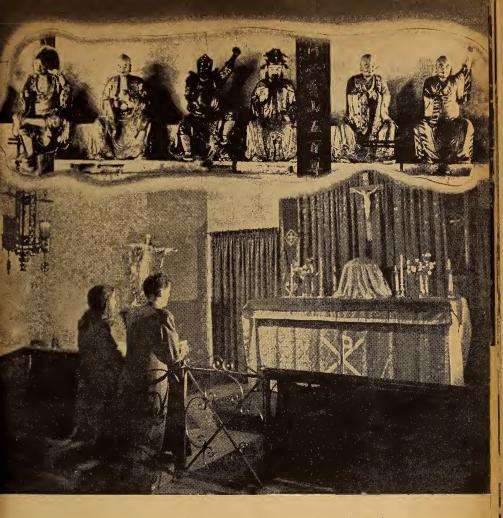
Mrs. T. Montgomery, Copper Cliff, Ont.

Requests for Prayers

For Mrs. Bridget McGarry, Toronto, Ont.

For Mrs. W. S. Biggins, Cornwall, Ont.

For Mr. James Patterson, Montreal, Que.



When you kneel before your Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, how often does it occur to you that millions of pagans abase themselves before strange and terrifying gods? And this after two thousand years of Christianity!

Heaven made you a gift of the first Missionary long ago at Bethlehem.

Now it's your turn—and happy privilege—to help send "other Christs" to mission lands.

Translate this help into financial assistance for our Society. Send us your donation today.

Make Cheques and Money Orders payable to

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
Scarboro Bluffs - - Ontario

CHINA

Page Thirty-One



UNTIL TRANS-PACIFIC TELEPHONE BECOMES A COMMON MEANS OF COMMUNICATING WITH YOUR MISSIONARY FRIENDS, KEEP IN TOUCH WITH WHAT THEY ARE DOING BY READING CHINA EVERY MONTH.







Fr. Joseph Murphy, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Murphy, Toronto, returns to Canada for a much-needed rest. Fr. Murphy went to China in September, 1940, and was interned by the Japanese from March, 1942, until the end of the war.

Fr. M. Carey, already arrived in Canada, and Fr. T. McQuaid, who will sail shortly from Shanghai, were internees along with Fr. Murphy.

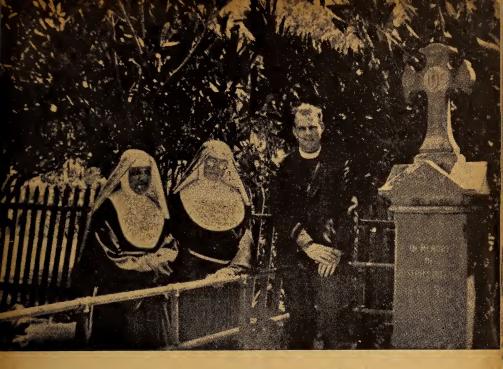
Ring out the Old



Ring in the New

The priests and students of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society wish all their many friends a Holy and Happy New Year

Page Two China



Stevenson on Leper Island

By A. J. PINFOLD

NEARLY every child has been delighted with the thrilling characters and the exciting adventures of "Treasure Island". Grown-ups have been intrigued with the life of a dual personality as presented in the 'strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde". But few readers know the story of the visit of the author of these well known books to the leper island of Molokai. When I visited Mlokai in 1940 I had a long talk with Sister Elizabeth who accompanied Mother Marianne, the heroine of Molokai, when she first came to serve the lepers. Sister Elizabeth had met Father Damien shortly before he died, and, consequently was an extremely interesting and informative conversationalist. She was full of the subject of Mother Marianne and very definitely gave me the impression that she was

speaking of a great soul and a saint. Among the many heart-warming and appealing incidents in the life of this wonderful woman, one that stood out very prominently was the visit of Robert Louis Stevenson and the friendship that sprang up between them.

It was on May 9th, 1889, that Sisters Crescentia and Irene of the Franciscan Order of Mary boarded

The Leper Colony of Molokai, made famous by Father Damien, was once visited by Robert Louis Stevenson, the English author. Rev. A. J. Pinfold tells of meeting Sister Elizabeth who knew Fr. Damien, and worked with his saintly associate, Mother Marianne, and who was present when Stevenson was there.

C H I N A

Established 1919

Editors:

D. E. Stringer; F. T. O'Grady Circulation Manager: J. L. Beal

Subscription rates:

\$1.00 a year \$2.00 for 3 years \$20.00 for life Single copy 15 cents.

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August.

Address all communications to Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Printed by Garden City Press Cooperative, Toronto 1, Ont.

Vol. XXVIII

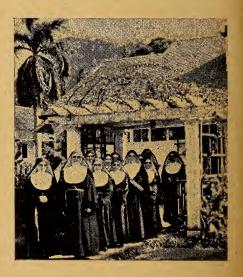
No. 1

the small steamer at Honolulu to sail to the famous leper colony at the island of Molokai. As usual the trip was stormy; there was high wind and rain and the sea boiled under the downpour. The Sisters were depressed, and one of them cried. But they found consolation, though they did wonder, in the fact that one of their fellow travellers seemed as depressed as themselves, and even once shed tears, but there was no opportunity to talk to him.

He landed alone and early before any one else had disembarked. There was no one to welcome him officially, which perhaps best suited this man, since it gave him an opportunity to investigate in person. Thus, unheralded, did this well known author, Robert Louis Stevenson, arrive in the colony of the lepers. At this time he was in poor health, (fighting tuberculosis) his face very pale and his natural thinness somewhat accentuated. He had remarkable eyes, sunken with dark rings around them, but alight with an extraordinary fire of intelligence. He walked to the doctor's home, which was at least $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the landing, a lonely dreary walk in the grey of dawn. He chatted with the few he met on the road who could speak English. To say he aroused interest among the lepers would be putting it mildly.

The next morning Sister Leopoldina, on an errand among the sick, saw him standing at the fence outside the Sisters' home. She walked over to him and asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Oh!" he said, "I was just admiring your cheerful home. It is the only pleasant place I find in the settlement. I would like to see the Reverend Mother." Sister Leopoldina, who had no suspicion of his identity, led him into the yard, and directed him how to find the Superior. Soon he was chatting pleasantly with a tall, handsome woman, Mother Marianne

(Continued on page 9)



The Sisters of Molokai



ELL! Did you have a good Christmas? Did you travel home? Anyway did you travel? Its quite an experience isn't it? By street-car or bus the parcel-problem provides the hazards; by train the issues are

unique.

Of course its best to travel only a short distance by railroad and then food is no problem at all; either you bring a thermos bottle and some sandwiches or else just wait your destination. If your family lives too far away, simply move them closer to you and then its no longer your problem but theirs. This is a rather mean solution and anyway what with the housing shortage it just might be impractical. Its best to face the music and battle it out for yourself. The development of character you get is invaluable. All the virtues must be practised and some in a heroic degree.

First of all you must line up for your ticket. There are only 8 people ahead of you. No. 1: suppose you are buying in Toronto, the gent in front of you might likely want to go to Ungava Bay. If my geography serves me aright, its on the north coast of the province of Quebec. You say you never heard of Ungava Bay? That's funny, it so happens that the ticket-agent never heard of it either. So he leans across the

low partition and asks his mate in the next wicket: 'Hey Joe, ever hear of Ungava Bay'?-Naw: it must be on the C.N. (or the C.P. if you are at the other wicket), as a last resort he might even say: "I think its on the T. and N.O." This always stops the customer. He feels very apologetic, so he turns pleadingly to the man behind him and says: 'I only want to go home to see my dying mother'. The answer is a glare; the dumb cluck! Hasn't he heard of euthanasia? Why doesn't he either bring his mother down to Toronto in the summertime or else buy his

ticket early in October.

No. 2: This lady wants to go to Vancouver with stop-over privileges in Montreal (!). The clerk is very nice. He quietly explains that Montreal is East of Toronto, Vancouver is West, hence there is no application of the privilege she wants. She assures him there must be because her uncle Elmer used to work for the N.Y.C. and he said you could do it. Not knowing her uncle, the clerk is beaten. He goes back to his books, diddles around, finally confesses defeat, comes back and tries her again. No soap. Uncle Elmer is never wrong. In despair the clerk sends her to the last wicket on the right. Out of curiosity I take a look down that way; sure enough:

CHINA

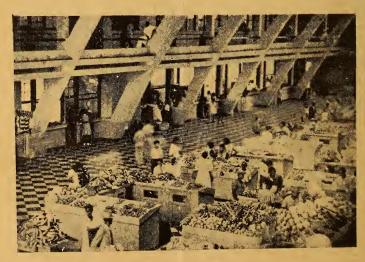
its the 'Lost and Found department'.

No. 3: There's something wrong with this lad; he wants to buy a ticket to Montreal, one way. No berth, no platform ticket (I never did find out what they are), no return ticket, no chair, no compartment, he has no pass but simply wants to pay cash. The clerk scratches his head; this is one for the books! A straight sale! The people in line smile, and soon we move up a notch. The clerk looks slightly dazed.

No. 4: We do better with this one: he has been griping for 10 minutes about the weather, the inefficiency of the railroads, Mackenzie King, and anything else coming into his head. Now he's up to bat, and Mr. Anthony, here is his problem: "I wanna ticket to Beagletown and I wannit fast; I'm in a hurry, I am". Now this is more like it; the clerk feels right at home. He gets his book out; Beagletown is listed alright but not under B. For some inexplicable reason its under 'T'. Maybe because its a town. This took four minutes to discover. Meantime big-mouth is getting more excited; he thinks he may miss his train. Little does he know that since 1940 Beagletown is 'served' only once a week; and this is *not* the day; there's no hurry Mac, take it easy; you have a 5-day wait ahead of you.

No. 5: A little old lady wants to know if this unused bus-ticket can be used on the train; she only wants to ask the question. She isn't going to travel anywhere. For such customers, the clerk has a long iron poker: he cracks the little old lady over the head and drags her under the counter. Everybody smiles and moves up.

No. 6: Comes a tall man in uniform; maybe a colonel . . . or might be a doorman, I'm not sure. He has an accent. The clerk can't understand. The tall man appeals to others in the line behind to extricate him. Nothing doing brother; you got into this and you can get out of it. He is also sent away down the line of wickets towards the baggage section; these men are working very fast. They grab him, stuff him into a trunk and before he knows it he's labelled: 'Esquimault' and sent on his way. We lose more colonels that way; or maybe doormen.



A section of the ultra-modern market building, Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic.



Two impersonators of spirits in a Chinese play

No. 7: This customer isn't sure of the name of her destination. Its either Moosonee or Moosomin. A friend invited her by telephone and that's as close as she can come. The clerk smiles in a sickly way: "Lady, one is in Ontario and the other Saskatchewan" . . . "Well I'm from Georgia myself, are they close together"? (Just now you notice that the line at the next wicket is down to one! You rush over quickly and are just in time for the clerk to finish the 'person ahead of you and stick a cardboard notice in your face. "This wicket Closed". You scramble back and force your way into the place you had vacated amid the loud jeers and complaints of the people behind).

No. 8: Only one left up front. You hear the voice of doom: "Oh that train doesn't stop there on Sundays. Only on Ash Wednesday or the Tuesday after the 17th Sunday after Pentecost or during Leap Year". Somebody carries the body away.

You've made it! Now you try your wits with the man behind the bars. "One return ticket to Cavignac, it should be ready as I telephoned yesterday and they told me to pick it up here".--'Pick it up here, eh?' Who told you that?'—'Well I didn't get his name but it was one of your agents'—He picks up the telephone; you know the rest. Nobody ever heard of you. After the usual delays he makes out a ticket and you tender a \$5 bill. That tears things wideopen! You didn't know that the Mounties have been on the trail of counterfeit \$5 bills but you know now . . . He writes down your name, address, copying these from your National Registration card, automobile license and a letter you happen to be carrying. All this he notes carefully, clips the information to the banknote in question, asks for your picture, and finally with very great reluctance gives you your ticket. You head for your train.

Bon Voyage!!



F you're a boy in High School, don't turn this page. We are looking for someone like you who will be graduating this year or in a few years. What we have to say may be

of vital concern to you.

Before we commence speaking about you we wish to mention some other lads just like you. They lived in Poland, France, Germany, Belgium and almost any other European country before the war. It really doesn't matter now just where they lived because the war came and that changed everything for them. You see, these boys also were going to High School, about to graduate soon, and they planned on becoming priests in foreign mission societies. They believed that God had invited them in on the grand work of saving souls by becoming missioners in some land like China and bringing the Faith to pagans who had never so much as heard about Christ.

Came the war. In Germany these young men, these future missioners, went into the armed forces along with all the clergy born after 1906. They, and hundreds of seminarians, died in battle. In Poland efforts were and are still being made systematically to destroy the existing clergy. What chance will others, who have survived German and Russian domination, have of studying for the

priesthood in that unhappy country? In France thousands of such young men perished in the war in the company of many priests forced to take arms. The story is the same for countless other boys in Europe who hoped one day to be missioners. For them it can never be.

By this time you may be ready to shout: "So what!" So we in this country must do far more than we have ever done before in the field of foreign mission work. The work that those young men in Europe would have done as missioners will never be done—unless someone volunteers to take their place. That may mean you. Don't feel shocked by the thought. Perhaps God has been trying to let you know for some time that He wants you to do this work. Perhaps you haven't taken time out to think about this matter of a vocation to the foreign mission priesthood. Perhaps you will soon be graduating from High School and it is time that you did do some serious thinking about your future career.

To qualify as a seminarian for the foreign missions you don't have to be a star athlete or the genius of the class. You need not have had a personal interview with the Archangel Gabriel. If you have good health, sufficient mental ability, an inclination towards mission work and the

desire to do something really big for Christ you may be one of those chosen to take the place of some lad who died on a European battlefield or who was shot down out of the sky over the English channel.

Think it over. Then, if you feel that you may have a vocation, have a chat with some priest who knows you well or write to us for further information. You can't lose anything. You may gain everything.

If you desire information about becoming a missioner of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society write as soon as possible to Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

STEVENSON ON LEPER ISLAND

(Continued from page 4)

Stevenson afterwards wrote of this first visit. "As for the girls in the Bishop Home, of the many beautiful things I have been privileged to see in life, they, and what had been done for them, are not the least beautiful. When I came there first the Sisters and the majority of the boarders were gone up the hill upon a weekly treat, guava hunting (a tropical fruit) and only Mother Marianne and the especially sick were left at home. I was told things which I heard with tears, of which I sometimes think at night, and which I spare the readers. I was shown the sufferers then at home, one I remember, white with pain, the tears standing in her eyes. But, thank God, pain is not the rule in this revolting malady: and the general impression of the home was one of cheerfulness, cleanliness, and comfort. The dormitories were cosy, the beds neatly made, by every bedside was a trophy of Christmas cards, pictures photographs, some framed with shells, and all arranged with care and taste."

After that first visit, Stevenson came every day to see Mother Marianne and to discuss with her

what she was doing. On these visits to the Sisters' Home he took a very special delight in teaching the leper children to play croquet. He provided a new set for them and worked so hard at the play that from time to time he would throw himself on the soft grass to rest until the children urged him to continue. Mother Marianne was forced to admonish him. "It is not right for you to exert yourself. It may be dangerous in your condition." Stevenson smiled and answered, "Mother, you have some very clever young ladies. If am not mistaken, Waikaki will know the game better than I before the end of my visit." These poor Hawaians could hardly believe that (apparently to them) healthy white man would turn aside to notice them or would not shun them as did all others. And they were simply astounded when a \$500.00 piano arrived for them as a gift from this new found and now deeply loved

When the time came for departure, he told Mother Marianne that he could not bear to say good-bye to the rest and delegated to her the task of doing it for him. And when shyly asked to leave his autograph he prepared it with the gentle words of a poem:

To Reverend Sister Marianne Kalaupapa, Matron of the Bishop Home,—

To see the infinite pity of this place, The mangled limb, the devastated face,

The innocent sufferers smiling at the

A fool were tempted to deny his God. He sees, and shrinks: but if he look again,

Lo, beauty, springing from the breast of pain!

He marks the Sisters on the painful shores,

And even a fool is silent and adores.



THIS is not Foster Hewitt reporting from the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, Canada, but allow me to tell you of one of the funniest hockey games I've ever seen. It took place in Peking, China, at the Y.M.C.A. rink, the only skating rink in the city, and it was played by students of the two high schools in the town: one a Chinese school and the other Japanese.

As military headquarters of the North China Co-Prosperity Sphere, Peking had been under Japanese control since 1937 and the plan was to establish a Japanese population there hence the presence of growing families in sufficient numbers to warrant a Japanese school. There were only 2 periods of play in the game to be described as the arena was busy with other events so the high school athletes were sandwiched in between

The timekeeper of the hockey game described below, Father L. Beal, was interned after Pearl Harbour and until repatriation on the Gripsholm was arranged. This game took place when foreigners were allowed relative freedom in Peking, having only to report to the police each week.

more important presentations: at the same time it explained the rather large crowd in attendance. They came to see something else but the Japanese-Chinese encounter held their interest.

Honourable Visitors: 1; Unworthy Locals: 2

About half-way through the second period, hence getting along towards the end of the contest, the Chinese students led by a goal. The frantic Japanese players rushed after the puck all in a pack. Their opponents kept their formation, each man playing his zone, and it looked as though the difference in score would soon be increased. The slam-bang game was getting out of control, the fans were cheering themselves hoarse, and it looked like a certain defeat for the 'conquerors of the country'. There were many of the Japanese in military uniform among the witnesses to this game and they feared they would lose-face badly. To our minds a game is a game and that's the end of it but not so to the Oriental. At this point the referee who was Chinese, stopped the play and came over to me, the timekeeper. "How many minutes are left to play?" he asked. "About 3", I replied. The

face-off was to take place in front of the Japanese cheering section and many of these spectators were carrying guns. With all these factors in mind the referee skated back with the perfect solution in his mind.

The Defence Rests

Ingenuity has ever been the mark of the Oriental and this referee was no exception. He instructed the Chinese goalie to "allow" the next shot to go in, but not to make it look easy. Then the star of the game, the defence-man of the Chinese team, was likewise instructed not to stop the next puck-carrier and further not to score any more himself (already he had accounted for the two goals scored by his team). Back to me as timekeeper and I was told not to stop the play until the visitors had tied things up! Play was resumed and the captain of the Japanese team skated right in through the opposing defense and scored 'brilliantly'. The defending goalie sprawled all over the net but managed to let the puck go under him for a counter. Bedlam broke loose in the Japanese cheering section with great cries of 'BANZAI'. The referee came back to me and said: "Any time now". Within half a minute I had blown my whistle and the game was over. All officials present went on the ice, there were bows and congratulations all around and all ended merrily.

> Honourable Visitors: 2 Unworthy Locals: 2

Mission Memos

Dominican Republic

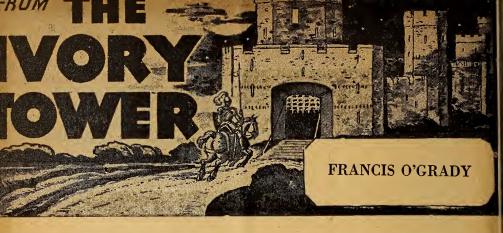
From the Capital, Father Chafe writes:

My news concerns Father Allen, stationed at Azua: His Catholic Action Club is producing great results: he has a hall on the corner of the park, formerly the post office. Movies weekly entertain his group and are a good introduction to newcomers. The Legion of Mary is progressing nicely and earned the commendation of Bishop Beras during his pastoral visit when he assisted at one of the first meetings of the Legion. At Retreat time I intimated that the 'Legion' might be a solution for many of our problems. It was agreed that Fr. Allen was to try it; I must say it has passed the test with flying colors. Somebody wrote to the Archbishop about the great work being done in Azua and he was kind enough to reprint it in the 'Accion Catolica" a short time ago.

showed Father Walsh getting encouraging results . . . He has begun the training of a group preliminary to forming a Credit Union among them, a social work which appeals to them and which has tremendous possibilities . . .

... Within the last month I have seen all 21 of the priests down here and they are all very well and working hard ... Happy New Year to you from all of us.





CONGRATULATIONS! You are now a Canadian Citizen! As of January 1st, 1947, the Citizenship Act comes into force and we are no longer to be listed under the general term 'British Subject'. It is a step forward in the history of our country, one brought about peaceably, thanks be to God.

There are moral and spiritual foundations for citizenship. In both Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, the treatise on patriotism is to be found under the virtue of piety. In these 'democratic' times, one is apt to forget the strict right of allegiance one's government can claim. Chauvinism is evil, agreed, but it is a perversion of true patriotism. As human beings we belong to both religious and civil spheres and these must not conflict but blend, so that together they provide for the complete development of man, the social animal who has a supernatural destiny.

One view of patriotism is that it implies almost an antagonism towards citizens of other countries. This is a misinterpretation. Every man has rights, as a man. Whether a citizen of your country or not, he is a man and hence retains certain inalienable rights. This is absolutely true, no matter what his race, or creed. It applies equally to Jews and Arabs. It does no good to call a man

a refugee, or a Displaced Person; he is still a man. As such he has a strict right to those things which are necessary for his development. If conditions in Europe are such as to preclude any possibility of such development, then such men must be given the opportunity to go elsewhere. And we should know that currently U.N.R.R.A. doesn't know what to do with the Displaced Persons and is shipping them back and forth until they get tired of being moved from camp to camp and volunteer to return to Poland; and we already know what happens there. If Palestine doesn't want them, how can we condemn Palestine and refuse them entry here?

Moving a huge number of European Jews into Palestine now is like peopling Pennsylvania with Russians! How would John L. Lewis like that? You say the Jews have been in Palestine longer than the Arabs? I'm not so sure. Since the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. by the Romans, Palestine has NOT been a Jewish national State; and the Arabs HAVE been there for 1,300 years! If Uncle Sam took 1/4 million European Jews, Canada ought to take 20,000. You say Uncle Sam has no such intention; well maybe we should take the lead. Its always good practise in a debate to hang your opponent on the horns of a dilemma, e.g. a lawyer asked the man in the witness box: "Are you still beating your wife?" "Yes" or "no" gets him into trouble! Hence people discussing the Jewish question ask you: "Do you think Palestine should be opened to Jewish immigration?" If you say 'No', they counter with: "Anti-Semitic eh?" If you say 'Yes', they say: "What have you got against the Arabs?"

Palestine is bulging at the seams; any further influx of people tends to upset the economic as well as the political applecart. If you hope to have that country enjoy some sort of democracy, then you are swinging the vote by allowing more Jews to enter. They have not a majority now but if more are squeezed in they soon will have. This is hardly fair to the Arabs who have been there for generations. If justice is on the side of the Arabs, since when may we conscientiously refuse to admit a quota of Jews to this country?

Balfour Declaration

In November 1917, the Balfour letter to Baron Rothschild (a document approved by the British Cabinet) promised the Jews "a" home in Palestine, not "the" or "their" home. At that time there were nearly a million Arabs living in that unhappy country. It was then understood that over the years 600,000 Jews were to be admitted, such immigration to end in 1944, March 31st. Moreover, in 1917 the Arabs outnumbered the Jews 10 to 1 in Palestine; today this ratio is reduced to 2 to 1. Obviously the Zionists want more immigration until they have a majority and then they will claim the necessity of a 'democratic' election, leaving the indigenous Arabs no possibility of victory.

White Paper of 1922

With such interpretations placed upon the original Balfour declaration, the British government gave a

more exact definition at least in a negative way by ruling out some exaggerations: "What is meant is not an imposition of a Jewish nationality upon the inhabitants of Palestine as a whole" . . . this in 1922 when Churchill was minister of colonies. Then later, after 13 Royal Commissions, in 1939: "His Majesty's Government now declares unequivocally that it is not part of their policy that Palestine should become a Jewish state". It is unfortunate that Mr. Truman did not remember this in his recent attempts towards getting the Jewish vote.

Anti-Semite or Anti-Arab

It is unnecessary to be against either party but merely insist on the strict rights of both. It is claimed that the country of Palestine is a Jewish religious shrine; it is also a Moslem and a Christian Holy Land. And one questions the religious fervour of Zionists throughout the world as being any greater than that of Moslems or Christians.

War Record

It might be well to recall the exploits of the Arabs in connection with Lawrence of Arabia. The betrayal of our allies then should not be forgotten. Broken promises at that time do not release us from the demands of justice now. British petrol royalties were threatened after the last war and French colonial policy in the Levant was ruined, so the Arabs were abandoned, although by their assistance 100,000 Turks were kept in Syria and Palestine whilst they would have been formidable adversaries had they been free to fight us elsewhere in Europe. "Oriental Assembly" and "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" both books by T. E. Lawrence, are revealing documents of history. He felt that he had been ordered by his government to betray the Arabs with promises of self-government if only they would fight the Turks. Lawrence wrote boldly and the two books are of absolute importance before one can make any evaluations relative to Palestine. Again in this war, the Arabs raised a fighting force of 13,000 men; and remember that in the 'wars' of 1936-39 they had lost 15,000 men killed.

Citizenship a Prize

When one considers the history of Ireland and the long fight they have had to get the present form of partial independence; and then a thought of the Arabs; perhaps the consideration of the history of Australia and India, one should be thankful for the unbloody processes we have gone through in Canada. With all his faults, Mackenzie King should be recognized for the part he has played in the past 25 years towards making this country autonomous. It is more than a coincidence that he has been in power for so long and we have changed from colonial status (in practise) to that of a dominion, and since 1939 into an independent member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Today, England does not dare attempt to refuse anything Canada decides; we are a nation and the citizenship Act of last July 1st, effective this January 1st, is the last important step. A few loose ends remain but these can be attended to at any time and they cause us no trouble. Canada's position and stature as a nation is recognized all over the world. And remember, there has been no necessity for a war of independence.

More Work to Do Yet

However, the thought of our immigration laws as applied to the Chinese is sufficient to remind us that Canada is not perfect. We have a long way to go yet, but at least it is to be hoped we are on the right track. The head-tax of \$500 imposed on each Chinese wishing to enter Canada should be repealed. Only

prejudice can excuse such discrimination which allows only government representatives or students or merchants of special designation as immigrants. In the last 20 years, only 8 people have come in with such limitations. In 1944 the U.S. Congress repealed a similar law.

The Maple Leaf Forever

We have still to decide on a flag, but this is a symbol merely of something far more important. As democrats we must realize the power of our vote, and use it to the best of our ability. Then we will be worthy of true citizenship and our representatives may take their proper place at the council table of the U.N.

Mission Memos

Dominican Republic

From Seibo Father Gault writes:

Can someone get me a candle extinguisher and a few long wax wicks? . . . The house has been painted and a new cement floor laid in the past month. . . . More earth tremors since October but the one on the 4th of that month was a superduper: it ripped open our church again and repairs were held up. We hope to say Mass on the main altar next Sunday for the first time since August 4th (written Nov. 27) ... Went on a campo or mission trip the other day: only 30 Baptisms. Rode home in pitch-black darkness; it took 2½ hours. The sacristan and guide sang a native chant the whole way home. It was really interesting: the chant is always the same but they make up the words as they go along. The sacristan told the story of his getting his present job with the Canadian Fathers, thanks to his friend Father Chafe. It took at least a half-hour to sing it . . . Besides this entertainment I picked up a cold riding in the rain . . .



Our Women's Auxiliary Annual Bazar

This year's bazaar was a great success. Our thanks go to everyone who participated, especially to the energetic group of women which, with Mrs. A. Hymus, President, is pictured above.

At the December meeting substantial cheques were presented to the Seminary for the missions in China and Santo Domingo.

Sqdn. Ldr. Russell White, S.F.M., spoke to the assembly on India and his stay there while attached to the Royal Air Force.

The Auxiliary has now 116 paidup members.

The ladies of the Auxiliary take this opportunity of wishing their many friends a Holy and Happy New Year!

Prize Winners at Seminary Bazaar

- 1. Mrs. F. Fiske—Mixmaster, St. Clarence Ave., Toronto—Ticket No. 51041.
- 2. John Fegan—lamp, Ottawa, Ont.—Ticket No. 54755.
- 3. Mrs. E. Marcus—mirror, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Ticket No. 48005.
- 4. Kay Martlin coffee table, Hamilton, Ont.—Ticket No. 36012.
- 5. Vincent Reed Bridge Table, Toronto, Ont.—Ticket No. 81474.
- 6. Miss Mary Leon occasional chair, Welland, Ont. Ticket No. 83060.
 - 7. Miss A. Guard Pressure cooker, Windsor, Ont.—Ticket No. 88307.
 - 8. Betty Russell Rose Bowl, Union Station, Toronto—Ticket No. 11476.
- 9. W. Babbott—pair of woollen blankets, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Ticket No. 48036.
- 10. Mrs. Gibb—Electric Iron, Toronto, Ont.—Ticket No. 13411.



Monsignor Fraser Writes

Kinwha, Che. China. Sept. 6th, 1946.

Church Repaired

T will be satisfactory for those who have contributed to "The Monsignor Fraser Reconstruction Fund" to learn that their gifts are being put to good use. As soon as I arrived at Kinwha two months ago, I began repairing the damage caused by war. The wall surrounding our property was knocked down by the Japanese. It is being rebuilt and over a hundred feet is already repaired. The tiling of all the buildings has been gone over. When the Japanese began the siege of Kinwha in 1942 the Chinese defending army demolished the spire of our church claiming it was too conspicuous a target for enemy artillery. For four years the truncated tower was at the mercy of the elements, with the result that the timbers rotted. It had to be demolished altogether. The facade of the church has been repaired and redecorated and everybody says it looks beautiful. Instead of the spire an ornament surmounted by a cross crowns the facade. Thus after four years in which the church was without a cross the Sign of Redemption again dominates this city. May it attract many into the true fold! The church had been used as a dormitory by the soldiers; the walls were very dirty, but now they are snow white.

A Baptism

One day as I was watching a building operation a pagan woman came to tell me her little boy of five was very ill with convulsions. I sent my sacristan to her home with wine and water—the wine in guise of medicine; the water to baptise the child. So Joseph is now a little saint in heaven. He died the same evening.

An Instruction

I noticed two pagan women strolling through the grounds. After the usual introduction about the weather, etc., I invited them into the church. As we advanced towards the altar I instructed them on the tenets of religion on God, creation, etc. One of them went to the centre and joining her hands bowed down in adoration. Then she smiled and said "It is rare we have the occasion to adore God". After a few days they came with another pagan lady. May the seed planted produce in time abundant fruit! The other evening I was sitting outside trying to cool off after a very hot day; a lady with a little



Hangchow, capital of Chekiang Province. Kinwha, where Msgr. Fraser now resides, can be reached by train from Hangchow in about eight hours. Both cities were occupied during the last war.

girl came along also seeking a cool place. She keeps a store on main street. After some conversation on family affairs and the state of business I branched off on the ten commandments. She thought this excellent! Said she did not believe in idols: never did; that she would "Adore God" in future.

Reclaiming a Soul

We were sitting in our parlourdining room one day when a druggist and his wife came to pay us a visit. He keeps "American Continent Drug Store", and is building a big house at his home residence next door to our property. They began by offering a gift of eggs; after much refusal I had to accept. They had three little boys, 2, 4 and 6 years old, though the mother looks like a school girl. She studied prayers in our Sisters' school here ten vears ago. She is still a pagan, but says that when the house is finished she will come to our church.

Medical Bills an Investment

A Catholic cooper with wife and family to support has been laid up for several months with a sore leg. We sent him to the hospital; then to a private doctor. It is costing us

quite a bit for doctor bills and food for the family, but God will return it a hundredfold. Another Catholic woman with a sore neck—one would think she had been hit with an axe and then the wound festered; but of course all these sores develop on account of malnutrition. She is also getting better. A poor lad who long ago used to help in the kitchen lost his mother recently. We had to provide burial expenses—but not all, the mayor collected some from the merchants.

New Catechist Tortured

We have added another member to our staff-a Catechist. He used to be Catechist in Haojen, the place I went to by Rickshaw not long ago. When the invading Japanese approached this town in 1942 he had to fly for his life with his wife and five little children to the mountains. They lost everything but the clothes on their backs. When they returned after a month they found their blankets being used as covering for the army horses. By dint of hard work he succeeded in getting a stock of cloth and started doing business. One night when they were all asleep he felt the clothes being dragged off his

CHINA

bed. He woke up; there was a clean sweep of everything. This was only the beginning of his troubles. The Japanese arrested him and put him to torture to get information about the guerrillas—they wanted to know their names and where-



abouts. Placing big stones on his legs they bent them until they nearly broke. But our hero either through motives of patriotism or ignorance kept silence. Some notables, friends of his, came to the rescue, declared his innocence, and he was released. On seeing this the Chinese guerrillas captured him saying that he must have revealed secrets or else the Japanese would not have liberated him. They put him through the same torture. In his agony he called repeatedly on Jesus and Mary. One of the ruffians struck him in the face saying "you will still call Jesus to save you".-These cruel men have since met tragic deaths except the one who blasphemed, who is being sought by the police. He afterwards became principal in a public school. As soon as he heard that I had returned to Kinwha he wrote and sent me his photo and when the school closed for the summer holidays he raced down to Kinwha to see me. He burst into tears at our meetingtears of joy, and also of sorrow at the thought of all he had gone through the past five years. His whole ambition in life is to serve the church. I have engaged him as catechist again. He is a very valuable assistant. He knows all the christians and catechumens and the geography

of the mission field. His first occupation is to compile a new set of census books as the old ones with all the names of the faithful have been lost in the war. He and another are the only Catechists in the whole of Kinwha district 3,000 square miles and a population of over two millions and five thousand pagans.

Heroic Catholic Mother

Yesterday a Catholic young woman after travelling several days in a rowboat arrived with two children, one three years old, the other a few months. Just before I left Kinwha in 1941 she was a girl in our school. She married our cook. She told me the story of her destitution, and she with a baby boy and about to give birth to another! How her husband is out of work with a bad leg. She went to-day with her little sick boy to the doctor. One of her relations on whom she must depend seeing that she and her husband were destitute suggested that she sell her baby boy; but our valiant Catholic mother declared that she would sooner starve to death than sell a baptised child to pagans.

Church Goods Recovered

In the city of Wu Yi we had a fine set of mission buildings. They were all destroyed by the Japanese.



The Catechist there went back home to his farm. Lately I summoned him to go to Wu Yi to recuperate the vestments, etc. he had hidden during the invasion. His search was successful. He brought back to Kinwha

(Continued on page 22)



ONVINCED that the "Peace Plan" of God's Blessed Mother, as revealed at Fatima, offers about the last hope of averting world disaster, Monsignor Fulton Sheen recently set out on a lecture tour to "frighten" people into doing something about the appeal made by the Blessed Virgin. Monsignor Sheen feels that there may not be much time. In his own words, "it is five minutes to twelve, and we are in the valley of decision." He admits that he returned from this particular lecture tour "more frightened" himself; first of all because people by and large were so apathetic, knew so little about Fatima; secondly because he found so many Americans quite willing to embrace Communism, with all its works and pomps.

His alarm is shared by many other thinkers of the day. Dorothy Thompson, for example, seems a bit frightened, too. "There is alarm," she tells us, "at the growing influence of Communism — that brutal, pitiless conspiracy to mount to absolute power on the grievances of working men and to use that power, once achieved, for the liquidation and extermination of the middle classes" (Italics ours) "in the interests of the commissar-state and Russian power." That is a statement that leaves little to the imagination. "Liquidation" and "extermination" are ugly words. They conjure up visions not pretty to contemplate, so much so that we cannot but ask ourselves if this can really be America that Dorothy Thompson is talking about; America, land of the free and home of the brave; refugium of the unfortunate and the persecuted; last haven of democracy in a world gone mad.

Yes, it is America that is in mortal danger, or, at least, what is left of America after the Rooseveltian debauch. The trouble is that America -and the world, for that matter-is still suffering from the Roosevelt hangover, while in Washington to date the idea has persisted that all the country needs "the morning after" is just a "hair of the dog"; just a little more Rooseveltian tonic while it tapers off into returning sanity. American history is short. The country is barely of age. Yet, in the vigor of early manhood, democracy has been brought perilously near premature demise through the weird hallucinations of a dangerous megalomaniac. To paraphrase the Churchillian classic re America and the world, we might say that never did so many endure so much misery as a result of the delusions of one man.

They tell a story about Clemenceau during the difficult days of Versailles when he was far from having things all his own way. "Lloyd George is

bad enough" declared the irate old tiger. "He just thinks he's Napoleon. But Wilson — ah, mon Dieu — that man thinks he is Jesus Christ." Sometimes we wonder just who Roosevelt thought he was. Upon what meat did this, our Franklin feed that he should bestride our narrow world like a synthetic colossus? By what authority did he immolate his friends and betray his faithful allies to the ravening wolves of Communism? And all as a "gesture" to appease the unappeasable. Misery and living death for millions; the insatiable maw of Siberia temporarily glutted with the intelligentsia of Europe; free democratic nations enslaved and crucified as a Rooseveltian burnt offering to the great god Joe, to convince him that we really weren't such bad fellows after all, since there Balkans and in Berlin. And in return for this lethal largesse, Stalin was merely to call off his propaganda dogs, leave the United States alone. Tongue in cheek and in no wise diverted from his course by liberal doses of hypnotic charm, he went through the motions of abolishing the Comintern in return for complete domination over a despairing Europe.

* * *

Give F.D.R. credit, you will say, for the best of motives, the desire that we get together with the Russians and live as one big, happy family. Admit that it was about the world's greatest gamble and that ... well ... we lost. The plan was none the less iniquitous and immoral, none the less a betrayal of all the principles for which we went to war. And now—



Two weary women shoppers were looking for a movie in a metroplitan city recently. Spotting a marquee in the distance, one of the women adjusted her glasses and read: "Red Skeleton."

Remarked the other: "Sounds like a real thriller. Let's go!"

was no trust so sacred that—for his sake—we wouldn't betray.

* * *

Of all the Rooseveltian delusions of grandeur, the one fraught with gravest consequence for humanity was the conviction that he could do a real job on Uncle Joe if only he could get him under the hypnotic spell of his "fireside" charm. "Mah friend" we can hear him say, "Do with Poland what you will; scatter to the four winds the despairing millions of displaced persons in Europe; liquidate the Baltic States and let our good friend Tito "take care" of Michaelovitch. Then will you believe that we are really your pals, worthy of your friendship and your trust?" When the big three of those days really went to town Churchill's role, it would now seem, was that of an infuriated "kibitzer." It was almost over his dead body that F.D.R. gave the green light to the Russians in the

with Europe and a greater part of Asia "in the bag," when Stalin has taken all and, as ever, given nothing, the Communists in America are concentrating their efforts as never before upon industrial chaos and political revolution and "the liquidation and extermination of the middle class." Their efforts these days are more frenzied in "the dawn's early light." For what they think they see is the glorious Red dawn of another day breaking over our bewildered Western world.

* * *

For years Father Gillis, almost a lone voice in the wilderness, had been warning us of the dangers inherent in the Roosevelt duplicity and the Roosevelt charm. We know that on more than one occasion he deemed it advisable to offer his resignation as editor of the Catholic World "in order to save the Paulist order from reprisals" (can this be America?)

"or at least" as he himself tells us, "from embarrassment because of his 'indiscretions'" We do know that Father Gillis suddenly went off the air at a time when he and Monsignor Sheen were admittedly the two greatest radio orators in America. Now that he has been completely vindicated by the startling revelations of secret treaties that commit the American people to the advancement of Russian Communism throughout the world, it will be of interest to quote his appraisal of F.D.R.'s conception of his own overpowering charm.

"Having succeeded so well" writes Father Gillis, "as a charmer of the American people, F.D.R. thought he could operate with equal success on his friend Joe Stalin. He imagined he could hypnotize 'Uncle Joe' and, having him in the hypnotic trance, change him from a savage to a civilized human being. "All I need" he said, 'is to sit down with him across a table.' The present condition of

the whole world is due largely to the self-delusion of a small man who, having good looks, a mellifluous voice, a gracious manner (when it pleased him) and what his friends and his victims alike called a 'disarming personality,' mistook himself for the architect of a new world and the re-creator of civilization."

And so . . . America reaps the Rooseveltian whirlwind. The country that could be rebuilding a ruined world is itself sick almost unto economic death, its efforts at recovery balked and frustrated at every turn by those who would "mount to absolute power on the grievances of working men" whose real interests they would be the first to betray.

People are becoming frightened, at last, and therein lies our hope. For people who are frightened are more likely to go to their knees and only by going to our knees can we save America and save what is left of our despairing world.



Today, more than ever before, China's youth is seeking Christ! Catholic Canadians must send them much-needed missionaries.

CHINA

MONSIGNOR FRASER WRITES

(Continued from page 18)

all our vestments, Casubles, Copes, etc.; a ciborium, a typewriter (you might send me a ribbon Underwood, standard) and two cases of books belonging to Fathers McAuliffe and McRae. Only a few of my books were saved. We also got some of the sacred vessels we hid in the province of Kiangsi. Father Kelly will be glad to learn that his beautiful gold chalice is safe in my hands. It is inscribed "presented to Rev. John P. Kelly by his mother, Mrs. E. Kelly". I hope he will soon come to take possession of it and of his former mission Tungyang, which is languishing without a priest.

The weather has turned a little cooler. I can now hope that the heat sores on my neck will soon dry up. Thirteen years ago I got a sore neck from wearing a celluloid collar and ever since then every summer, except last when I was in Canada, it broke out again. It was worse this year because of the extraordinary heat. I began by getting prickly heat all over the body. Then boils appeared and soon I was covered with sores. When I would lie down they would stick to the bed sheets and on turning and rising all the scabs would be ripped off and I was left raw. A doctor told me to cover my body with an ointment he gave me, before going to bed and the next morning the scabs would come off without pain on the shirt. It worked out alright and after a few applications I was free of the sores on my body. I have still as I said a sore neck and also a sore on the shin but the doctor is treating them and they are nearly

Please telephone Mons. McDonough of the Church Extension and thank him for the mass kit, etc., without which I could not get along in China.

Mission Memos

Dominican Republic

From Yamasa, Father MacSween writes:

Just returned from a campo trip; things proceed apace. For the first time saw a chapel overflowing with people preparing for their Confession and Holy Communion: 260 at this post alone. . . . Will I ever forget my first chant class: a group of Children of Mary dressed in their uniforms of immaculate white trimmed with blue—barefooted and keeping time to the music with the wiggling of their toes. . . . And old Vivian who claims to be 120 years old, though retaining the appetite of a person of 30. . . . After one sick call, had a meal under the stars: chicken, rice, beans, fried eggs and coffee, and all this done under the supervision of the moon and five children. On the way back we could hear singing and shouting off to one side of the trail. Investigation showed it to be a rice threshing party. They showed me how it was done and then presented me with a small bag of rice.

A trio of China's countless gods.





The Fatima Column

My dear Friends of Our Lady:

For the past two months we have been considering the angelic visitations to the three young shepherds at Fatima. Now it is time to turn our attention to the first of the six apparitions of Our Blessed Mother,

Our Lady of the Rosary.

The setting of this apparition on May 13th, 1917, was simple: a hillside near the Cova da Iria, at Fatima in Portugal. The three children were running down the slope with their sheep; they reached the foot of the hill, stopped, surprised and dazzled by a wonderful vision. It was the apparition of a Beautiful Lady, all luminous and brighter than the sun; the Lovely Lady spoke these words: "Fear not, I shall do you no harm." Then, after a silence of wonder Lucy, the oldest of the three children, spoke. She asked the Lady some questions, among them the following:

"Where do you come from?" And the Vision said: "I come from

Heaven."

"And why have you come here?"
... "I have come to ask you to come here for six months in succession on the thirteenth of each month, at this same hour. In the month of October I shall tell you who I am and what I want."

Lucy had gained confidence and now carried on quite a conversation with the Heavenly Visitor, who revealed that the three shepherds would go to Heaven, but with a word of gentle warning to the little boy, Francis, that "he must first recite many Rosaries." Then in answer to another question the Lady informed Lucy that one of her little friends who had died recently was now in Heaven, but that the other little girl called Amelia was still in Purgatory -and would remain there until the end of the world! (Perhaps an heroic, little soul suffering for sinners?) Before the apparition ended the Lovely Lady asked the children if they would be willing to suffer to make reparation for "so many sins" and to obtain the conversion of sinners, as well as to make amends for all the blasphemies and offences committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Lucy, like Peter of old, answered in the name of her companions: "Yes," she said, "we should like that very much."

Does not even this first glimpse at the revelations, made by Our Blessed Mother at Fatima, make us feel that we have wasted so much time in accomplishing so little when there is so very much to be done for God and for souls?

On the right arm of the Lovely Lady from Heaven hung a Rosary, and before She disappeared She recommended that the children recite the Rosary DEVOUTLY every day, to obtain peace for the world. Think it all over—and do something about it, please!

Sincerely yours in the Immaculate Heart of Mary, James P. Leonard.

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1947 PROGRAM

UST a year ago, Buds, we all started out with renewed interest in our Rose Garden and the determination to do everything we could to help our Missionaries care for China's Children. It has been a wonderful year and you have done a very great deal to bring the gift of Faith to many of China's millions of pagans. Our Divine Saviour, the first Missionary, is very happy because of what you have done!

An Improvement

This year another improvement is to be made in our Garden. Commencing soon the boys' section of it will be called the Theophane Venard Club, in honour of Blessed Theophane Venard who was martyred in China in the last century. I will tell you all about him as we go along through this year.

Special Objective

One of the most important mission works has to do with Prayer Schools. In them pagan boys and girls receive the year's instruction necessary to prepare themselves for Baptism and First Holy Communion. Two dollars Canadian money will pay the expenses of this year, a small sum indeed and yet many of the children can't afford it. Here's your chance, Buds, to teach and baptize China's Children. A beautiful illustrated poster "MEET YOUR CHINESE NEIGHBOUR" will be sent to your class on request. Let's go!

School Visitations

By the time you read this, Buds, our Missionaries will be visiting many of the parish churches throughout Canada and speaking about the mission work we are doing in China and Santo Domingo. Be sure to invite them to talk to you in your classroom. There you can ask all the questions you like and have fun.



Dear Buds,

Did you all have a good time during the Christmas holidays and receive presents and things? During all the fun I hope you didn't forget to say an extra prayer for all the pagan boys and girls who still don't know about Christmas . . . Now that you are back to school, work harder than ever because I want our Buds to be leaders in every way.



Our Garden is certainly growing! The other day when I came into my office I found a letter from India on my desk! Who says CHINA doesn't get around! Phyllis Fernandes, aged fourteen, and her brother Francis, eleven, are very anxious to have penpals in Canada and Newfoundland. Phyllis writes: "I am an Indian Roman Catholic girl, the eldest of seven children. . . . My hobbies are cooking, needle-work and the collecting of stamps and postcards. . . . Please tell the Buds to write as soon as possible. Our address is, c/o Mrs. T. A. Fernandes, Coelho Lane, Falneer, Mangalore, South Kanara, India."



Another surprise! In the same mail came a letter from England written by Mary Tizzard, age twenty, who lives at "Trelia", Purancoombe Rd., Puranporth, Cornwall, England. She was born in Montreal, Canada, but went to England when she was six.

In December China on page twenty-six, there was a letter from Elsie Semple, Ireland. There you are, Buds, and do get writing to these cousins of ours and show them how much we welcome them into our Garden.



The year 1947 is going to be a very busy one, Buds, especially for our Missionaries in China. Many of the buildings in our various mission centres have to be rebuilt or repaired. Our churches and chapels must be outfitted. Nearly all vestments, church linens and such things were destroyed and must be replaced. Medicines of all sorts must be sent to our hospital and dispensaries so that the Sisters can carry on their works of mercy. So the more prayers and pennies offered during the year, the more success will attend the efforts of your missionary priests and sisters. Encourage your friends to join our Rose Garden and remain an active member yourself. Keep your red Rose Garden mite-box at home where the folks can see it. Not only will it remind them to drop something in it from time to time, but they will likely say a wee prayer everytime they look at it.



Once again a very Happy New Year.

Father Jim.

Page Twenty-Five



GAME PAGE

What Do These Expressions Mean?

1—Crocodile tears?

2—To "show the white feather"?

3—The lion's share?

4—A skeleton in the closet?

5—To "bell the cat"?

6—To eat crow?

7—A white elephant?

8-A Greek gift?

9—To kick the bucket?

10—A Simon Legree?

Can You Give the Feminine of the Following:

1—Lord and—

2—Kaiser and—

3—Sultan and—

4-Fox and-

5-Kar and-

6-Dad and-

7-Colt and-

8—Stag and—

9—Gander and—

10—Sire and—

Can You Supply the Accompanying Word?

1—Pomp and—

2—Bench and—

3—Song and—

4—Hue and— 5-Bed and-

6-Bib and-

7—Sound and—

8-Warp and-9—Assault and—

Test Story

A shiny, clean gold coin is uncovered on a plot of land, and four persons claim it. The first, because he uncovered it, the second because he saw it first, the third because he claims he lost it four months ago, the fourth because he owns the land. Who is the rightful owner and why?

(Answers on page 29)

New Members and Pen Pals

Young, Theresa. 8, Park St.

EMBRA, ONT.
Murray, Margaret, 9, Embra, Ont.
EMERALD, P.E.I.
Mulligan, Margaret, 15, Eme Emerald,

EDWARDSVILE, C.B., N.S. McGillivray, Ruth, 13, Edwardsville,

ZURICH, ONT. Janice, 11, c/o Geo. Rigier, Regier, J Zurich, Ont.

urich, Ont.

FREDERICTON, P.E.I.

Gallant, Helena Mary, 11, Fredericton.

FREETOWN, P.E.I.

Murphy, James, 14, Freetown.

FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

Poulin. Billy, 8, 714 S. Mark St.

FORTUNE HARBOUR, NFLD.

Carroll, Anne, 14. Fortune Harbour.

FRESHWATER BAY, NFLD.

Maker, James, 15, Freshwater Bay, ffld.

GRAND FALLS, NFLD.

Barnes, Ken, 14, 12 Exploits Lane;
Benson, Doris, Kenneth, 13, 60 Botwood Rd.; Burke, Bob, 13, 15 Station Rd.;
Burke, Cecil, 12, 14 Station Rd.; Crawley, Kevin, 14, 23 Station Rd.; Edwards, Adrian, 10, Allan, 7, Franklyn, 7, John, 9, Mary, 14, Reginald, 11, Rex, 15, 5 Cabot Rd.; Foley, George, 13 Riverview Rd.; Lindale, John, 12, 13 Cabot Rd.; Manuel, Terry, 13, 2 Hill Rd.; Murphy, Dan, 13, 4 Carmelite Rd.; Power, George, 13, 7 Haig Rd.; Tremblatt, Patrick, 15, P.O. Box 90

GAMBO, NFLD.

GAMBO, NFLD.

Best, Anne, 12; Kelly, Andy, 10; Kelly,
Hazel, 13; Kelly, Marie, 16; Harty, Theresa, 13.

GLACE BAY, N.S.

Fagan, Miriam. 10. 3 Bruce St.; Shaw,
Catherine. 11. 36 Victoria St.

GRAND NARROWS, N.S.

MacLean. Alecina, 9, Grand Narrows.

(Continued on page 29)



Dear Fr. Jim,

I have my mite box full at last and am glad it will soon travel to China to help the children there.

Johnny Green, Lourdes, Nfld.

Your gift is a most timely one, Johnny, because our Missionaries are re-opening our Prayer Schools where pagan children learn about God.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I have been reading about the Rose Garden and would like to join . . . am ten years old.

Ruth Cooney,
19 Somers Ave.,

Toronto, Ont.
Come right in and enjoy our company, Ruth. You will find plenty of names listed every month from which to choose pen-pals. They're lots of

fun, so get writing soon.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Here's the gift Christena, Tommy
and myself saved for China's Children. Please send us some pen-pals.
Chrissy is eleven, Tommy is fourteen, and I am sixteen.

Bernice O'Reilly,
R. R. No. 1,

Killaloe, Ont.

Bless your hearts for your kindness to the children of pagan China. I hope you each will have many penpals. Pick some yourselves from the lists given and have fun.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am twelve years old, in first form high. Here are some stamps and a gift for China's Children.

Bernadette Pennett,
20 Beckwith St.,
Smith Falls, Ont.

Thanks for everything, Bernadette, and the best of luck to you during 1947. Can you get any more Buds for us from Smith Falls?

Dear Fr. Jim,

Please excuse me for not writing sooner . . . just got back from the country. All the girls in our class think CHINA most interesting. I'm sixteen and would like a few penpals in Canada.

Joan Warren, D 2 Tessier Place, St. John's, Nfd.

Your gift is greatly appreciated, Joan, and of course praise of CHINA is always a tonic for our editors. Many thanks for both.

Dear Fr. Jim.

I am thirteen years old . . . in grade seven in Notre Dame Academy. Here is a new subscriber for China.

Sheila McCarthy, 11 Queen St., Grand Falls, N.fd.

Thank you, Sheila, for the subscription you sent in. Everything helps and nothing is too small. Thanks too for your promise of prayers.

CHINA



Ethel lives in Lourdes, Nfld., Buds, and by her untiring efforts has done much to help our missionaries in their quest for souls. And she is only eight years old! She goes to school and is in Grade 4. On behalf of China's Children and all the members of the Rose Garden, I thank you, Ethel, and pray God to bless you and all your loved ones. Happy New Year!

Quickie Quiz

What little girl, who later became a great saint, tried to run away from home to become a martyr in Africa?



Quickie Quiz Winner (November)

Among the many correct answers sent in Gertrude McManamy, 132 Hatt St., Dundas, Ont., was the one winning the draw. The quiz: To how many children did Our Lady of Fatima first appear? The correct answer: three.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I would very much like to join the Rose Garden. I am thirteen years old and go to St. John's school.

Yvonne Butterworth,
4 Glendale Cres..

Hamilton, Ont.
Joining the Rose Garden is a really smart way to start the New Year, Yvonne, and I hope it will be a very happy one.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Rose, my sister, has joined the Rose Garden and now I would like to do so. If you have a mite box handy please send one too. By the way I'm fourteen years old.

Patricia Fitzpatrick,
375 Christie St.,
Pembroke, Ont.

Your very cheery letter was a joy to read, Pat, and I know your penpals will be glad to write to you. I rode a horse,—just once!

Dear Fr. Jim,

I would like to have pen-pals from all over the world. I am fourteen years old. China is a wonderful magazine, isn't it?

Patricia Asselin, 139 Dease St., Fort William, Ont.

Did you live in Kawene at one time Pat? If so, please let me know and I'll correct your reference card. Meantime I hope you receive many pen-pal letters.

Dear Fr. Jim,

It is fun saving my pennies for you and here is a mite box full of them. I'm forever praying that the missions will be a success.

Donn Sherry, 506 Harewood Rd., Nanaimo, B.C.

It was good to hear from you, Donn, and to know you are still working and praying hard for the boys and girls of China. Many, many thanks.





NEW MEMBERS—Continued

MEW MEMBERS—Continued
GREENFIELD, ONT.
McDonald, Joan, 17; MacDonald, John,
15; Greeneld, Ont.
GOGAMA, ONT.
Gaudette, Freeda, 13, Gogama, Ont.
GUINOND, P.O., N.B.
GUINOND, P.O., N.B.
GUINOND, P.O., N.B.
GUILPH, ONT.
Hoase, Marilyn, 12, 146 Suffolk St.;
Tapson, Sylvia, 11, 136 Ferguson St.
GREAT, GODROY NFLD.
O'Regan, Francis, 15, Great Codroy,
Nfld.

Nfld.

HAMILTON ONT.

Phillips, Patrick, 13, R.R. No. 2.

HARBOR GRACE, NFLD.

Cooke, Cyril, 11; Doran, Anne, 14; Fitzgerald, Gerald, 9; Guilfovle, Brian, 9, Gerald, 11, Joseph, 13; Heann, Rose Mary, 8; Kearney, Frances, 10; Keynolds, Helen, 8, Kathleen, 13, Margaret, 10, Mary, 14, Patrick, 7, Rupert, 9, Sadie, 13; Russel, Leo, 11; Sullivan, Geraldine, 10, Margaret, 8, Alice, 13, Brenda, 9; Walsh, Margaret, 13; all of Riverhead.

HARBOR MAIN, NFLD.

Costigna, Elizabeth, 17; Doyle, Eileen, 16; Gorman. Theresa, 21; Murphy, Shelia, 17; all of Harbor Main.

INVERNESS, N.S.

MacDonald, Angus, 9, Brook Village.

JOHNSTONS RIVER, P.E.I.

Koughlan, Lillian, 15, Johnstons River, P.E.I.

KENSINGTON, P.E.I.
Murphy, Vernon, 14, R.R. No. 4, Kensington, PEI.

sington, PEI.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

Flanagan, Lucy. 16, 247 Montreal St.;
Joyce, June. 15, 128 Charles Street; Murphy Barbara, 9, 7 Charles Street;
Kennedy, Edward, 8, Paul, 7, 35 Charles
Street; Penfold, Geraldine, 13, 126 Charles

Street; Potter, Delnor, 8, 318 Rideau

Street; Potter, Delnor, 8, 318 Rideau Street.

KITCHENER, ONT.

Germann, Beatrice, 13, 150 Victoria St.; Hieman, Kathleen, 9, 180 Lydia St.; Kane, Margaret, 10, 43 Merner Ave.; Leyers, Buddy, 8, 11 Heins Ave., c/r Mrs. M. Leyers; Metzloff, Jack, 13, Highland Rd., R.R. No. 4; Shergeth, Frank, 12, 73 Victoria St.; Strub, Audrey, 13, 48 Ellen St. W., Jack, 8, 100 Sterling Ave. S.; Wunder, Merrell, 12, 67 Brubacker St.

KILLARNEY, ONT.

Burke, Mary, 13, Leonard, 13; Green, Gloria, 16; Hebert, Flora, 15; Lowe, Gregory, 12; Lowe, Hughie, 9; Pithfield, Audrey, 11; St. Jean, Lionel, 13; Turcotte, Thomas, 14; all of Killarney.

KAWENE, ONT.

Asselin, Patricia, 12; Kawene.

KINKORA, P.E.I.

McCardle, Edward, 12; Kinkora, P.E.I.

POINT AU GAUL, LEMALINE, NFLD.

Lockyer, Areline, 5, Cela, 6, Elsie, 6, George, 9, Loretta, 13, Martin, 9, Mercedes, 7, Nellie, 14, Patrick, 5, Peter, 10, Philomena, 13, Rosella, 6, Slyvia, 5; Martin, Clyde, 10, Mable, 9, Thomas, 14; Walsh, Peter, 14, Michael, 5, Sheilla, 5, all of Lamaline, Nfid.

LONDON, ONT.

Lawrence, Charlie, 196 Giles Street; Latella, Bob. 13, Rosemary, 11, 1109 Trafalgar St.; Murphy, Frank, 10, 1296 King Street; Murphy, James, 11, 1057 Florence Street; Merrifield, Rita, 10, Coleen, 14, Gordon, 12, R.R. No. 9; Mitchell, Bernard, 386 Morning St.; Morris, Bill, 13, 45 Sterling St.; Needham, Eddie, 9, 1106 Trafalgar St.; Picard, Jeannette, 12, 1137 Bridges St.: Summerville, Jim, 12, 1029 Pine St.; Stephens, Diane, 13, 465 Burbrook Pl.; Thomas, Sheila, 12, 1301 King Street; Meyers, Geraldine, 13, 465 Fhird Ave.; Woodcroft, Marilyn, 13, 149 Boullie St.; Shannon, Bob, 11, 1079 Trafalgar St.

GAME PAGE ANSWERS

Meaning of Expressions

1—False sorrow.

2—To be a coward.

3—The best or largest part.

4—A private hidden shame.

5—To boast vaingloriously.

6-To act with utter humility.

7—A profitless business or building.

8—Something given with a treacherous purpose.

9—To depart this life.

10-A cruel taskmaster.

The Feminine Is—

1—Lady.

2-Kaiserin.

3-Sultana.

4-Vixen.

5-Karina.

6-Lassie.

7—Filly.

- 8—Hind.
- 9—Goose. 10-Dam.

Accompanying Words—

1—Circumstance.

2—Bar.

3—Dance.

4—Cry.

5-Board.

6—Tucker.

7-Fury.

8-Woof.

9—Battery.

Test Story

The rightful owner is number four, because he owns the land and everything on it. Seeing or finding confers no legal right, therefore numbers one and two cannot claim it. Number three says he lost it four months ago but that is impossible since the coin is bright and clean.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Welcome Home!

Fr. Michael Carey of Fortune Hr., Nfld., and Fr. Joseph Murphy of Toronto, Ont., who spent eight and six years respectively in China and much of this time in a concentration camp at Weihsien have returned to Canada for a much-needed rest. CHINA along with its thousands of friends bids them a hearty welcome.

Fr. Thomas McQuaid, another veteran, will leave Shanghai as soon as

passage can be booked.

Ad Multos Annos!

On the occasion of his diamond jubilee, Rev. Br. Rogation who teaches Spanish to our students was honoured at a dinner to mark the event. The student body presented Brother Rogation with a Spiritual Bouquet, a sign of their affection and respect.

Thank You!

Our sincerest thanks go to His Excellency Archbishop O'Sullivan, D.D. of Kingston and his priests for the warm welcome they are extending to our missionaries who are preaching on and collecting for our needs in China and Santo Domingo. May God bless you all!

Our Cover

Meet a straw-sandal seller. Millions of children in China must begin at an early age to help earn their living.

Page Thirty

Prayers for Our Dead

CHINA tenders the sympathies of us all to Emmett Johns, one of our 1st. Yr. Philosophy students on the sad occasion of the death of his father.

Mr. Nelson Munro, Tweed, Ont. Mrs. Catherine Le Blanc, 22 Centre St., Truro, N.S.

Mrs. Bridget Murphy, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Mrs. Lawrence E. Manion, Welland. Ont.

Mr. Harry St. Onge, Toronto, Ont. Mr. Albert Richards, Halifax, N.S. Mr. Grannen, Toronto, Ont.

Sr. Martha, Grey Nuns, Pembroke, Ont.

Thanksgiving

Thanks to our Blessed Mother, St. Jude andt he Sacred Heart for recovery of health.—Mrs. E. Grimm, Preston, Ont.

Novitiate Note

Father W. K. Amyot, Superior of Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ont., offers his grateful thanks to those who answered his request for Breviaries for the students there.

Books Wanted

Cahill: Framework of a Christian State.

Hayes: Essays on Nationalism.

Rickaby: Aquinas Ethicus.

Moore: An Historical Introduction to Ethics.

If
Students
like these
are to be
ordained,
then...



Please make
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Foreign
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Scarboro Bluffs,
Ontario

In ever-increasing numbers we are receiving applications from aspirants to the Missionary priesthood. Some twenty students now at Nazareth House Novitiate, St. Mary's, Ont., will be ready to begin their Philosophy next September, at the Seminary in Scarboro Bluffs. In order to accommodate them we must commence building early in the spring. Your financial assistance is urgently sought. Send your donation today!



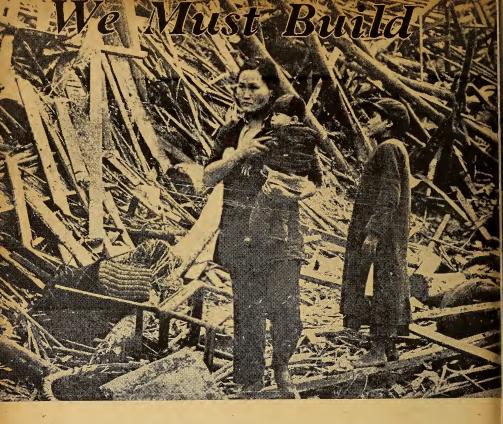
....We Must Build!



UNTIL TRANS-PACIFIC TELEPHONE BECOMES A COMMON MEANS OF COMMUNICATING WITH YOUR MISSIONARY FRIENDS, KEEP IN TOUCH WITH WHAT THEY ARE DOING BY READING CHINA EVERY MONTH.







Missionaries are needed in China today more than ever!

Catholic Canada has a large number of young men willing to devote their lives to this all-important work.

BUT, RIGHT NOW WE HAVE NO ROOM FOR THEM!
WE MUST BUILD AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

SEND US THE FUNDS AND WE'LL SEND THE MISSIONARIES!

WRITE TODAY WRITE NOW!

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SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

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Page Two China



East and West

By William McNabb

Do doubt the readers of CHINA have been weighing in their minds the accounts of missionary work in the Far East with those telling of our work here in the Dominican Republic. There is all the difference in the world between the two although in both countries it is the propagation of the faith which is the goal. Some think that more or better work is done in a country where the number of baptisms is very high; this is not necessarily the case. Statistics do not tell the whole story, and grace has a way of being quite independent of graphs.

Pagan Background

To begin with, China is a pagan country, with all the superstition, disbelief and vice that go with paganism. This atmosphere envelops every thing from the cradle to the grave. All through a lifetime the customs, ways of thinking and even religious rites must be observed and become almost second nature. To overcome this influence requires the supernatural aided by the very best which the natural order can supply in the line of sympathy, encouragement and tact.



C H I N A

Established 1919

Editors:

D. E. Stringer; F. T. O'Grady Circulation Manager: J. L. Beal

Subscription rates:

\$1.00 a year \$2.00 for 3 years \$20.00 for life Single copy 15 cents.

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August.

Address all communications to Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Printed by Garden City Press Cooperative, Toronto 1, Ont.

Vol. XXVIII

No. 2

Paganism has superficial resemblances to Christianity in the belief of a species of immortality for the soul, the need for religious sacrifices and even in the existence of devils. But these notions have many versions and the garbled doctrines in the mind of the average prospective-convert can be formidable obstacles to the truth faith. These beliefs are something to work on, despite the confusion, but one must realize the difficulty of overcoming a belief in a multiplicity of gods, worship of ancestors, and fear as opposed to love as the prime attribute of the supernatural; then one

Father McNabb is a veteran of the missions in China and is now stationed at Azua in the Dominican Republic; he is in a position to be able to compare the two different types of missionary work. realizes the problem of the missioner in China.

A Christian Background

In the West Indies the whole culture and tradition is that of Christianity. It is true there are many false ideas and practices but these are due to lack of clergy with the consequent want of instruction. The people are Catholic at heart and their ideas can be corrected quite easily as a rule. For example it is the custom here for the godmother of a child to pour water on its head before it is brought to Church for Baptism; whilst doing this she recites the Apostle's Creed and the Our Father. Now there is absolutely no reason for such a ceremony and our task is to direct these people to omit it. Another typical case to illustrate the lack of instruction is this: when you ask them to name the Blessed Trinity, invariably they answer: "Jesus, Mary and Joseph".

Wayside Shrines

It is a great contrast to see in the homes the picture of the Sacred Heart, or one of the Madonna and Child whereas in China the ordinary thing would be scrolls containing superstitious doctrines and prayers. The crucifix here takes the place of the kitchen-god of the Orient. On the highways or at street corners in the Far East one may see shrines to a pagan deity; here a group of Three Crosses called a Calvary, or else a shrine enthroning the picture of the Altagracia, the Blessed Mother and Child, is most common.

Government Builds Schools

The great pity here as in China is the extent of the poverty and ignorance. They go hand in hand—for poverty helps to keep the people ignorant as they lack the necessities for school. Then the ignorance contributes towards making the people poor. The government has taken a long stride forward in building and

supporting schools throughout the country. This is certainly a step in the right direction and it is to be hoped that even more will soon be done. Our task is primarily the salvation of souls, and so we attack the question of ignorance by our instructions in church and indeed at every opportunity. To alleviate the physical sufferings of the people is usually beyond our means. are no Sisters in any of our missions here to establish schools, hospitals, refuges for old people and orphans. I understand the government plans to build clinics throughout the country and these will certainly be of immense value; let us hope this will soon be possible.

Greatest Need: More Clergy

As is the case throughout Latin or Spanish America, and indeed as is the case in China, the greatest need is to increase the numbers of the clergy, both native and foreign-born. Instruction of the people must be increased and it must be stressed that they make eager listeners. The mentality is strongly Catholic hence the great opportunity.

In China the mentality is pagan, hence the work of the missions there is of a different type, a long range plan. The people must be won over by the example of good living of the individual missionary perhaps for several years before he can be in a position to convince people of the truths of Faith. It is true of course that good example



Why Chinese walk single file.

is necessary everywhere but a person with the Faith as his background is more ready to listen to instruction without waiting for the years of good living. He is ready to hear religion taught because he knows it is good independently of the particular ability of the preacher concerned. This spontaneous readiness accounts for the great number of Sacraments received in the Dominican Republic as opposed to a mission of a comparable size in China. Here all are nominally Catholic; they do not have to be changed over from one set of beliefs to another; more precise instruction plus proper encouragement and the opportunity to receive the Sacraments at frequent intervals will restore the Faith as it was in days gone by. China is strictly new territory; the Faith there is a stranger; observation of a good living Catholic population for a rather lengthy period of time will pave the way to its conversion.



Seibo, R.D., where Fr. J. Galt and Fr. G. Courtright are stationed.



Monsignor Fraser Writes

Catholic Mission, Kinwha, Sept. 25th, 1946

COOL weather has set in and the heat sores on my neck are disappearing. The sore on my shin, thanks to Dr. Wong is better. I went to his office by rickshaw to be treated every day or so for over a month.

Fr. Moriarty, one of the four last arrivals had a narrow escape from death on his way here from Hangchow. He was driving a jeep when the steering wheel gave out; the car swerved off the road and down a twenty foot embankment. Luckily it landed right side up, and he was unharmed, though he thought his last hour had come. A good Samaritan in the form of an American military truck, came along and by means of cable and windlass pulled him up and out of the rice field on to the road. His Guardian Angel must have been protecting him.

The air-raid shelter built before leaving China in 1941 is still in good condition. It is quite an attraction for visitors. It took a year and a half to construct; It is in the form of a zig-zag tunnel hewn out of the solid rock twenty feet below the ground. Fr. McAuliffe who put the finishing touches to it inscribed on the entrance "Cave of the Pillar of the Kingdom". (These last words

are my name in Chinese).

The daughter of a judge of the court of justice has become a convert

and comes to our church. A young lady who on the Japanese invasion fled from Kinwha to Kiangsi province, became a convert there and was baptised last Christmas, has returned. She wished to become a nurse. As there are no Catholic Hospitals here she went to the Catholic Hospital in Hangchow. The Sisters there have kindly admitted her to training. She is the only convert in her family, but her brother now wishes to join the church. The old woman I told you about with the frightfully sore neck is better. Also the cooper is getting better to the joy of his wife and family who have to go out to service to living. One little make a minds a neighbor's baby for rice. She should be in a Catholic school, but since the Sisters fled before the invaders in 1942 there has been no school here for either boys or girls. The next thing to be done is to repair the Convent school and invite back the sisters (Chinese) from Chuchow.

Kinhwa, Che, China,
Tuesday, Oct. 29th, 1946.
I am alone in Kinhwa. Father
Carey left last Wednesday, Oct. 23rd,
together with Frs. Joseph Murphy
and McQuaid. They passed through
Kinhwa on their way to Shanghai
via Hangchow. They do not know
when they will sail as they have not
yet secured passage. I hope I will

not be alone long. Five priests are due to arrive here soon; probably they are already in Shanghai. Fr. Harold Murphy of Lanchi (20 miles away) drops in now and then, and Fr. Tcheng who used to be my assistant came to see me a few days ago and says he will help out whenever I need a priest. No doubt I will have a regular Assistant soon. He could also take care of the Little Flower Church (between here and Lishui) which has been abandoned ever since the war began. There are 500 baptized Christians there. It was Fr. Boudreau's parish.

Recently a saintly old blind man died in a village a few miles from here. Fr. Carey was on his way to Lishui when providentially he heard of the old man's sickness. He gave him Extreme Unction and the next day he died. Father performed the funeral service and requiem Mass in the village itself, making a good impression on the pagans who came to see the ceremonies. The last time the old man came to church was on

August 15th, Feast of the Assumption. Two of his stalwart sons carried him in a litter. After Mass we had a pleasant conversation. I had not seen him for five years. Then he was strong and had good eye sight. The war years with all their misery, among other things the burning of his village with all his belongings, ruined his health. He spent all his time telling his beads. The pagans taunted him like the wife of Tobias who being angry said: "It is evident thy hope is coming to nothing, and thy alms now appear". But he answered them that he hoped for a better life in which his eyes would be opened and he would see God. He told me that besides saying the rosary he passed the beads through his fingers for hours, repeating on every bead "Jesus, Mary and Joseph", sometimes as many as eighty rounds of the beads in one day; that I had taught him this practice years ago and he had offered the indulgences (7 years each time that he said Jesus, Mary and Joseph) for the souls in



Three not-so-little pigs wheeled to market.

Purgatory. There was a little boy listening with paper and pencil, he calculated that the old man had gained 12,059,600 days indulgence in the day that he made eighty rounds. This little boy is a recent convert and the only one in his



family. He is still studying the prayers and hopes to be baptized at Christmas. His father is liberal minded, but his mother is a fervent pagan. While he was at the church adoring God, his mother was in the

temple adoring idols.

I think it was not only the heat but the lack of bathing facilities that gave me such a dose of heat sores last summer. The war swept away our bath-room equipment including a modern bath-tub which I had purchased in Shanghai. I have now rigged up a makeshift bathroom consisting of an oblong wooden tub, a fifty gallon earthen jar for cold water, and a water heater. This was made with an old discarded gasoline drum left by the Japanese; it will heat the room as well as the water. Of course there is no tiled floor but only beaten mud.

One day I found two high school students strolling through the grounds. They were very intelligent chaps. I interested them first with a talk on astronomy and then branched off on religion. They were very attentive and appreciative and promised to come to our church which they did the next Sunday, bringing another schoolmate with them. While the

christians were reciting the Catechism before Mass, I noticed one of them trying to read out of his neighbour's book. I bought him a Catechism for himself. He was very grateful and took it home with him.

A big University is being built in Kinhwa and will be opened in a month. One of the Chinese teachers has a French wife. She came to see me and to enquire about the hour of the Mass. Then on, hearing that we had no real bread she brought us a newly baked loaf. Last Sunday she came to church and brought her children. One of them brought a pagan chum with him. He not only knelt and assisted at the whole service which was very long-Rosary, morning prayers, catechism, sermon, Mass, and Benediction, - but bought a prayer book. I asked the French woman how was the little daughter I baptized as an infant ten years ago. She said she died a saintly death two months ago in the Catholic Hospital at Wenchow, fortified by the rites of the church. As an infant she looked like an angel, she was always a good girl and her mother misses her very much. I consoled her by saying she should rejoice at having a daughter in Heaven.

Oct. 6th. Feast of the Holy Rosary, is the Patronal feast of this



church. The organ we used to have was looted during the war. Fr. Carey borrowed a portable one, played and sang while I celebrated the Mass—the first High Mass in Kinhwa for over five years.

(Please turn to page 23)



En Route Jo China

A letter from Sr. St. Angela, one of six Sisters recently gone back to Lishui.

S.S. Fairland, Dec. 3, 1946.

Dear Father Morrison,

Scarboro's Day and we are not forgetting. To-morrow noon we dock in Honolulu and in spite of to-day's heat, I must get a letter written to you. I should have written from New Orleans. That beautiful southern city was well worth visiting and we did enjoy our dozen days in it. We did not sail from New Orleans but from Gulfport in Mississippi. Our baggage however was loaded in N.O. and on Sunday, Nov. 17th, we motored to the embarkation port and sailed that afternoon.

So far, we have had a delightful trip. The high light of it was our passage through the Panama Canal. None of us will forget that experience in a hurry, nor would we want to. Travelling on a freighter has its advantages. The weather has been ideal and we spend all day on deck. Our accommodations are excellent-large cabins with four portholes and only two passengers to each one. They are nicely furnished and are really comfortable. There are two lounges and a very nice dining salon. The meals too are very good and we have the freedom of the kitchenette where there is always a feast on ice in the frigidaire and coffee and tea just waiting to be poured. Being so few, we have plenty of deck space, upper and lower.

We have had only one rough day and even then it was not too bad. Sr. M. Catherine was the only one who really felt it and she did not appear on deck all day. The ship is so heavy with cargo that it does not easily lend itself to rolling pitching.

Shanghai's sky line should be visible by Dec. 17th or 18th. We would like to make Lishui for Christmas but it does not look very hopeful. With all our baggage to clear, I fear that it will take more time than we counted on. We have about 40 large pieces (trunks and crates) and almost as many bags and suitcases. We have supplies for both Lung Chuan and Lishui—plenty of everything. The Captain is going to wire Father McGoey when we are close to Shanghai. If the strike is really over on the West Coast, the Scarboro quintette of priests should soon be catching up with us. Too bad they had such a long wait because of the strike.

Did you know that Sr. Magdalene (of Wenchow) is still in the U.S.A. We missed her only by a few days. She trained in the N.O. hospital and has just written her R.N. She will likely be going back soon though (Please turn to page 23)

The Church un China By D. McNeil

"Truly the Second Spring has come to China."



Cardinal Tien

T is encouraging for us to see that the Holy Father has judged the condition of the Church in China so encouraging as to warrant the creation of a Cardinal as new head of the Chinese hierarchy. The first Oriental Prince of the Church is Thomas Cardinal Tien, whose biography we outlined in a previous issue. We will now see that in the designs of Providence, such interest in China by the Vicar of Christ heralds a new era in the christian life of China.

Lin Yutang, the Chinese writer, says that Buddhism is the only important foreign influence that has become part and parcel of Chinese life. But he also said that Buddhism was fortunate in having a high tradition of scholarship in the translation of Buddhist classics, imported from India many centuries ago. That's why Buddhism gained such high prestige among Chinese scholars. But how deep and adequate is the hold that Buddhism has upon the

people?

Currently it can be said that Christianity is a very important influence, more so than Buddhism. The religion of Christ was presented to China by toiling foreign Missionaries, hence the Chinese are a bit inclined to think of Christianity as something foreign. Chinese scholars of old did not embrace the classics of the Church, namely sacred scripture, hence the great, awesome and majestic truths of christianity, though unchanging, yet suffered in the way they were presented to the Chinese people. The bible was translated mainly by foreigners, or Chinese employed by foreigners. Yes it is very true that the blood, sweat and lives of foreign Missionaries have gone into the foundation of the edifice that is and will be the church in China. For many years yet China will need our Missionaries.

creation of an Oriental Prince of the Church, and the increase in the Chinese bishops and priests is a tribute to the work of Missionaries.

Nevertheless, today China is in a position to look after the church and adopt it as her own. Her scholars will embrace the eternal truths, and will lend their talents to fostering the cult and literature of the church. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek has commissioned a Catholic, Dr. Wu, to translate the bible. It had been translated into Chinese before. Chinese critics approve heartily of what has already appeared of Dr. Wu's The native sons are translation. now, one may say, looking after the Infant Jesus and wrapping Him up in Chinese swaddling clothes. will see to it that He will also appear in the national temples teaching the scholars, monks, lawyers and lawgivers. He will appear in their streets, in their homes, factories, printing presses and government.

The Church and Labor

China has changed in the past. She is developing today very quickly and radically. As industrialization comes to China, her national and individual life will certainly be modified. The church is ready with her spiritual equipment to fight the accidental evils which always accompany such a transformation. Europe and America in industrial centres, how many sick souls have been strengthened and encouraged by the sacraments of the church. How many ailing souls have found new hope in the Saturday night confessional? Where industry moves in the problems of the nation become complex. Life is lived faster. laborers will have a new friend in

the church. Just like Bishop Von Kettler, the labor champion of Germany, like Leo XIII, like the Engilish and American bishops, so the Chinese hierarchy also will champion the new laboring classes in China. Wherever they could, and when they had the means, the church in China built industrial schools, like Ziccawei in Shanghai just to mention one of many examples. Already with the help of Missionaries and Cardinal Tien, vocational schools have been opened for Chinese boys and girls to improve their social and economic standing by qualifying for positions of leadership in various trades, handicrafts and professions. Along with this training goes spiritual training so that they will not only be leaders but Christian leaders.

China Among the Great Nations

Mr. Anthony Eden emphasized some time ago that from now on nations must live together as a community of neighbours. Generally we look upon neighbours as friends who have read the Sermon on the Mount. Because of the numerous wars in the past engaged in by neighbours, we can trace their origin to ideological treatises by dictators who rejected the Sermon on the Mount. Wars, conferences and court trials are trying to rid the minds of men of that poison injected by dictators. Then they look for some good nation to act as a bulwark, a balance for peace. They are looking to the Orient for such a nation and point the finger to China. This country is coming of age nationally, and by reason of power. Is it not then most fitting. indeed necessary that China comes of religiously. You say that Christian western nations have made



the wars. I say that the persons and cliques in western nations who declare wars are not Christians. To err is human. The people unsuspectingly have tolerated these same dictators. We see in Europe that the people themselves in their elections are correcting their own political apathy—and this is important doing it with Christian parties. Do we not then ultimately look to Christ and His Church for the motives and the means to insure peace, when everything else fails? This can be true of the future. In the past civilization was saved for Europe by the weapons of christianity-institutions of work and prayer. Witness Pope Leo who turned back Attila, the scourge of Europe, at the gates of Rome. The Rosary turned back the Mohammedan Turkish fleet. We will have China as a neighbour anyway. We must also have her as a christian friend.

The Bond of Peace

Conferences and parleys have also been trying to devise some link that will unite the nations. Purely human, mundane bonds have failed. Can our bond with the Orient be commerce and trade? Not adequately for this has caused squabbles and wars in the past. Can our bond be language? Hardly. Even Esperanto is an impractical dream. Can our bond be tourists and good will tours? I met two people one day. One was a Chinese—the other Western. The Chinese shook hands -the other didn't. The Chinese was christian and saw I was a priest. The spiritual bond was stronger than the bond of race and blood. We hope to see the million of Chinese spiritually shaking hands with their Western neighbours

Western Materialism

In the past many Chinese students attended Western Universities to drink at the fountain of knowledge. They did not however drink of the fountain of wisdom at the feet of Christ, for Christ holds no professorship at these same universities. The result was that these students returned to China with pagan materialistic concepts of life moulded by the atheistic philosophies taught at these universities.

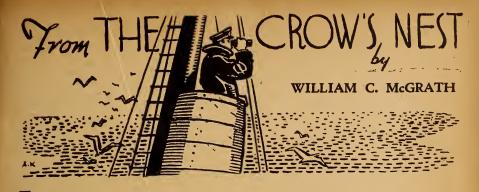
> The New Religious And Political Unity

Now with the regenerating Second Spring come to China, native universities and schools will counteract the imported mental poison. Fu Jen University at Peiping, many other schools, our own primary mission schools, are instilling the tonic of truth and christian philosophy revealed by Our Saviour. He holds professorships in the schools maintained by His Church.

Go To Joseph

indefatigable Archbishop Cushing of Boston calls Cardinal Tien the St. Joseph of China. There is no vague meaning in this term. Joseph of Egypt fed his brethren of Israel, for Joseph was chief steward of the land of the pagan Pharaohs. Joseph of Nazareth looked after his Lord and Saviour, and now is Patron of the universal church. Like the Apostles of old, we can visualize the teeming millions of Chinese wist-fully enquiring "Lord, to Whom shall we go?" Will they go to the pagan philosophies, to Buddhism and Confucianism? Will they look for a solution of problems to the ideologies of vain dictators? No not to these for they will be handed not bread but a stone. Lin Yutang implies that even Buddhism with its hold on the Chinese people, will become inadequate with the industrialization and growth of China. So they will not go to Buddhism when their nation is sorely tried. They will go to Christ through the channel appointed by Him—the Church. will not fail them for it will carry on

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▲ET us face the unpleasant fact. At the moment, humanly speaking, nothing seems more remote or unlikely than the conversion of Russia. And the equally disturbing fact that Russia, far from being converted, is bent upon our destruction. Not by so much as a hair's breadth is she deviating from her policy of One World (a Communist world) and the "subjugation" of Capitalist America. Her present plan is all too obvious. And its success is becoming more apparent with every passing hour. At all costs the pot of troubled Labor-Capital relations must be kept boiling. Industrial strife must never die down. If one strike after another is settled, and America's economic system still survives, then there must be more strikes, more discontent, more agitation on the part of Union leaders till that system has had its day and ceased to be.

Every settlement between Capital and Labor is a definite setback to her plan for a Red America. So on with the dance. Let it be known that Capital right now can afford to pay 25% higher wages; that millions—billions, if necessary—must be paid by private industry in "portal to portal" back pay. Let there be bigger and better lawsuits till capitalist organizations are forced to the wall; till class hatred becomes more profound; till the era of the general strike, civil war and the Russian Commissar be brought appreciably

closer. Thus do the Communists hope — and plan — to "rise to absolute power on the grievances of the working man" and to use that power "for the liquidation and extermination of the middle class" and the end of the gallant but short-lived American experiment in democracy.

No, at the moment, not even the most optimistic among us can detect any sign of a change of heart on the part of the Communist leaders of Russia. If you want to see what could happen here and what would happen here if Russia's plans materialise, just read the details of the travesty of justice called the "trial" of Archbishop Stepinac and his own statements as to persecution in Russian-controlled Yugoslavia. Stand-

Peace for the world! The Conversion of Russia! The salvation of America from the barbaric horrors that have engulfed unhappy Europe! All these things will be assured if only "a sufficient number of Catholics hearken to the requests of Our Lady of Fatima." Such is the gist of a message brought back from Europe by John M. Haffert, noted American Catholic author and lecturer, after a prolonged interview with Sister Lucia, sole survivor of the Fatima children to whom God's Mother appealed on six different occasions in 1917.

ing before his accusers, without hope of mercy, he delivered an indictment of their activities that will go down in history as the courageous and unanswerable challenge of a man who was not afraid to die.

"Before all" declared the Archbishop, "I again affirm: 260 to 270 priests have been killed by the National Liberation Movement. In not one civilized state in the world would so many priests be thus punished for such crimes as have been imputed to them. Thus, for example, the pastor of Slatina, as a member of the Kultur Bund, should have been sentenced, say, to eight years imprisonment. But no. You killed him, becauses he, in fulfillment of his sacred duty as dean, had saved the sacred vessels of a National Shrine.

"The Rev. Povoljnjak, without benefit of trial, was murdered like a dog in the streets. And the same has been the fate of accused Sisters. In no other civilized State would death have been meted out. You have made a fatal mistake in murdering priests. The people shall not forgive you for that. Such is your 'freedom'". To the Archbishop's testimony we might add a word about the dreaded Stara Gradiska concentration camp for priests and nuns, where bestial tortures are wreaked on Religious, tortures that rival Belsen and Dachau in the history of human degradation.

No, Russia is a long way from a change of heart. When, then, and how will her conversion come about? Or will it come at all? The answer, according to Sister Lucy, rests not with Russia but with us. When a "sufficient number of Catholics" hearken to the requests made at Fatima by the Blessed Mother of God. How many is a "sufficient number"? Ten thousand? A million? Twenty mil-

lion? How many Catholics are doing anything right now about the peace plan of the Blessed Virgin as revealed at Fatima? Will their efforts be effective—in time? Or will America go down, as Europe has gone down? Will the last ramparts of Christianity be breached by the enemy and will the gates of Hell come perilously near to prevailing in your day and mine?

Let us rid ourselves, once and for all, of the notion that we are going to be saved by the U.N., ever more concerned with appeasing Russia's importunities and condoning Russia's inhuman enslavements than in ensuring for God in Heaven any place in the affairs of men. If salvation is to be ours, it will be through the efforts of the weak, whom God ever chooses to confound the wise. For the one thing that God in Heaven will not abide is the sight of "flesh glorying in His sight", mere human arrogance and pompous self assurance arrogating to itself, as the godless U.N. is arrogating to itself. prerogatives that belong to God alone. In the burning words of Cardinal Spellman: "Why must we consent to the shameful sin of a pagan veto of God by a Soviet peace, a godless pact of blood, tears, death and doom? If men continue to try to recapture tranquility and restore order without Him who is Peace, they are but making new treaties to be broken, plotting new ways to spend in future wars other millions of young lives."

Who, then, will save America and save the world? Let me tell you. The little people of simple faith whose lives run their peaceful course in harmony with the Divine. It will be Mrs. Maloney and the Lapierre children who say their rosary every day. It will be frail little Sister Immaculata — and the thousands like her — whose hidden, mortified, sanctified lives are a perpetual

atonement for the transgressions of a sinful world. But their number is not yet sufficient. task is too great now. The efforts of devoted Priests and Sisters and faithful people is not yet enough to atone to God for the sins that daily cry to Heaven. We must have the help of that "sufficient number of Catholics"; that present day army consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, ready to take God's Mother at her word and prepared, in a spirit of true devotion and sacrifice, to heed her terrible warnings to the children of Fatima. If this be too much to ask, then there is no hope. Relentlessly the sands of time are running out and in every part of the world the forces of evil are poised for a last grand assault against God and His Church. The message of Fatima may indeed be "the last call for peace on earth in our generation,

the last loving appeal of a mother's heart to a world that has turned its back on God, her Son. If it goes unheeded by her children the world over, the next World War—and the next great persecution—may not be long delayed. Canada may be the battleground and the blood of Christians may flow in the streets of Toronto and Vancouver and Montreal."

In her recent interview Sister Lucia stressed the fact that the root message of Fatima was sacrifice and personal reparation. It was the same at La Salette, at Guadaloupe, at Lourdes—wherever the Mother of God has appeared to the children of men. "People must amend their lives", said Sister Lucia "and make the sacrifice necessary to fulfil their duty". The Rosary and the First

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Thousands of these wayside restaurants dot the roadways of China.





China's Vatican Envoy

By Rogers Pelow

"ISAID to myself, 'If this saint represents Catholicism, I don't see any reason why I should not be a Catholic.' Being a Protestant, I was free to choose whatever interpretation suited best my own reason, and her interpretation was exactly the right one for me, and that made me a Catholic." So wrote Dr. John C. H. Wu recently appointed Chinese envoy to the Vatican in explaining his acceptance of the faith in 1937.

Dr. Wu's conversion to the Church only came at the end of a long religious evolution through Confucianism and Protestantism to the true faith. But, as the brilliant convert points out himself, it was not Christ "who was late, it was I who waited in a wrong place." From his writings at various periods of his life it is possible to trace the religious development in his life.

Born at the end of the last century, Dr. Wu was tutored in Confucianism to which he held until 1916 when he entered the Shanghai Baptist College and became a Christian. He tells us that he became at the same time a religious fanatic, completely cocksure of his beliefs and eager to proselytize all with whom he came into contact. He remarks that he even tried to convert

Mr. Justice Holmes when he was in the United States and ironically was converted by the great jurist from religiosity to real humility. He no longer felt that he knew more about God than did Christ.

The next stage in his religious experience was one of complete scepticism when he was "no longer God intoxicated, not yet entirely sophisticated." What he formerly believed with excessive enthusiasm was now subject to agonizing doubt. Even the justice of God and His existence were called into question.

But the wheel of his spiritual progress was nearing a full circle. Having begun as a fanatic and having suffered as a sceptic he finally reached the haven of Catholicism. One idol after another fell from its pedestal, until he was accepted into the Church, on Nov. 6th, 1937. His conversion in no small way resembles that of St. Augustine who heard a voice bidding him take up the Bible and read it, and subsequently became a convert. Dr. Wu was in the home of a friend where he saw a picture of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus. He mistook it for that of the Blessed Virgin. His friend corrected his error and gave him a small book to read. It was the autobiography

CHINA



Hangchow, where the above scene was photographed, is the capital of Chekiang, Dr. Wu's home province. Ningpo is about seventy miles distant.

of St. Theresa. He attributes his conversion to a perusal of this little volume. "And it is St. Theresa who has confirmed my faith in my religion, for her mind is as subtle and detached as that of Lao-tzu, while her heart is as affectionate and cordial as that of Confucius."

From Ningpo, Chekiang Province

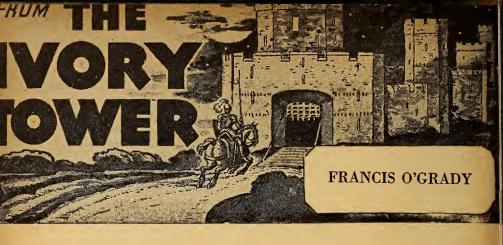
When Dr. Wu along with his wife and their thirteen children was received into the Church he was not yet forty years of age. But in that short period his was already a brilliant career. He was born in the city of Ningpo in the province of Chekiang. Incidentally it is in this same province that our Scarboro missioners have the field of their labours. In Ningpo he began his studies as a lad, continued them in Shanghai where he finally attended the Comparative Law school obtaining there his degree in law. In the autumn of 1920 Dr. Wu came to the United States to enter the Law School of the University of Michigan, obtaining his doctorate the following year. After a year of travel in Europe he returned to America and taught for some time at Harvard University. Returning to China he became a professor and then principal of the Comparative Law School in Shanghai. In recent years he has taught at the Law School of the Catholic University of Shanghai.

Held Government Post

Dr. Wu was appointed vice-president of the commission charged by the Chinese government to formulate a permanent Constitution for China. He is accredited with being the principal author of the draft of the constitution which is now being discussed in the Chinese National Assembly. In fact, it is called "Wu's Draft". He served also as adviser to the Chinese delegation to the United Nations conference in San Francisco. Then, a few months ago Dr. Wu was appointed to the highly important position of Chinese Envoy to the Vatican.

Envoy to Vatican

The year 1946 certainly goes down in the history of the Church in the Far East as one of outstanding significance. During that year the first Chinese Cardinal was elected in the person of His Eminence, Thomas T'ien, S.V.D., a native hierarchy with twenty archbishoprics and sixty suffragan dioceses was constituted, and new diplomatic relations between the Vatican and the Republic of China were established. As Chinese Envoy to the Vatican Dr. Wu, brilliant thinker, jurist, writer, scholar and prominent convert takes a worthy place.



OME few years ago a science called phrenology asserted itself; first it claimed to be a science and later purported to explain your past, present and future by the number and configuration of the bumps on your head. It was in a class with palmistry and has been relegated to sideshows.

A professor Lombroso, criminologist, was a firm believer in what he called a "criminal type". According to this school of thought some people are destined to be criminals and this can be predetermined by clinical examination. Thus the expert would give you the onceover and announce to the police department that either a murder was imminent, or some type of theft. Time was in experimental psychology when the students were given a large page with maybe 25 photos of men in different walks of life. No markings appeared with any of the photos but the student was supposed to guess the profession from the type of face. There was a detective in the group of pictures, also a criminal who had served several prison terms, also a professor, a salesman, a mechanic, a railroad engineer, a clergyman, a plumber, a lawyer, an upholsterer, etc. In those days J. Edgar Hoover was not very well known and invariably he was chosen as the perfect criminal "type".

Churchill on Attlee

Sometimes a man's looks suggest his profession, or what we imagine a member of the profession should look like. There are professors who wear long beards, thicklensed glasses, are slightly deaf and scarcely speak above a whisper; and there are There are politicians who others. wear checked suits, shout all day long, wave their arms frantically even when only announcing the time of day; and there are others. There are plumbers who always forget their tools: and there are others. There are women drivers who never give a signal; and there are others. The conclusion must be that generalizations are risky. Although everybody can appreciate Churchill's designaton of Attlee as a "sheep in sheep's clothing".

The Roman Nose

Another myth has to do with nasal organs. A prominent nose is supposed to indicate a strong character. And a Roman nose was such an ideal for some people they considered getting an arch put on their proboscis by plastic surgery. Just as women pluck their eyebrows and have their faces lifted, some men would like to add a portion to their jaw. Others prefer mechanical aid such as high heels for short men. Wigs and other

appliances having no value other than saving one's vanity deceive few if any other than the wearer.

Are You Dolichocephalic?

The general shape of the skull is thought by some people to be a reliable sign of temperament and character. If your brain case is rather long from front to back, then you are dolichocephalic. If unusually short, the skull is brachycephalic. Lest this frighten you (some of your best friends may be this way) be it known that the Greek word for "long" is "dolichos" and "short" is "brachy". It's not the name of some new disease. And it's not a very good index of intelligence.

What Is Your Cranial Index?

Anthropologists have been measuring skulls for some time now and some of their conclusions are reassuring. There was an opinion in scientific as well as pseudo-scientific circles that the size of the brain afforded a true measure of intelligence. It has never been proved that an oversize brain connotes genius but there is evidence that diminutive brains go with mental defectives. Dr. R. J. A. Berry, formerly professor at the University of Melbourne, made thousands of skull measurements and found that mentally defective children had brains on the average 20% smaller than normal. He also measured the skull size of living university teachers, students and criminals. The result—in average cubic centimeters of brain space follows:

 Teachers
 1,524 cc

 Students
 1,507 cc

 Criminals
 1,438 cc

He also investigated the difference between various categories of criminals and discovered that a group of embezzlers had 100 cc more brain capacity on the average than a group of common cattle rustlers!

Brainy People

The alltime alltimer was an Indian found in the burial place of the Al-

gonquin tribe: 2,200 cc. He was a contemporary of Pocahontas. Leon Trotsky had a rather good mind and his brain was the biggest ever weighed by Mexican medical authorities; at the autopsy, Leon's brain weighed 3½ lbs. The 19th century Russian novelist Ivan Turgene had a brain weighing 4 lbs. 10 oz. or 2,030 cc.

Daniel Webster ran the Russian a close second. Bigger than any within the last 20 years was that of a negro in Atlanta; his is a poor argument though as he was a lifelong patient in an insane asylum!

Algernon Swinburne and Superman

This English writer had a poor physique although he wrote much about the superman of the future. His belief in inevitable progress made him a forerunner of the early H. G. Wells. Perhaps Algernon (I hope he won't mind my calling him by his first name) is the basis for a common conviction that a great intellect and a weak physical constitution are usually associated. Also nonsense is the pretended connection between high brows and intelligence. You will find many a lowbrow under a high hat.

More or Less Cheek

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the Smithsonian Institute is an anthropologist who is interested in correlating one's physical constitution with a mental capacity. He examined thousands of subjects and he noticed that low cheekbones were found among peoples of a so-called higher civilization. He was quick to point out that the reason for this is *not* indicative of a greater use of the brain but merely a lesser use of the chewing organs.

Alas Poor Yorick

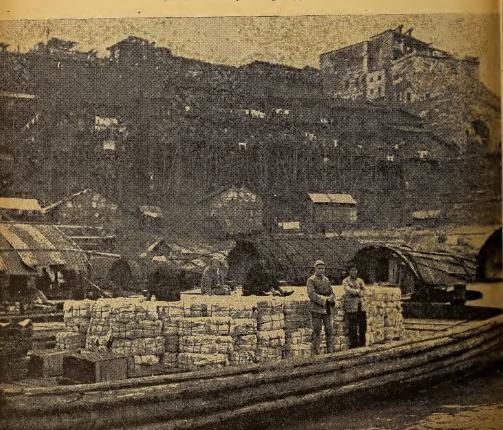
For political reasons some governments have made divisions of mankind based on biological theories. But no matter whether of one political camp or another, whether roundhead or cavalier, we must all end up with poor Yorick. On the last day we will not be judged by any but moral standards; neither the shape of your jaw, size of skull or general build will have any weight in the balance. By their fruits men will be known. Will Cuppy wrote a book with the intriguing title: How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes. On the Last Day the test will not be physical.

The Anatomy of Evil

The physical element is the less important always. Hence the physical appearance of the world, that is the political situation and the geographical and the meteorological (along with the weather include earthquakes, etc.) and the breadand-butter problem of daily existence

must always be inferior in importance to the moral condition of mankind. Physical evil is not nice; moral evil is worse. Now the present mess is largely "physical" in the sense just outlined. It may be a good reflection of the moral condition of things, or it may only be an imperfect reflection. In this case things are not as bad as they appear. And just as the physical condition of a man is not the best index of his intellectual or moral state, it's quite likely that the discouraging appearance of the physical world is a quite imperfect reflection of the moral condition of mankind. "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face" Shakespeare wrote, and we might develop a parallel thought to the effect that despite a depressing outlook on the face of the earth there is no reason for moral despair.

The riverfront, Chungking, China





SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS OF OUR TIMES. By Dom Luigi Sturzo. New York-Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co., 1945.

182 pp. \$2.00

The priest-author of this book on the spiritual life of our day is Dom Luigi Sturzo, a Sicilian by birth. His interesting career has provided him with rich experience to analyze the spiritual problems of modern times. After obtaining his doctorates in divinity and philosophy in Rome, Dom Sturzo taught sociology, philosophy and political economy in the Seminary of Caltagirone, Sicily. Deeply interested in social welfare activity, he became mayor of Caltagirone and served as a Provincial Councillor of Catania as well as Vice-President of the Italian Municipalities. The Popular Party, a Christian Democratic party, which he founded in 1918 was dissolved after the Fascist march on Rome. As a result of his opposition to totalitarianism Dom Sturzo was exiled from Italy. Since that time, 1924, he has travelled extensively throughout Europe and the United States diffusing the ideals of Christian Democracy.

In discussing the spiritual problems of modern times, Dom Sturzo brings the advantage of over fifty years of social, cultural and political work. He informs us that everything contained in the book refers to facts or conversations that actually took place. The problems of people from all walks of life have come to his attention in his work as a priest and sociologist.

The book is divided into two parts:

The Quest of the Truth and The Quest of the Good. In the former section, he deals with the problem of God and how we arrive at a knowledge of the Supreme Being. The modern mentality regarding this problem is particularly treated. In the second part of the book, Dom Sturzo concentrates on the practical problems of the spiritual order which confront the average person today. Thus, he emphasizzes the necessity of spirituality in each man's life; the responsibilities of the faithful in consequence of their incorporation into the Mystical Body of Christ; and, Catholic Action and the lay apostolate.

Any serious-minded Christian of modern times will find this book of great interest because it touches on problems of special interest to each one of us.

R. J. Pelow.

* * *

THE SACRED SCIMITAR. By Mabel Farnum. Milwaukee: Bruce, 1946. 168 pp., \$2.50.

This is a dramatic biography depicting the life and martyrdom of Blessed John de Brito. The title comes from the instrument of his death, in 1693 at the hands of savage natives of Madura in India. This saintly Jesuit born in Lisbon in 1647, had a career almost as astounding as his patron St. Francis Xavier. The desire to spend and end his life converting pagans animated him from his very early years, and enabled him to overcome parental objections as well as convince his closest friend, the heir-apparent and

later king of Portugal, Peter II. His qualities along intellectual lines seemed to destine him for a teaching post first in his native country and later at Goa in India; however, Providence had a more active role for him.

The miraculous powers God gave him, his contests with the Brahmin priests when they sought to kill him by magic, the baptism of 1,200 catechumens in one month of 1692, his constancy throughout his long torture, all of these events make fascinating reading.

Miss Farnum tells the story of her hero with sufficient background to make it simple for the reader to see the man in his historical setting. This is her fourth biographical book and should help establish more firmly her reputation as an easy to read yet accurate historian.—V. Morrison.

The Memo Pad

1. Pope Pius XII speaking to pilgrims who had come to Rome, in December, 1946, to witness the beatification of the 29 Franciscan Bishops and priests, nuns and brothers, native seminarians and servants who died for their faith during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 in China, stated:

"The Blood of Christ, united to that of the martyrs, cries to heaven louder than the blood of Abel. It ascends like sweet incense, bringing down upon the vast territories of China and upon the whole world the blessings of the God of light and of mercy."



A Chinese cobbler making cloth slippers. Leather shoes are still a rarity.



MSGR. FRASER WRITES

(Continued from page 8)

You remember the little Catholic girl we rescued from a pagan family in Shanghai. Her father has since died; her brother has gone to work in Shanghai, so she is left alone in a miserable shack open to all the winter winds. It was mid summer when she left Shanghai and the only clothes she has are a couple of cotton dresses. I am having a padded garment made for her. Her mother has been sick for four years, but now she is a little better and comes to church in a rickshaw which I pay for. The little girl who is fourteen says she intends to become a

Oct. 11th. The other day two men arrived carrying a sick woman in a litter. They were going to the Protestant Hospital. Seeing that she was very ill and fearing that she might die without the sacraments I gave her Viaticum and Extreme Unction. She has recovered and last Sunday was at Mass having walked the five miles from her home. The old woman to whom I gave the last sacraments in Haojen has also recovered and was at Mass when Fr. Carey went there recently. (You remember the terrible journey I had there?)

The wall around our property is at last finished. The workmen have begun to rebuild the wall around the Convent School. When finished we hope to obtain the Sisters and open our girl's school and catechumenate. This is a crying need as the women and girls of the whole district have had no instruction for years. Fr. Morrissey whom you recall, was re-cently appointed to Tungyang had his things stolen while he was away from his residence saying Mass in another village. Thieves broke in the door and got away with his overcoat, three suits of clothes, two soutanes, a fountain pen and other Fr. Carey was to wear Fr. McAuliffe's overcoat on

return trip to Canada but he has given it to poor Fr. Morrissey instead.

EN ROUTE TO CHINA

(Continued from page 9)

the Sisters said she had to await orders from Paris as she does not belong to the American Sisters of

Charity.

I shall write again—from Lishui. I know that you will want all the fragments that I can pick up and I'll do my best to gather as much news as possible, of and from, your former flock. Since there will be no other chance of writing before Christmas I shall add here my best wishes for a Happy Christmas and New Year.

CHURCH IN CHINA

(Continued from page 12)

its mission to the poor. Incidentally, that most remarkable Apostle of Charity, Lao Po Hong, who was killed in Shanghai, had great devotion to St. Joseph. Lao Po Hong fed and helped thousands of needy. He received the inspiration and grace to do this from Christ. There will be white-clad Chinese nursing sisters in hospitals, orphanages and institutions for the aged.

A New Strength

Truly the Second Spring has come to China. Nothing however stupendous and spectacular is envisioned—just the normal everyday work of Christ in His dedicated servants and faithful. We know the human will is weak and humans make mistakes but there is room for great hopes for the Church in China.



Our Rose Garden

Because we are getting so many new readers month by month, especially among our school children, it is time to publish once again the threefold object of the Rose Garden. Each member makes these three promises.

(1) To receive Holy Communion once a month for an increase in missionary vocations.

(2) To recite the official prayer daily for the conversion of infidels.

(3) To aid the priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society by saving pennies for the work of the missions.



How to Join

All you have to do is send Father Jim your name, age, and home address and he will send you a beautiful certificate. It folds and fits neatly into your prayer-book. Besides this you will receive a formal card of welcome with your Contest Number, a picture of Our Lady of Fatima, and a special mite-box in which to save your pennies.

Now is the Time

During the long war in China our Priests and Sisters suffered terribly. For days on end they were bombed and harried by a relentless enemy. Much of the work they had accomplished by years of sacrifice was ruined. But God in His providence protected their lives that they might return to carry on His work once again. They are back in China now and need our help in a most desperate way.



Our Special Work

Among the many, many activities our Priests and Sisters must carry on, one of the most necessary is the caring for China's children. That's

where we can help most!

Let's all get together and take care of as many Chinese boys and girls as we can. Send today for our new and beautiful poster, designed especially for use in our Catholic schools. It explains exactly how we can co-operate to save the greatest number of China's school children who cannot be accepted into orphanages. Be sure to write today!





Where does the Priest get the ashes he uses on Ash Wednesday?





Hello Buds.

This is the first opportunity I've had since Christmas to thank you, your teachers and classmates for all the wonderful gifts you sent to help China's Children. Thank you too for the lovely cards so many of you sent me.



Last month I mentioned the possibility of having the boys section of the Rose Garden changed to the Theophane Venard club. But first I would like to know what you think of the idea. Talk it over among yourselves and then write me, but soon!



Father Tom Morrissey wrote from China and asked me to say hello for him to all the children he met in the schools of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. He hopes all of them will join the Rose Garden if they are not Buds already. If any of you wish to write to him his address is Catholic Mission, Tungyang, Chekiang, China.



Lent commences February 19th. I know you will redouble your prayers and sacrifices that the gift of Faith will be given to thousands more of China's Children. To give your sacrifices a practical end just remember what I wrote on another page, that two dollars will put a pagan boy or girl through one of our Prayer Schools where he or she is

prepared for Baptism and for First Holy Communion.



Father Sharkey, whom so many of you know, wrote a beautiful poem some years ago and which you will find below. I don't need to explain it to you. You can make possible the sending of such a "Valentine" to China's Children by praying and working for their conversion. Will you do so?

COMMUNION—FEB. 14th

He sent me a Valentine today
In a missive, pure and white.
And hastily I tore the envelope,
And saw to my great delight—
A blood-red heart

A blood-red heart
Pierced by a dart,
Aglow with leaping flame,
A loving kiss
And O, what bliss!

I read His loving name. It came from a place called— Paradise,

And the name I read was— Jesus Christ.

QUICKIE QUIZ WINNER (December)

Among the many correct answers sent in, Marilyn Maynard, 308 Houghton S., Hamilton, Ont., won the draw. The quiz: What Saint introduced the custom of having a Crib at Christmas? The correct answer: Saint Francis of Assissi.



Dear Fr. Jim,

We are sending you a Christmas card and some used stamps. All of us are well, thank God. To answer one of your questions, we must go nearly three miles to Church and school and five miles for our mail ... But it is lovely here in the summertime.

Tom Magusin, Farmington, B.C.

Thanks for your very newsy letter, Tom, and I am glad to know all of you are well and happy. Please thank Joe for his gift. It was grand of him to send it.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Here is a small Christmas gift from Anita and me. We certainly enjoy China. Keep up the good work, and thanks for the pen-pals.

Anita and Helena Gallant, Fredericton, P.E.I., R.R. 2.

Your gift, girls, was indeed a great help to our missionaries. Perhaps you don't know, but it will enable a pagan girl to attend one of our Prayer Schools for a year and then be baptized. Doesn't that make you happy?

Dear Fr. Jim,

I read CHINA every month and enjoy it very much .I am thirteen years old and my birthday is November twentieth. I would love some pen pals.

Ruby McNulty, Spruce Hedge, Ont. Here is a brand new member, Buds, the first from Spruce Hedge. She writes a very clear hand and I am sure those of you who become her pen pals will enjoy her letters. Have a good time, Ruby.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Last February I wrote and joined the Litlle Flower's Rose Garden and I am very happy to be a member. Here is a little gift for China's Children. All of your Buds in Perth join with me in saying hello to you.

> ♥ Constance Horan, 96 Drummon St. E., Perth, Ont.

Thanks for your swell letter, Lee, and for the good wishes from all of you. The pictures you sent show what a really great town Perth is. Of course I knew it was before this because of the wide-awake Buds who live there. Please say hello to everyone for me, and write soon again.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Bless you for letting me join the Rose Garden. It is a great honour to be able to help China's Children ... and kind-hearted Father Jim.

> Theresa White, St. Georges, Nfld.

Thank you ever so much, Theresa, for the kind words you write. They are indeed refreshing. Look up in your Bible Proverbs 25-25 and you'll see what I mean.



Helen lives in St. Stephens, St. Marys Bay, Nfld., and is ten years old. In her letter she wrote: "I hope this offering will help some of China's children. I hope to send you some stamps later on. Please ask some of the Buds to write to me." It must have cost Helen many sacrifices, Buds, to send her lovely gift to help the poor children of China. May God bless you, Helen.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I saved this money in my mitebox. It is my Christmas gift to China's Children. Mother is very happy that I belong to the Rose Garden. I am too.

> John O'Manique, 443 MacLaren Street, Ottawa, Ont.

I know you are a very faithful member of our Garden, John, and say the prayer for the conversion of pagans every day. Perhaps someday you will be a missionary too. Would you like that? Dear Fr. Jim,

Here is the money I saved in my mite-box. I am nine years old and in grade five. I am going to keep on saving, so don't worry Father Jim.

₩aureen McCarthy, 31 Wickford St., St. John's, Nfld.

What I said, Maureen, to Anita and Helena Gallant, I say to you—Your gift will enable a Chinese school girl to study for Baptism. So you see, you are doing a real missionary work. Many, many thanks! Dear Fr. Jim,

Enclosed you will find my mite box savings and my picture, taken the day I made my First Holy Communion. I am seven years old and in grade three at Oxford School.

> Ronald Cox, 150 Cunard St., Halifax, N.S.

Calling all Buds! Below is a picture of Ronny. Isn't that a million-dollar smile! Although Ronny is one of our newest Buds, he has lost no time in working for China's Children. God bless you, Ronald.



Ronald Cox

New Members and Pen Pals

KILLALOE, ONT.

Foran, Marjorie, 14; Lorbetskie, Dorothy, 13, Teddy, 13, Box 27; all of Killaloe.

LANCASTER, ONT.

LAPierre, John, 10, Box 94, Lancaster.

LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.

Chollack, Vivian, 18, 1504-4th Ave, N;
Larko, Eugene, 17, 808-12th North; Parfitt, Ethel, 12, 520-12th Street.

MONTREAL, QUE.

Atkinson, Wm., 13, 367 Mentana St.;
Lawrence, Mary Angela, 14, Anthony, 8, 3786 Botrel Ave.; Quinn, James, 15, 3469 Wilson Ave.; McDonald, Teresa, 11, John, 8, 4469 Wilson Ave.

MONKLAND, ONT.

MacDonald, Allan, 15, R.R. No. 2, Rorborough, Monkland, Ont.

MONCTON, N.B.
Donahue, Laura, 15, 27 Mountain Rd.; Gould, Geraldine, 11, 613 Main St., Apt. 4.

MIDLAND, ONT.

Beneit Harvey, 7, 150 Elizabeth, St.

Donahue, Laura, 15, 27 Mountain Rd.; Gould, Geraldine, 11, 613 Main St., Apt. 4. MIDLAND, ONT.

Benoit, Harvey, 7, 150 Elizabeth St.; Bourgois, John, 7, 317 Midland Ave.; Butineau, Janette, 8, 90 Yonge St.; Cadeau, Margaret, 8, 105 Olive St.; Cadieux, Paul, 7, 273 Midland Ave.; Charlebois, Leo, 9, 27 Russell St.; Clarke, Mildred, 8, 407 King St.; Cantois, Willard, 10, 35 Olive St.; Doran, Mary Joan, 7, 98 Elizabeth St.; Dusome, Barbara, 8, 243 William St.; Dusome, Patrick, 9, 55 Elizabeth St.; Ellery, Robert, 7, 232 George St.; Gamna, Margaret, 8, 279 King St.; Gauthier, Marilyn, 6, 95 Dominion Ave.; Grant, Kenneth, 7, 139 Yonge St.; Gripps, Joan, 7, 267 King St.; Hilliard, John, 6, 118 Huggle St.; Howe, John, 7, 97 Gloucester St.; Lalonde, June, 7, 101 Elizabeth St.; Latordresse, Laurie, 11, 297 Midland Ave.; Latour, June, 7, 181 St. George St.; Leclaire, Barbara, 7, 135 Ellen St.; Leclaire, Robert, 8, 101 Bay St.; Lepage, Wilfred, 7, 14 Olive St.; McNamara, Rodney, 6, 132 Bay St.; Morris, Rosemary, 7, 294 Manley St.; Morris, Rosemary, 7, 294 Manley St.; Thornton, James, 8, 201 King St.; Tottler, Gabriel, 8, 50 Olive St.; Tucker, Connie, 8, 277 William St.; Wright, Orville, 7, Russell, 8, 1 Fellen St.

MOOSE JAW, SASK. Bienvenue, Marcel, 13, St. Louis Col-

LOWER SOUTH RIVER, Antigonish Co., N.S. Macpherson, Mary, 15, Lower South

Marjorie, 13, 2 Tessier Place.
ST. ANDREW'S, NFLD.
Doyle, Rosemarie, 9, St. Andrew's Nfld.
SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.
Desimon, Joyce, 12, 565 Cathcart St.;
Vernelli, Vincent, 9, 118 James St.

SCHREIBER, ONT
Campbell, Marjorie, 13, Box 305; Downey, Maureen, 12; Sheila, 14, Box 56; Dufresne, Louise, 14; Fernande, 10, Box 207; Figliomeni, Teresa, 15, Box 214; Cebrario, Ruth, 11, Box 72; Lemieux, Maureen, 11; Potvin, Shirley, 13, Box 266; Stokes Marie, 14, Box 62.

Stokes, Marie, 14, Box 62.
SUDBURY, ONT.
Fleming, Shirley, 9, 197 Kathleen St.;
Milks, Buddy, 8; Doreen, 9, 355 Antwerp

SUMMERVILLE, NFLD.
Hollohan, Bessie, 16, Summerville, Nfid.
SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.
MacNeil, Jean, 13, R.R. No. 2, Summerside, P.E.I.

Page Twenty-Eight

OAK BLUFF, MAN.
Bossuyt, Joyce, 11, Oak Bluff, Man.
OLD COLLIERS, NFLD.
Whalen, David, 14; Kevin, 11,

Whalen, D. Colliers, Nfld.

Whalen, David, 14; Kevin, 11, Old Colliers, Nfid.

PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO.

Appelle, Joan, 13, 363 Balsam St.; Chester, Betty, 14, 253 Wolesey St.; Chisamore Glenelda, 13, Suite 2, Nelson Blk; Cooke, Arline, 12, 62 Jean St.; Cousineau, Joan, 12, 69 Ruttan St.; Corelio, Joan, 14, 9 Centre St.; Farrant, Delores, 13, 11 Jean St.; Filipovie, Olga, 12, 214 Manitou St.; Franeck, Margaret, 13, 180 College St.; Friday, Ellen, 14, 296 Van Horne St.; Friday, Noel, 12, 461 St. Patrick's Square; Gowan, Mildred, 14, 161 Parsons Ave.; Guerard, Billy, 12, 63 Rupert St.; Guerriere, Rita, 13, 360 McIntyre St.; Johnston, Rosemary, 14, 363 Van Horne St.; Leiberg, Margaret, 14, Suite 11 Metropolitan; McCarthy, Eleanor, 14, 49 Jean St.; McComber, Marion, 15; Margaret, 15, 30 Summit St.; Maltese, Geraldine, 14, 301 Pearl St.; Marion, Joan, 13, 207 Elgin St.; Morrison, Rosemary, 14, 222 Victoria St.; Murphy, Anne, 12, 42 Ruttan St.; Petrovick, Amelia, 15, 294 Pearl St.; Power, Martha, 16, 86 Brent St.; Servrais, Georgina, 15, 463 St. Patrick Sq.; Sliskovich, Helen, 14, 267 Pearl St.; Sumpton, Camella, 12, 173 S. Windermere Ave.; Valley, Dolores, 13, 232 Tupper St.; Zadro, Nevenka, 12, 242 Victoria St.; Zvonar, Margaret, 12, 37 Centre St.

PEAKE'S P.E.I.

Dunphy, St. Clare, 16, Peake's, P.E.I.

Nevenka, 12, 242 Victoria St.; Zvonar, Margaret, 12, 37 Centre St.

PEAKE'S P.E.I.

Dunphy, St. Clare, 16, Peake's, P.E.I.

PEMBROKE ONT.

Cully, Barbara, 10; Jim, 7; Patrick, 11; 583 McKay St.; Langlois, Theresa, 11; Gerrard, 12, R.R. No. 3, Pembroke; La-Pointe, Theresa, 15, 697 Front St.

PIGEON LAKE, MAN.

Haule, Annette, 15, Pigeon Lake, Man.

PRESTON, ONT.

Ferrier, Joan, 12, 1256 King St.; Grubb, John, 12, 342 Church St.; Holtz, Susan, 13, 1308 King St.; McMahon, Mary Jane, 12, 806 Hamilton St.; Kopey, Edward, 12, 637 Church St.; Kowalski, Lorne, 12, 566 Vine St.; Kwiecien, Winnie, 12, 218 Eagle St.; Osborn, Anita, 12, 210 Hamilton St.; Sargeant, Yvonne, 13, 142 St. Jacob St.; Schmidt, Carl, 13, 926 King St.; Tarlin, Geraldine, 13, 453 Church St.; Voisin, Veronica, 14, 963 Duke St.; Yates, William, 10, 737 King St.

PERTH, ONT.

Wilson, Marlene, 8, 77 Drummond St.

PICTON ONT.

Burke, Helen, 10; Harrington, Arthur, 8; David, 13; James, 9; Richard, 14, Union St.; Robert, 10, Pictou, Ont.; McCabe, Barbara, 13; Patsy, 11, 242 Main St.

PENETANGUISHENE, ONT.

Quesnelle, Albert, 16, Box 506, Penetanguishene, Ont.

Goshue, Margaret, 13, Port au Port,

tanguishene, Ont.

PORT AU PORT, NFLD.

Goshue, Margaret, 13, Port au Port, Nfld.

RENFREW, ONT.

Green, Patricia, 15, 496 Plaunt St.

RIGAUD, QUE.

Beaudoin, Marlene, 10; Desrochers, Suzelle, 10; Facella, Pauline, 12; Faubert, Jacqueline, 11; Heaney, Shiela, 12; Beaudoin, Marelene, 10; Callahan, Marie; Toohey, Marelene, 10; Callahan, Marie; St. Ann's Convent.

PRINY ONT

RUBY, ONT. Wingle, Gerald, 10, R.R. No. 1, Ruby,

CHINA

THE CROW'S NEST

(Continued from page 15)

Saturday devotions requested by our Blessed Mother are not ends in themselves but means to an end. Catholics will obtain the help necessary to their state in life by being consecrated to Mary. It is of utmost importance, if our world is to be saved, that we have this true appreciation of Fatima and what it is that God's Mother asks us to do. In the words of the Bishop of Fatima: "The real meaning is that Catholics should live in the realisation of their consecration to Mary, as personified in devotion to the scapular, with frequent recitation of the Rosary and fulfillment of duty."

Fulfillment of duty! In other words, if Catholic people were only what they should be, Russia would be converted and there would be peace for our weary world. The responsibility is on our shoulders and instead of being afraid of Russia we have reason, God knows, to be afraid of ourselves; of our own delinquencies and repeated sins, of our possible future betrayal of our sacred trust of consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. "Amen I say to you", we can hear Christ say, "it will be more tolerable in the day of judgment for Communists plotting the destruction of civilization than for my own unfaithful children who reject the love of my Sacred Heart and time and again betray me." It is all too true that in our thoroughly paganised Society today fulfillment of duty, for a Catholic man or woman, calls for steadfast virtue that is little short of heroic. But such virtue we must have.

NOTICE

When applying to join the Rose Garden be sure to write your name and address plainly.

lime



to



Laugh

The invited guest was being shown to his bed in the haunted room by his host's faithful but rather sinisterlooking retainer.

At the door of the room they paused.

"B-b-by the way," said the guest, "has anything-er-unusual ever happened in connection with this room?"

"Not for over fifty years, sir," said the servant hollowly.

"And what happened then?" asked the guest with a sigh of relief.

"A gentleman who spent the night here appeared at breakfast the next morning," came the reply.

"How long you in jail fo'?"
"Two weeks."

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge, everything am free."

"Ab mean, what has you did?"
"Don? shot my wife."
"You all killed you' wife and only in jail fo' two weeks!"
"Dats all — den I gits hung."

* "Rastus, how do you budget your expenses?"

"Well, ah 'lows 40 puhsent fo' eatin', 30 puhsent fo' mah house, 20 puhsent fo 'mah clothes, 10 puhsent fo' savin's, and 20 puhsent fo' spendin' and insuhdentals."

"But that adds up to 120 per cent.

That's impossible." "Brothah, ah you tellin' me!"

Little Bobby had fallen down a flight of stairs and lay at the bottom sobbing. His mother ran over to him and asked:

"Bob, did you miss a step?"
"No," replied the lad through his tears, "I hit them all."

ITEMS OF INTEREST

To Santo Domingo

Fr. Gerald Doyle of Toronto, and Fr. Harvey Steele of Dominion, N.S., left recently to work in Santo Domingo.

Fr. Joseph King returned there after a much-needed rest in Canada.

* * *

Sisters Arrive

Six Sisters of the Grey Nuns, Pembroke, Ont., have arrived safely in Lishui, Chekiang, China, to resume the work which had been stopped by the Japanese invasion. They arrived at their destination December 21st. A letter from Honolulu is published elsewhere in this issue.

Campaign Note

On the completion in the Kingston Archdiocese of the campaign for our Building Fund, our Priests will continue this work in the diocese of Trenton, New Jersey. We ask your prayers for success in this endeavour also.

Drive for Vocations

The Catholic High Schools for boys in Ontario will be visited in the month of February to increase the number of students for China and Santo Domingo. We ask the prayers of our readers for the success of this work. It is intended to visit Girls' High Schools and Primary Schools at the same time if convenient, or as soon as possible afterwards. Any boys now in Public High Schools and interested in the foreign missions are asked to write to Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Shanghai

Word has been received that our five Missionaries who were held in San Francisco due to the strike, have arrived in China.

Thanksgiving

Thanks to Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony for signal favour received.

> Charles Duquette, Maynooth, Ont.

Prayers Requested

For Mrs. Patrick McIntyre, Morell, P.E.I.

For Mr. Richard Davis, North Harbour, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.

For "Old Subscriber".

For Margaret Nowlan, Montreal, Quebec.

For Mrs. Mary Lellis, Toronto, Ontario.

For Mr. John Bucher, Toronto, Ontario.

Books Wanted

Chesterton: Outline of Sanity. Wagner: Social Reformers. Rand: The Classical Moralists.

Adler: What Man Has Made of Man.

Hutchins: The Higher Learning in America; No Friendly Voice.

Dawson: Judgment of Nations; Religion and the Modern State.

Gill: Work and Property; Autobiography.

DeWulf: History of Medieval Philosophy.

Hollis: The Breakdown of Money. Belloc: The Servile State.

Page Thirty

FATIMA—

What We Must Do!

(To be read in connection with this month's Crow's Nest article)

"If a sufficient number of Catholics hearken to the requests of Our Lady of Fatima, Russia will be converted and there will be peace."

WORDS OF SISTER LUCIA IN A RECENT INTERVIEW

What must we do to conform to the wishes of God's Mother as revealed at Fatima?

- 1. Make an act of consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.
- 2. Offer to accept willingly whatever sacrifices God may ask of us, in reparation for sin and for the conversion of sinners, especially the sacrifices necessary to do our duty as true Catholics.
- 3. Say the Rosary every day. If possible have the Rosary said by the family each evening.
- 4. On the first Saturday of five consecutive months, receive Holy Communion, say the Rosary, make a fifteen minute meditation on the mysteries and offer all in reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.
- 5. Wear your scapular always.

This is the message of Fatima. If a sufficient number of Catholics are faithful to these practices we have the assurance of the Blessed Virgin that Russia will be converted and that there will be peace. We urgently request you, dear reader, to begin this very day and continue every day of your life to do what the Mother of God asks, so that further world war and bloodshed and persecution may be prevented.

Act of Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary

O Immaculate Heart of Mary, Queen of Heaven and Earth, and tender Mother of men, in accordance with thy ardent wish made known at Fatima, I consecrate to thee myself, my brethren, my country, and the whole human race.

Reign over us and teach us how to make the Heart of Jesus reign and triumph in us and around us, as It has reigned and triumphed in thee.

Reign over us, dearest Mother, that we may be thine in prosperity and in adversity, in joy and in sorrow, in health and in sickness, in life and in death. O most compassionate Heart of Mary, Queen of Virgins, watch over our minds and hearts and preserve them from the deluge of impurity which thou didst lament so sorrowfully at Fatima. We want to be pure like thee. We want to atone for the many crimes committed against Jesus and thee. We want to call down upon our country and the whole world the peace of God in Justice and charity.

Therefore, we now promise to imitate thy virtues by the practice of a Christian life without regard to human respect. We resolve to receive Holy Communion on the First Saturday of every month, and to offer thee five decades of the Rosary each day together with our sacrifices in the spirit of reparation and penance. Amen.



When are you coming to help us?

Millions of Chinese, young and old, are looking to Canada for sympathetic understanding of their problems and for help in solving them. By constantly reading CHINA, Catholic Canadians can keep themselves informed on Chinese affairs.





carboro Bluffs, Ontario

MARCH, 1947





Time on Your Hands?

During the day you do have the odd break here and there between tasks, don't you? Pauses that relax, if only for a few minutes?

Those are the moments when it's a pleasure to have CHINA at hand, with its short, informative, humorous and serious articles and stories about your missionaries in far-off countries.

Share this pleasure with others. In one of those pauses that relax, why not pick up the phone and ask a friend or two to subscribe? We'll appreciate it. Our rates and address are:

\$1.00 a year

\$2.00 for 3 years

\$20.00 for life

CHINA, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Page Two China



Monsignor Fraser Writes

Kinhwa, Che, November 13, 1946

ESTERDAY I received four letters from my niece, Mrs. Teresa Rolston. I found them all very interesting. She is certainly doing a fine job in copying and dispatching my correspondence. I hope that she will not overdo herself with all this extra work, but I would like these letters to reach my friends.

Father Morrissey is doing fine missionary work in Tungyang. These

Fr. Thomas

Morrissey

poor people were without a priest all during the war, except for a short visit from a Chinese priest.

Now they are being visited regularly. Every Thursday Fr. Morrissey starts out from his central stationthe city of Tungyang — with his zealous catechist and pays a visit to one or other of the many missionstations of the district, returning on the following Monday. Father Moriarity went in his jeep to visit him a few days ago and brought him provisions. He then paid a missionary visit to the Little Flower Parish. the one for which Sr. St. John is praying. He visited not only the different villages, but also every Christian family, saying Mass and administering the Sacraments. hope eventually he is stationed permanently in that district which contains, scattered here and there, over 500 Catholics and hundreds of thousands of pagans. It is half way between here and Lishui.

The other day, on cleaning up one of the rooms, we found a few little pillars, carved and gilded, all that is left of the five beautiful altars that were in our church. I felt sad seeing them, like the Jews, on their return to Jerusalem from exile, beholding their temple and altar in ruins. But some day like them, please God, we will have handsome new altars.

While I was standing at the gate supervising some repair work, a

A Widow and Her Son beggar woman came up with a little boy. She threw herself on her knees before me and implored me to give her a little rice as they

were starving. She said she was a widow with no means of support. She had walked six miles to the city to beg. At home she left an only daughter eleven years old, hired out to a neighbour to mind a cow, getting her food as wages. I gave her a big bowl of raw rice. She was profuse in her thanks. Our washerwoman, who was standing by, followed suit in bringing her a bowl of cooked rice with greens on top, and a pagan neighbour seeing it, was also moved to pity and brought a bowl of hot rice with sliced potatoes for the little boy. Thus charity, as well as rice, is contagious. I invited them inside to be seated and eat their rice

C H I N A

Established 1919

Editors:

D. E. Stringer; F. T. O'Grady Circulation Manager: J. L. Beal

Subscription rates:

\$1.00 a year \$2.00 for 3 years \$20.00 for life Single copy 15 cents.

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August.

Address all communications to Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Printed by Garden City Press Cooperative, Toronto 1, Ont. 12

Vol. XXVIII

No. 3

at ease. I noticed the woman had very sore eyes-almost blind with trachoma. I told her she ought to see a doctor; but that was out of the question, she had no rice to eat, she said, let alone pay doctor's bills. She could hardly believe her ears when I told her to come again to-morrow and I would send her to the doctor and pay the bill. "And your little nine-year-old son, does he go to school?"-the same answer-pover-There are no free schools in China. "Well, then, when we open a school, which I hope will be in the near future, he can come and I will not charge him for books or board." The poor woman went away dumbfounded; she never imagined that in the whole world there was such generosity, having been up against misery, misfortune and callousness all her life. Now a ray of hope entered her life. "I have met with good luck", she exclaimed in a pagan sense. "No", I said, "refer your thanks to the God of Heaven", which she did by joining her hands and bowing her head. The next day Dr. Wong treated her eyes, but he said that she would need a specialist.

Near our entrance lives a pagan family engaged in the manufacture

of firecrackers — they turn out about forty cannon crackers a day.

As we gradually con-

sume the canned provisions we got in Shanghai-gift of the U.S. and Canadian forces-the little children and adults, too, beg us for the empty tins, which are at a premium around here. The home in question consists of father, mother the woman who gave the bowl of rice), three little children, the oldest a girl of nine, and an old workman. The little ones often come to our yard to play. I gave the girl a couple of empty tins; she could not run fast enough to hand them to her father. He is no softy. Somebody stole the tins. He caught the thief, tied him to a post and beat him up. In this he was following Chinese custom when a thief is caught red-handed. The little girl told me they were going to have chicken for dinner and showed it to me all ready for the pot. "Then you get a piece", I said. "Oh, no, my father will eat it all". There is a big hog wallowing outside their door. They intend to kill it at New Year's. Then, no doubt, the whole family will get meat.

Don't worry about my health. I am in the best of condition—never felt better in all my life. Bishop Quinn, an American Vincentian Bishop of a neighbouring diocese, called in the other day on his way back from America. He flew from America to Shanghai, as he could not obtain passage on a ship because

of the strike.

Sr. Macrina Jubilarian Offer my congratulations to Sr. Macrina on her Diamond Jubilee — I believe she is still at St.

Joseph's on-the-Lake.

Kinhwa, Che, December 9, 1946

Over 1,000 Students at Kinhwa University

KINHWA is becoming quite an important educational centre. A university has recently been established. It is called Hero University. after one of the revolutionaries who overthrew the Manchus in 1911. His name was "Hero". I visited the place a few days ago. It is a huge straggling structure with hundreds of rooms. Before the war it was one of the "model" prisons of China. For the past several months hundreds of workmen have been employed remodelling the place, so much so that it was hard to get workmen for our repair work, and wages went up. It now houses over a thousand students and classes have begun. As Sunday is a free day they go strolling through the city. Groups of them often visit our church. Yesterday I had a busy day entertaining them. They are getting very interested in our religion. I spoke for a long time to a group of seven, took them into the church, and explained to them the organization of the Catholic Church. We parted close friends. Three others who visited me a few days ago were at Mass yesterday. As far as we know, only two of the thousand students are Catholics. What a field for missionary labour. The washerwoman's son, who attends the Public School at my expense we have no Catholic school yet, since the war damaged the school buildings and dispersed the teachers—vesterday interested two of his little chums in our holy religion to such an extent that they bought Catechisms. Two

Life in China



No "retirement age" for the average Chinese.

other pagan school boys stuck their heads into the dining room while I was eating dinner. I told them to await me in the parlour. I found them interested in Msgr. McGrath's book "The Dragon at Close Range". Fine types of boys, intelligent, mannerly and so polite that I had difficulty in getting them to take a seat. (Eleven and fourteen years of age). Their tothers, both tax collectors, were well up in politics, the older being able to read the daily papers. We spoke on many subjects. I explained to them the falsity of Buddhism. There are thousands of such children in Kinhwa and vicinity attending public and private pagan schools. It seems to me on account of the scarcity of teachers and the high cost of salaries, all we can do did come down a little, and she went off rejoicing, wearing the warm coat. I have bought five bales of cloth to make clothes for the poor. In the winter those who can afford it wear long robes of cotton material padded with cotton wadding. Foreign style overcoats are also becoming common. In every way China is getting away from old styles and old ideas. Now vast numbers of people have an idea of the true God. It will not be long before we witness mass-conversion of the Chinese. Chiang-Kai-Shek, the head man of the Chinese Republic, has issued a Chinese translation of the Bible, and this Xmas is distributing 5,000,000 copies as a gift to the soldiers. A new translation of the psalms by a famous Catholic savant. Dr. Wu.

Young Father: "In your sermon this morning you spoke about a baby being a new wave on the ocean of life."

Minister: "That's right."

Young Father: "Don't you think a fresh squall would have been nearer the truth?"

for the near future is to have a boarding school, teaching catechism, and during the day send our pupils to the nearest public school.

Yesterday three more of our catechist's children arrived—two girls and

Children Return a boy—they walked all the way from Pukiang, a distance of 45 miles —ages 15, 11 and 9. The inmates of our

compound are thus on the increase.

The beggar woman with sore eyes now comes to church every Sunday. Her eyes are better. It looks as though the eyes of her soul have also been opened. A week ago she came shivering with the cold; all she had on was a ragged cotton garment. I sent to the second-hand store for a jacket. We haggled over the price, which was high, so long that she thought the purchase was off. Falling on her knees before the merchant she besought him to reduce his price. He

appeared, with introductions by Chiang and Archbishop Yu-pin, and can be purchased in the book store on Main Street.

Fr. McKernan Father McKernan, who used to be parish priest of the Little Flower Shrine, Scarboro, is on his way

to Fukien to do UNRRA relief work. Our beautiful Infant Jesus for the crib disappeared during the Japanese occupation of our church. I am going to look through the stores for a suitable doll, but doubt if I can find one. Dolls are not in demand here where children are always carrying around their baby brothers, sometimes strapped to their backs. How they can run and jump with them, I do not know.

December 26, 1946

Christmas came and went. We had a good crowd at both the Midnight

Christmas in China

Mass and morning Masses and many went to Communion. Father Tcheng kindly stayed over for the Feast. I

said Midnight Mass and preached in the morning, the subject being the three births of Christ-His Eternal birth of the Father before all ages, His birth of the Blessed Virgin in Bethlehem, and His birth in our souls through sanctifying grace and Communion. According to the custom in China, the devotions were very long. They started at 8 p.m. Christmas Eve—prayers, sermons and hymns until Midnight Mass, after which another Mass of thanksgiving. It was two a.m. before we could retire. The altar was nicely decorated with flowers, and a bright mantle lamp illuminated the body of the church; a volley of firecrackers was exploded. Everyone was furnished with a bowl of hot rice. Some returned to their homes to sleep, but many lived too far away in the country and had to be put up for the night in our buildings. Fortunately the weather was mild. It was necessary to rent quilts, but we could only obtain five. With these, three or four to the quilt, and the bedding and straw mattresses we furnished, they passed the rest of the night. In anticipation of this festival, two dilapidated buildings had been prepared by putting in board windows, all the window panes having disappeared during the Japanese occupation. There were no beds, of course. Instead we spread straw mats on the floor. Wearing my purple robes, gift of the good Grey Nuns of Ottawa, I met all the Christians as they issued from the church on Christmas morning. There were smiles all around. All were Chinese except one, a French lady, whose husband teaches in the new Kinhwa



Music hath charms . . .

University. I wished her Merry Christmas in French. Her pretty baby boy, whom she was carrying, is the favourite of everybody-his face is so white and eyes so large, not like Chinese babies. brought me a loaf of home-made bread. We have no real bread, but get along with Chinese buns. These are not baked in an oven, but steamed over a boiler. To eat them hot or cold, as they come from the store, would give us white folks indigestion, but when halved and toasted they are not so bad. showed me how to bake bread and gave me some yeast. The cook and I attempted the operation, but it was a failure: bricks instead of loaves came out of the oven. Father Venadam, who is a first-class cook, sent me a small Christmas cake that he had baked himself.

The Church in China can now boast of important personages in the Government. An army officer in regimentals, wearing a heavy khaki overcoat, assisted at morning Mass on Christmas Day and chatted with us in the parlour. He seems to be a fine type of Catholic. No doubt he will exert an influence over his subordinates in favour of our religion. A few days ago we got a thrill-four Grey Nuns and Father Moriarity arrived by plane from Shanghai. They only took seventy minutes to make the trip. which by the precarious train and bus transportation would have taken three or four days. In a few hours they were loaded with their baggage on to a chartered bus and arrived in Lishui the same evening.

There are two shade trees in front of the rectory—soap trees. They bear berries about the size Wax from plums; the skin

transparent. The interior pulp can be used to wash clothes. Many children are busy gathering them. I

gave them a welcome shower by appearing at an upper window with a long bamboo pole. One feels so sorry for these little pagan children; they are so pleasant and well mannered, and yet so far from God. There is also another peculiar tree that grows in this region—the wax tree; the berries are white, about the size of peas. The white substance that covers the stone is pure wax or tallow. Out of this is made the candles so extensively used in China, as beeswax is no longer procurable. We also use these candles on the altar.

The UNRRA Relief Society gave us 1,000 pounds of rice to distribute

among the poorer members of our congrega-Aid to tion; the distribution China was made in an elaborate fashion. The Director of

the Governing Party's Bureau and a representative of the Mayor assisted. Each recipient was fingermarked on three forms. ceiving his portion he would bow and express his thanks to these officials, who sat at an accounting table, but they told him to thank me and not them—Chinese politeness. I had spoken to the Director, before the distribution, on religion and given him a treatise on the true church. He was guite interested and I saw him showing the book to the other official and reading it when the rice was being weighed.

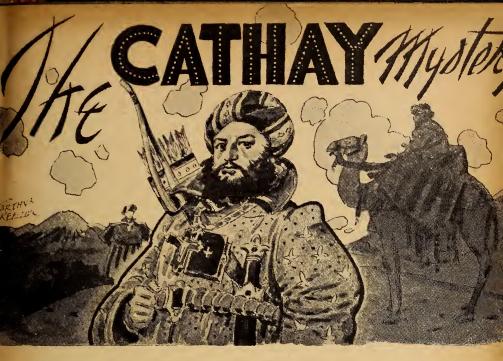
December 23rd brought the lowest temperature so far, one degree below freezing. Happy New Year to all.



Page Eight

a Tree!

CHINA



A MAN in white cassock strode along the hall of the Jesuit missionhouse in Goa and stopped before a door marked, "Father Pimenta, Superior." He smoothed his grey hair and adjusted his cincture before drumming his fingers on the panel. Then turning the handle, he crossed the threshold.

"You wanted to see me, Father?" "Yes, Brother. Sit down please!" From his desk Father Pimenta picked up a long envelope. "Brother," he asked, slipping his fingers into the envelope and drawing out a letter, "how would you like to turn explorer?"

Brother Goes frowned.

Smiling, Father Pimenta slowly unfolded the letter into Roman size. "Explorer of Christ!" he mused. "Sounds pretty romantic, doesn't it, Brother?" He handed the letter to Brother Goes. "It's from Father Provincial."

The grey head of Brother Goes bent over the neat handwriting. The frowns deepened, then gradually vanished. "The Cathay Mystery,"

he murmured, half-aloud.

Father Pimenta scrutinized Brother's face. There was no change in the ruddy complexion. "Well, what do you think, Brother?"

Brother Goes looked up, a glow in his gray eyes. "I'm perfectly ready, Father."

"You know what it means-sacri-

fice, suffering, maybe death?"

"Yes, Father, I know." The glow in his eyes brightened. "I see now," he continued, smiling a half-smile, "that my experience in the Portuguese colonial army is not going to be altogether useless."

"Nor your wandering over half of Persia before God caught up with you," added the Father, a playful

twinkle in his eye.

Brother Goes laughed. "Yes, that too." Again he scanned the letter. "I see he wants me to get ready as soon as possible."

'Yes, Brother, you are to begin preparing immediately. Get all you

need for the journey."

Both rose. The Brother gripped the extended hand of his superior. "Best of luck, Brother. God bless you!"

"Thank you, Father."

With all the enthusiasm of a boy, Brother Goes set about learning all he could about the lost kingdom of Cathay. Long into the night, by the flickering light of a candle, he poured over dusty books and yellowed documents. He learned that Marco Polo, near the end of the thirteenth century, had divided the Mongol Khan's dominions into a northern part which he called Cathay, and a southern part which he named Manzi. The people of Europe read Polo's book and came to think of Cathay as an independent kingdom. Then the Ming isolationists ousted the Mongols and a long night settled upon Cathay and its Franciscan missions begun in 1294. And gradually the kingdom of Cathay slipped into the mists of oblivion.

A new burst of discovery sent voyagers in search of this geographical will-o'-the-wisp. But they found no trace of Cathay and its storied cities of Cambaluc and Cansay; they found only China and its great cities of Peking and Hang-chow. Nonplussed, the cartographers transferred Cathay to the far north, beyond the Yellow Rilver and the Great Wall of China.

Goes traced out on maps the ground Marco Polo had travelled some three hundred years before—over the Khyber Pass to Kabul, across the terrible Hindu Kush mountains to Yarkland and Korla.

This done, Goes journeyed to Lahore to make immediate preparations for the expedition. He was to play the role of a merchant, so he let his hair and beard grow, changed his cassock for a cabaia and turban of a Moor, collected a number of bales and packages. A sword in his sash and a bow and arrows over his shoulders completed his disguise. In his turban, he hid a memorandum from the Archbishop of Goa treating

of the schisms among the people of Cathay, and a copy of his vows. On his breast he wore a crucifix and the Bible.

A day in February, 1603, saw Goes and three Christian companions—Senior Grimon, a Greek merchant named Demetrius, and a certain Isaac from Armenia—mount their camels and join a caravan jogging out into the great unknown.

At a halt some two hundred miles from Lahore, Goes scrawled a few

lines to Father Pimenta:

"During the day we fast, taking our meal only at night. Though we have to pay much for it, our fare consists only of a little rice with ghee, some coarse cakes and some onions. If we can get a little salt fish we count it a treat, though it causes thirst. The cold is very severe, for we are passing mountains covered with snow."

As the caravan threaded its way through the wild mountain country and over the Khyber Pass, robbers harried it from bush and height, often rolling boulders down from the mountain-sides on the baggage animals in the ravines below. Sometimes Goes and his companions had to fight pitched battles in narrow passes. Then would he recall the conversation in Father Pimenta's office and smile a half-smile.

At Kabul the vision of the journey ahead lost all its glow for the merchants, and the caravan broke up. Demetrius and Grimon followed suit. Isaac as faithful as a shadow alone stayed with Goes. For eight long months Goes tarried in this fantastically Mohammedan capital, before moving north again with a new caravan, the terrible Hindu Kush mountains looming up in the distance—mountains that were rampant with marauding robbers.

Up on Pamir Plateau — often draped with clouds—Goes contracted a mountain sickness that caused his frozen nose to bleed profusely.

His complexion was no longer ruddy—but a ghastly grey. In the rarified atmosphere of that empty waste of rock and ice, he coughed and wheezed; his breath came in short laboured gasps. Racked with fever, numb with cold, he plodded on. . . . The Cathay mystery must be solved.

Beards hoary with frost, eyes glazed with fatigue, the phantom-like company straggled over the hump of the mountain range, some 1,600 feet in the sky. In the ears of all, but dully as if from afar off, sounded the roar of waterfalls, and as they crossed frozen rivers, the rushing water underneath gurgled treacherously close to the surface. Then of a sudden, calamity struck. Isaac's camel slipped and stumbled on the ice, hurtling him through the air. The thin surface of the ice splintered under the weight of his fall. Calling upon a mysterious source of strength, Goes leaped from his mount and plunged into the frosty waters. For eight hours, all the late afternoon some bread and sweet-meats.



. . . calamity struck . . .

and on into the night, Goes gave his friend artificial respiration, snatching him from the very brink of the

grave.

"What happened? Where am I?" Isaac mumbled as his eyes fluttered open. The pungent taste of blood was in his mouth. When he recognized his friend bending over him, a painful smile curved his chapped lips. "Please, Brother," he begged in a whisper, "when the caravan starts in the morning, leave me here to die."

Goes shook his head. "No, Isaac. We've gone this far together, and

we'll go on to the end."

Murmuring occasional short prayers, together they shivered the long

night through.

Morning found them again on the trail. The caravan moved ever more slowly. Discouragement ran high. With Yarkland still some distance away, the Oriental merchants gave up; their endurance had reached a breaking-point. Death was slowly but surely etching its mask upon their faces. But Goes was determinmined not to die without a struggle. He called Isaac aside. your best to rally their spirits. I'm going to try to make Yarkland." Isaac grasped the Brother's hand and their eyes locked in an understanding farewell.

Four days later, just at nightfall, Isaac and the merchants heard the faint pounding of hoofs. Their eyes lit up and many a man among them shed tears of joy—Goes had saved

them.

News that a "hated western infidel" had arrived was noised about in Yarkland, and death lurked for Goes around every corner and in the shadows of every alley. But instead of fleeing he walked right into the cannon's mouth by going to the royal palace, bearing his gifts. He offered the king a watch, one large and three small mirrors, a silken cloth to spread over the royal dais,

king accepted them graciously, but he wanted more. He had heard that the stranger possessed other treasures, a book and an object of devotion. Slyly, he asked for these, too. Goes hesitated. . . . Would the crucifix and Bible anger the king? Could he bluff his way out of danger? He would trust in God. Reverently, with the eyes of the whole court fixed on him, Goes reached inside his cabaia, drawing forth his crucifix and Bible. The Bible he kissed and placed on his head. A courier came forward, took the Bible and handed it to the king. Curiously, he flipped through the pages. All searched his face for the least signs of displeasure. The king looked up, his gaze riveted on Goes. "Read to us!"

Goes stepped forward, and opened the Bible at random, intoning with great solemnity the first passage to meet his eye, "Men of Galilee, why do you stand looking up to Heaven?" The emotion in his voice moved the Moors to tears and sighs. They asked the meaning of the words, and Goes rejoiced to speak on Christ's ascension. The infidels looked at one another in wonder, and the king cried out, "What a marvellous thing is this!" This consoled Brother Goes for the precious delay in the solution of the Cathay mystery.

As at Kabul, the delay was due to difficulties in forming a caravan. This one was particularly hard to form because it could not enter proud, mysterious Cathay except in the guise of an embassy bringing homage and tribute to the sovereign. So Goes had to beg the necessary jade, diamonds, knives, and horses. But at last the caravan departed, taking Goes and Isaac over miles of grim lonely wastes, across rocky spurs, through desert sands and stony gorges to the station of Korla.

Here, some Moslem merchants, friends of Father Ricci—a Jesuit in Peking—greeted Goes and gave him a scrap of paper upon which were scrawled a few words in Portuguese. "From Father Ricci," they explained.

Slowly, Goes read them . . . then reread them. A few questions . . . and the light streamed through. The

Cathay mystery was solved.

With the strain past, Goes felt wave after wave of nostalgia break over him. Again he read the beloved Portuguese, fondling each word. Three years had passed since his departure from Lahore, three years of loneliness and heartache, without Mass or sacraments, without sanctuary or shrine, only the crucifix at his breast. All along the way he had doged death under every shape and form, in mountain pass and desert waste and city street. Now he hungered for all he had left-his Lord, the quiet of the cloister, the company of his brethren. At all costs, he must see Father Ricci at Peking.

Driven on by this craving, Goes called Isaac and formed a small party, and at evening their camels padded out into the empty expanse of the Gobi Desert. By day they hid in sand dunes and by night they rode in deathly silence to escape the attention of roving Tartan bands.

After one black night of riding, the party halted. As it was still dark, Isaac in search of Goes moved among the men tethering their camels. He looked, he inquired, but found no trace of Goes. He called softly into the darkness, thinking that perhaps he was nearby. But he heard only the hollow, almost eerie, echo of his own voice. peered about him. A small fire blazed; the others were preparing to eat. The gnawing pain in the pit of his stomach increased. The camels chewed sleepily. The sky was still pitch black. Too black, he feared. The blackest black that warned of coming dawn. . . . Soon the Tartars would be abroad. Isaac hesitated . . .

(Continued on page 23)

CHINA



IGHT now it may not feel too much like baseball here in Canada, especially with our attention focussed on the Dominion hockey finals and the Stanley Cup playoffs. But way down south, the Major League Ball clubs are hard at spring training. Managers are looking over rookies, rookies are looking over regulars, and regulars are looking over contracts. Every day the sport news relates that another player has signed on the well-known "dotted line". When a rookie signs, he is officially launched on his career, hoping for fame and fortune in the Big League.

In the life of a Seminarian the coming of spring signifies that he is approaching the end of another year of training in his preparation for the Priesthood. It may mean that he is on the very threshold of his career as a priest, that he is about to sign a life-time contract with Christ. For every Seminarian it means that he is a step closer to the day when he will be no longer merely in training, but really in action in The Big League—the biggest League there is. There, the stakes are not games but souls

won or lost. There, one does not seek fame and fortune, but the interests of Christ and the Church.

The poet Benen has expressed it in his poem on The Missionaries:

"The traders go for treasure that the worm will take by stealth

And death will come to cheat them of the whole;

But these win prize eternal, seeking out another wealth,

They have guessed the blinding value of a soul."

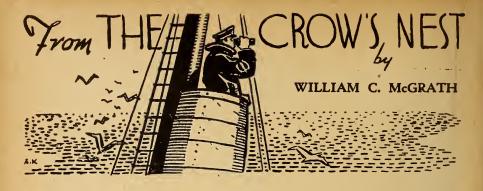
Although you may not be able to become a rookie in the Major Leagues because you lack the qualifications they require, you may rate as a recruit in The Big League of which we have been speaking. Think it over and drop us a line if you are interested in becoming a foreign missionary priest.

If you desire information about becoming a missionary of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society write as soon as possible to Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Mother: "I'm so glad, twins, you're sitting quietly and not disturbing daddy while he has his nap."

Twins: "Yes mummy, we're watching his cigarette burn down to his fingers."

CHINA



WE had a visitor from Chili the other day, a priest who is on his way to Antigonish to make a study of the co-operatives, with a view to "doing something" along similar lines in his own country. He was, he told us, very much impressed with Canada, especially with the religious spirit of the people and the number of young men in our seminaries. In South America, it seems, vocations are few and the need for priests is little short of appalling. He quoted from Father Considine's recent book, "Wanted, 40,-000 priests," and went on to say that the figure was too low. 100,000 priests were needed in South America if the people were to be saved to the faith.

It seems that the missionaries of many non-Catholic denominations are making a real attack on South America. They are not making many converts but they are succeeding in stirring up a great deal of antagonism to the Church, destroying the simple faith of many people and giving them nothing to take its place. His story reminded us of the quip once made by a fallen-away French Catholic who was once set upon in a smoking car by an evangelist who wanted to "save" him through adherence to his particular denomination. "Monsieur," he replied, "I may have lost my faith but I have not lost my reason." It is

probably that way in South America in many instances. None too well grounded in a rational Catholicity, unable at times to give a convincing reason for the faith that is in them, they are only too often ready victims to the specious arguments of the evangelists. We reminded the youthful Father that the strength of the faith in Canada, which he so greatly admired, was largely due to the fact that we have thrived in an atmosphere of antagonism, developed at an early age a sort of contact immunity to the slings and arrows of anti-Catholic propaganda.

100,000 priests for South America. What could we do to help. Not very much at the moment. Not so long ago Father Chafe, Mission Superior in Santo Domingo, told us that he could place 100 priests immediately if they were available. We have had requests from four South American Bishops for immediate help.

Then, of course, of prime importance, is our work in China. Were one to compute the number of priests needed there the figures would be astronomical. Bishop YuPin, in an article in Life that you have probably read, assures us that the Church is on the threshold of great spiritual conquests in his native land. Priests and still more priests will be needed, he told us

on the occasion of his recent visit to Canada. With less than one percent of China's teeming population converted to the true faith it is not hard to realize that fifty foreign mission seminaries in Canada would not be too many if we are to do our part in the conversion of the Orient. Fifty, you may say, is fantastic. Well, twenty years ago there were thirty-seven such seminaries in Holland, a country whose population is about the same as Canada. In those days we were hard put to keep our own Seminary functioning, beset as we were by the difficulties inseparable from all pioneer ventures. But now . . . thank God there is no scarcity of vocations.

This year we have twenty-three young men in our Novitiate at St. Mary's and twenty-seven at Scarboro Bluffs. It is not too much to expect that we shall be able to average at least twenty new men each year and we hope to increase that figure substantially. From which you can easily see that we have to get busy here right away and provide accommodation for the young men who are willing to devote their lives to the work of the missions. Already we are wondering just who is going to have to sleep in the hall when St. Mary's Novices come to the Seminary here next Fall. There is absolutely no possibility of having an extension built by that time even though the blueprints are ready. What of the next year? And the And the time when there will be nearly one hundred young men in philosophy and theology at Scarboro Bluffs?

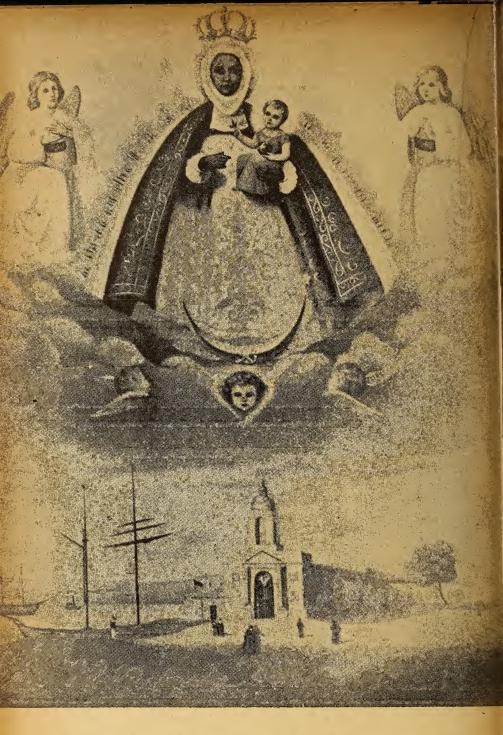
Dear readers, I am not trying to give you any sort of sales talk. Our need is really urgent and we must provide new seminary accommodation at the very latest by a year from September. That means we must get busy right away. The estimated cost of our new building is between one hundred and fifty thousand and two hundred thousand dollars. This demand confronts us at a time when the financial problem of supporting our priests in China is about ten times as great as in normal times, due largely to the inflation which has sent prices soaring beyond anything ever seen before.

Two dignitaries of the church and a layman were golfing one day recently. One rector made a particularly bad shot and the layman asked: "Don't you feel like swearing when that happens?"

And the rector replied with heat: "I don't swear, but I spit—and where I spit no grass ever grows."

We need your help, right away. If we are to do our part in the immediate future the problem will not be in finding generous young men who are prepared to devote their lives to mission work but, literally, in finding a place whereon they can lay their heads. Can you send us a donation today? the smallest will be gratefully accepted but a few hundred dollar or thousand dollar contributions would be a very welcome boost. Somewhere in your home or office you have victory bonds, purchased as part of your effort to win a great war for human freedom. That war has been won. But the bonds could still be put to work in another great cause whose results will be computed in values that are eternal. It is the war that never ends, the battle for immortal souls redeemed by the Sacrifice of Calvary. Can you help us . . . today?





The Virgin of Regla

Page Sixteen China

The Tradition of

The Virgin of Regla

As told by Mr. Santiago Inchaustegui to Rev. J. Fullerton, S.F.M., pastor at Bani

HE veneration of the most hely Virgin of Regla is the most brilliant prototype of all the praise that the Christian soul can attribute to such an amiable protector and mother. She is rule, life and perfection for all believers who invoke her and under this particular title she is represented as being black in colour. God, in creating her, made her a resume of all the virtues, in order to later proclaim her Queen, Virgin, and

Mother of all christians.

Her veneration in the African Church is most ancient, dating from the beginning of the fifth century, when St. Augustine, Archbishop of Hippo, had the first statue of the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of Regla made, in order to venerate her in his private oratory. In this epoch the collapse which the Church suffered in Africa was approaching, and it was then that the Virgin worked a great miracle. Rather than see her statue profaned by the vandalism of the enemy, she preferred to be buried for centuries, in order later to be the glory of the Christian religion and civilization. The statue was transferred from Africa in holy flight, according to one opinion by Augustinian monks, and according to another by the canons of the Church in Africa. This change of place was most beneficial to the spread of her devotion, honour, and greater glory, for she was brought to the famous coastal town of Chipiona (in Spain), where she was more venerated and acclaimed than in Africa. During a period of two hundred years, canons, monks and seculars obtained thousands of miracles through her intercession; many blind recovered their sight. many deaf received the faculty of hearing, many lame people walked, prisoners received their much desired liberty, many shipwrecked saved their lives, so much so that mariners have proclaimed the Virgin of Regla their patroness in time of danger. Finally the narrative of her miracles tells us that many earthquakes were lessened in intensity through her intercession.

Then came the fall of Spain, through the invasion of the Arabs. called in his epoch Saracens, and the statue of Regla was hidden for many centuries in a cistern on the beach of Chipiona and later restored in the following manner.

Miraculous Recovery of Statue

There is a well-known and documental tradition that during the 13th century the Virgin appeared to a canon of Leon in his sleep and told him the place where the statue lav hidden, and commanded him to search for it and restore it to its sanctuary and venerate it.

The pious servant of the Lord did not delay in fulfilling the command of the Virgin and immediately set out for the beach of Chipiona. Arriving at the site revealed by the Virgin, this chosen servant, according to tradition, exhorted the sky, the earth and the sea, asking the resting place of the Virgin, his body prostrate on the golden sand. Then his senses became clouded, and he fell into a profound sleep at the foot of a vine, whose roots were intertwined among hard thorns. Then a voice came from the skies, waking him from his sleep and saying: "This is my place". Instantly the chosen servant began to separate the rocks that enclosed the cistern, discovering in it the resplendent image of the Virgin of Regla.

Devotion Spreads to America

The famous Columbus discovering the New World founded the city of La Isabela, the first Christian city of the Dominican Republic and the New World, and the first Mass was celebrated in the New World by Father Boil, on the 5th of January, 1494, who arrived in the recently discovered territory with six more priests, with the intention of converting the Indians to the Catholic religion, in conformity with the wishes of Queen Isabela. This is the happy beginning of Christianity in

Spanish America.

As time went by colonization increased so that around 1600 there existed the village of Bani, which in the religious sphere belonged to Los Inzenios, now the city of San Cristobal. In 1683 Bani was separated from San Cristobal and formed into the Parish of Our Lady of Regla, Fray Domingo, Fernandez being Archbishop of Santo Domingo.

The historian Fray Cipiano de Vtrera writes that the Virgin of Regla was chosen as patroness of Bani eighty years before it was formed into a town. I now give my opinion that the devotion to Our Lady of Regla in Bani was the work of religious of the Society of Jesus, for I have read ancient documents which prove members of that order were established in that place.

Every year, on November 21st, day of the Presentation, the enthusiastic town of Bani celebrates with great religious rejoicing the traditional feast in honour of her holy

patroness.

The Laymen's Committee for China presents

THE IRISH FESTIVAL

Massey Hall, Toronto, Monday Evening, Mar. 17
Produced under the Direction of Lenard Casey

this year's programme features many outstanding professional artists:

Larry Hindle famous impersonator and star of the Army Show The Four Gentlemen well-known quartette of radio fame Sandra Spafford specialist in Irish dances

Doug Romaine Pantomimist

and a full twenty-piece orchestra.

RESERVED SEATS \$1.00

GENERAL ADMISSION 50c

Reserved tickets on sale at cigar counter, King Edward Hotel.

Page Eighteen



THE CHINESE MIND. By Gung Haing Wang. The John Day Co., New York. \$2.75.

This is a book which every one preparing to go on the Chinese missions—or for any other purpose should read and study. The author is the Chinese Consul at New Orleans, Louisiana, and is well qualified to write such a book. He has had wide travel experiences and lecture engagements in many large American cities—telling his audience what they most want to know about China. Chinese philosophy has been his greatest hobby for sixteen years and the writing of this volume has been a distinct delight and pleasure to him.

The returned missionary who has spent many years in China is delugedwith questions regarding his workthe Chinese people—what are they like and how you get along with them-and other such questions often repeated and as faithfully answered, until you are at the point of suffocation. This book answers all these questions and goes further and a little deeper into some of the fundamental questions. The Birth of Chinese Thought, and why the Chinese of to-day think as they do what is it that has shaped their thoughts-their customs and habits which we find in them at the present day. You will want to know the best possible answers to these questions and this book offers a succinct and thought provoking answer.

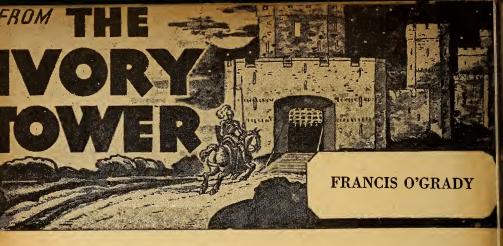
Another very important matter which is in the limelight to-day is

the question of Chinese Democracy. Traces of democracy and democratic thinking are found among the writings of ancient Chinese philosophers — notably Mencius — and the question often asked the Author is "Since China developed a democratic thought at so early a date why is it that now she is unstable and has such an un-democratic government? The answer to this question will be found where the author treats of Mencius the founder of Chinese Democracy.

The book is well divided and arranged into three books: The Founders of Chinese Thought: The Shift To Confucianism: The begin-

ning of a New Era.

With the amount of literature now accessible on the Orient and with the tales of our returned service men. no one need now be under any illusion as to the real facts regarding China or any other of the Asiatic countries. In the chapter "An Appraisal of China" the author describes the feelings of the American or European when he first lands in the Flowery Kingdom. I can verify these statements as they were my sentiments when I arrived in Shanghai twenty years ago. But these sentiments changed with more familiar contacts with the people and when I became adjusted to the manners, customs, and language of the country, life became pleasant and agreeable. This last chapter of the book makes it most valuable for the young missionary and for others who may be contemplating taking up life work in China.—Vincent Morrison.



THE month of March brings with it the feast-day of St. Thomas Aquinas, patron saint of Catholic philosophers and theologians. The tradition which has carried on his mode of thought is called Thomism and is found in every Catholic school in the world. No thinker has been able to contribute so much not only by the content of his teaching but also by the method left behind to deal with problems arising after he would be long dead.

Every Catholic student has heard these thoughts expressed so often that he is almost bored by their repetition; they are here merely by way of stagesetting, by way of introduction to Professor Irwin Edman, of Columbia University, a highly reputed contemporary philosopher. His latest book, 'Philosopher's Quest' is to be published this month by Viking Press. Previously written was 'Philosopher's Holiday' which you may have heard mentioned.

Professor Edman taught a course at Columbia entitled or listed as Introduction to Philosophy. There were 3 classes per week for a full year. During that time the students were introduced to the thought of all the philosophers whose names are known to the board of 'Information Please'. The leaders of each 'school' were discussed by Professor Edman, their personal habits, family ties, finally

their thought as expressed in their best known works. As each great philosopher was presented, the professor did his best to give the man a most favourable interpretation, a sympathetic understanding, what a vulgar person might call a good build up. He explained Hume's notion of cause, that events merely succeed one another and when there is noticeable a regular recurrence of A followed by B, we then are in the habit of expressing this by the statement: A is the cause of B, but it does NOT imply a real influence of A on B, merely that we notice a rather constant relationship. He explained Mill's notion of the good measured by Utility; useful means good and useless means bad. A good selection of examples convinces one of the truth of this. Any examples which might come to mind to show the absurdity of such a principle were sedulously avoided.

Schopenhauer and Hegel

In a course introducing the philosophers and their philosophies, Professor Edman thought it best to have his students see the world through the disillusioned eyes of the pessimists Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, later through the professionally optimistic eyes of Hegel. If Plato must be classed as an idealist, then on that day Edman was an idealist. Next class he might have to be a

materialist with Lucretius. Like a good actor, interpreting different roles with sympathy and energy as required, the professor dramatized the views of the great names.

The Great Books

A similarly impartial scheme using the great classical books in every field of learning is in operation at St. John's College, Annapolis.

Stringfellow Barr and Scott Buchanan and Robert M. Hutchins have felt very strongly on the point that education must be reformed so that students are introduced to all that great minds have discovered so as to allow them the benefit of progress made before they begin life on their own. Messrs. Barr and Buchanan have carried out their ideals at Annapolis and Mr. Hutchins has recently left the University of Chicago to bring the HUNDRED

stories were told to excite admiration rather than imitation. Eventually the stories became so "tall" that they lost all value. Today, it is the fashion to be factual, even or must we say especially about the seamy side of a man's life. Thus more people read about St. Augustine's life of sin than his later life of virtue; the latter is considered dull whilst the former is 'exciting'. Professor Edman would feel duty bound to give both sides, possibly leaving the impression that his vice was the cause of his later virtue!

The Unity of Philosophy

Among the Catholic writers, Mr. Gilson stands as a leader in the field of the history of philosophy. One of his very best books is 'The Unity of Philosophical Experience'. In it Professor Gilson insists that the great problems of philosophy have been

Proprietor—You come into my restaurant, you order a glass of vater, you drink it, and you calmly valk out!

Scot-What were ye expectin' me to do, mon? Stagger oot?

BOOKS to the average American citizen. A list was made of the 100 books which are the real classics of all time and the contention is that they contain the sum of human wisdom thus far attained. If a young man starts his life knowing what is in them, he may go far. So the theory says anyway.

Professor Edman has much in common with the names just men-All of these men feel it necessary to introduce the student mind to his intellectual heroes. Moreover, each hero must be presented in such a way as to appeal to the student. He must be seen as a great man or he will not impress. We are reminded of the way the lives of the saints used to be written! Fantastic legends were coined out of the imagination to impress the reader with the marvelous powers of whatever saint was under discussion; the more farfetched the better.

the same for the greatest minds, and that there is a corresponding unity manifested by their proposed solutions. True, in medieval philosophy, which was largely the product of Catholics, there are divergencies but there is a common denominator, a common concern with the same issues and above all an agreement on STANDARDS.

\$64 Question: What Is Your Standard

When the professor at Columbia teaches his students the thought of a materialist, they are likely to be impressed, swayed, possibly lured into being incipient materialists. The next class the impartial professor may be selling idealism! The third day it's monism (all things are really one thing, matter and spirit are not essentially different, etc.) and perhaps the fourth day it's dualism (matter opposed to spirit). By the end of a month, the students wonder

where they are going. Then they wonder finally whether their professor will tell them what he believes or if he has any convictions at all. How is one to judge, or what is the standard? Worst of all, is it possible that there is no standard?

The Irish Catholic Boy

Mr. Edman tells us that in his class there was a boy by the name of Farrell. We are also told that this boy "has come a long way this term. He has managed to keep his faith out of it for the most part". Towards the end even Mr. Farrell can stand it no longer; his patience exhausted, he asks: "This is all very confusing. We've had a dozen different philosophies all term. Is one of them true? Or none? To think of it makes one seasick." Another boy wondered why skepticism was not condemned as he could see no sense to it. A third asked what happiness was good for. The professor kept a discreet silence. After all it was only an introduction to philosophy; it was not indoctrination.

The Perils of Indoctrination

Freedom to think today is usually interpreted as the right to believe utter nonsense. To take a stand in the school, to teach that there are certainties, absolutes, unchanging elements, all this is thought to be EVIL. One who teaches these is guilty of the crime of indoctrination. To be burned at the stake is considered an adequate punishment . . . after torture, of course. That seems to be the chief charge against the Catholics. They teach absolutes: that there is a God, only One, there has always been and can only be One God. This is indoctrination of the worst sort! Progressive education would prefer us to teach that 'Many minds in the past have felt that there was only One God; then again there have always been atheists, in and out of foxholes.' We're not very progressive, it must be admitted, along such lines.

La Derniere Classe

Alphonse Daudet wrote a sad thing about the Last Class of the students in Alsace-Lorraine before the Germans took over in 1870. When I was a boy, on the last class of the year the teacher used to read this classic bit to us. Professor Edman had a different ending to his course. He outlined a philosophy of life beginning with the world that science reveals for our belief. concluded that there is no promise of immortality or of ultimate order or justice. However, he reminded his hearers of the delicacy, the scope, the variety of the pleasures open to the senses and the mind here below. His last sentence was a paraphrase of Erasmus' "Praise of Folly": "I hate a man that remembers what he hears. So drink hearty and live lustily, my most excellent disciples in

Thomism and Optimism

St. Thomas Aquinas did not pretend to have all the answers. the ones he did leave to us and above all the framework of method with the basic principles he worked out will never allow such a depressing conclusion as Professor Edman is forced to expound. Human nature never changes, we say, and that is precisely why we need standards, and these must be absolute, not changing like the weather. Although St. Thomas is long since dead, his philosophy is living and in such a changing world as ours, the need is greater than ever of reliable, unchanging, absolute standards overcome the pessimism which accompanies moral decay.

Minister: "Well, well, Dolly, so God has sent you two little baby brothers."

Little Girl: "Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from too, 'cause I heard Daddy say so."

CATHAY MYSTERY

(Continued from page 12)

but only for a moment. Again he saw Goes bending over him up in the Hindu Kush mountains; again he saw Goes riding posthaste for Yarkland. Feverishly, he untethered his camel, coaxed the beast to its knees, mounted, and quickly prodded it into a swift trot. With anxious eyes, he scanned the darkness, trying to look in all four directions at once. His hopes sank lower with each stride of the camel. From time to time he called softly, "Brother Goes! Are you there? It's me—Isaac." Suddenly, he heard a sound from off to one side. He whirled to meet it. At any instant he expected to hear the dread song of arrows. Breathless, he waited. Again came the sound ... the sound of a voice. Panicky, he imagined it to be the echo of his own voice coming to haunt him. It came again. . . . Stronger this time. The voice was mumbling something. Straining, he cupped his hand behind



Breathless, he waited.

his ear. Over the desert air came one word - "Jesus." Dismounting, Isaac inched forward . . . stumbled over a body. He fell to his knees. His fingers groped. "Thank God!" he exclaimed. The body was Goes. In a tearful ecstacy he embraced his friend. But suddenly he sobered. Hopefully, he looked about for the darker outline of a camel. But no, it must have fled after stumbling and toppling the weary Goes to the sand. The double burden would greatly slow up his own camel. In the east was already a streak of dawn. A frantic prayer rose to his lips, "Please, God . . ."

At each loping stride of the camel, a moan escaped the motionless body of Goes. All the while Isaac watched the eastern sky as shaft after shaft of light struck and gradually routed the darkness. But in the distance appeared the shape of a familiar sand dune. His hopes soared. Behind it would be stretched the bodies of his companions. He urged his camel forward . . .

Five days later, Goes—still feeling the effects of his fall - and Isaac passed through the Jade Gate of the Great Wall of China. At long last they had reached the mysterious kingdom of Cathay, which Goes now knew was nothing else than the empire of China. Towards the Christmas of 1605 they rode into Su-Chow. Here, Goes' health took a turn for the worse. He could not go on to Peking, the present name for the ancient storied city of Cambaluc. In three weeks a convert bearing letters from Father Ricci found Goes at the threshold of death.

On April 11, 1607, Brother Benedict Goes died. His funeral procession consisted of Isaac and the convert from Peking. His grave was but a small mound out on the drifting, wind-swept sands of the Cathay he rediscovered . . .

Bernard Bruneau, S.J.



Meet Your Chinese Neighbour

In China, Buds, we have what is called the Prayer-school. Every mission has at least one. To it come Chinese boys and girls to study religion and prepare for Baptism and First Holy Communion. The course lasts one year.

Many of these children must be cared for during this time because of the dire poverty of their parents, poverty which has been increased ten-fold by the eight long years of war which ravished their country.

Two dollars Canadian currency will pay the expenses of a boy or girl attending a Prayer-school for the required year. It's little enough, isn't it, less than a cent a day!

So get one of our MEET YOUR CHINESE NEIGHBOUR posters for your class or school. It tells you exactly what to do and how to do it. China's school children have little happiness. Let us tell them of Heaven's joys!

Our Magazine CHINA

During the last few months our Missionaries have been visiting different parishes in Ontario and speaking to the children in the schools. They were received enthusiastically wherever they went and our Rose Garden membership is growing at a great rate.

But it has been discovered that many of you boys and girls rarely see the CHINA, and therefore cannot follow Rose Garden activities regu-

Here is a suggestion I offer to you all which will, I am sure, help remedy the situation. Why not have your class subscribe to CHINA? It will only cost each one of you a few cents and all will have the pleasure of reading it each month and keeping up-to-date on Garden affairs. Talk it up among yourselves and follow the advice of your teachers. They have been grand and are our interested friends.

PEN PALS

Every month a number of letters come to me asking for names and addresses of pen pals. Please, girls and boys, look in the lists published every month and select your own. And now while I think of it, send in your picture and if it is clear enough I'll do my best to get it into the Garden columns.

QUICKIE QUIZ

Where and when is the Marian Congress to be held in Canada this year?



Dear Buds.

How is Lent going with you? Are you keeping your resolutions, trying to improve yourselves, and help others spiritually? This month. instead of just gossiping about this and that, let me tell you something of China's pagan children. It will, I hope, help you make your sacrifices more cheerfully.

Have you ever felt afraid of the dark? Or felt there was danger around you? Nothing you could put your finger on exactly and yet it seemed to be so real? So you whispered a prayer to your Guardian Angel and felt better right

away.

In China pagan children live in fear of evil spirits. Kuei they are called, and they go about seeking to harm people. So the Chinese believe. I have heard mothers over there trying to stop little ones crying by saying Kuei would hear. and, like the goblins, come gobble them up. Now you and I don't believe in goblins, but the Chinese do believe in wicked Kuei. And to make matters worse, they know nothing of Angel Guardians.

Not only little children are afraid of these KUEI. Grown girls and boys like yourselves are so too. That is why I wish I could take you all to China to see pagan children's faces light up with joy when they are told about the Angels; that each one of them has a beautiful Spirit who has nothing else to do but care for and watch over them; and, most important of all, who is

stronger and more powerful than all the evil KUEI put together. I wish too that you could listen to these same children as they excitedly talk about this heavenly news among themselves. That is only one of the joys of being a missionary, and all our Buds are missionaries, aren't they?

It's worth all our sacrifices, Buds, to bring China's Children the knowledge of Angels and of Heaven. And not only the knowledge of Heaven but the chance to get there

too.

The Angels of China's Children always see the Face of God. So our divine Lord tells us. They know how valuable the souls of these pagan children are in the sight of God.

So Buds, make your sacrifices joyfully, remembering the great happiness you are bringing to others. That's the great purpose of our Rose Garden, to bring happiness, eternal happiness, to others by our sacrifices.

'Bye for now and God bless you

and your loved ones.
Your friend always,

Father Jim.





Dear Fr. Jim,

We have filled our mite-boxes and now send you their contents to help China's Children. I am 13 years old and Marjorie is ten. We go to Immaculate Conception school.

Harold and Marjorie Power, Calvert, Nfld.

The fear of the KUEI is going to be dispelled from the hearts of many Chinese children because of the love in the hearts of Harold and Marjorie. God bless you both for what you have done!



Dear Fr. Jim,

I think CHINA is swell and I do want to join the Rose Garden and have lots of pen-pals. Please ask some Buds to write to me.

Sheila Moss, age 14,

Box 1003, Kelowna, B.C. Here's one of your best chances, Buds, to learn something about the Okanagan Valley, famous fruitgrowing district in Canada. And didn't I read something once about a sea-monster near there???



Dear Fr. Jim.

Here is my gift to help some school child in China to know and love God. I saved it by putting my pennies in the mite-box you sent me.

Terry Kehoe, age 14,

Read, Ont.

You certainly didn't lose any time, Terry, getting your mite-box filled! That's about the fastest piece of work I've seen in ages! But after what Fr. Stringer told me of Read's boys and girls I rather expected it. Bless you!



Dear Fr. Jim,

Marguerite, age seven, and I, age nine, are happy to send you this little gift. We say the Rosary every night. Barbara Larmand,

Victoria Harbour, Ont.

With a mother like you have, children, I am not the least surprised to see love of God and neighbour filling your hearts. Thank you one and all for what you are doing for China's Children and for us.

____ * *

Dear Fr. Jim,

This is the first time I have ever read CHINA. A friend gave me a back copy . . . and the Rose Garden is SO interesting I want to be a member.

> Jeannine Bergeron, age 15, 2059 St. Antoine St., Montreal, Que.

Hurrah for your friend, Jeannine, and for you too! Making new friends is one of life's happier activities. I hope you'll be with us a long time and in your turn will bring others to our Garden.



Meet Patricia, Buds, who is twelve years old and lives at Belle River, Ont. Pat is a tireless worker and wants to help China's Children as well as others. With energy like she has I expect she will be writing for one of our MEET YOUR CHINESE NEIGHBOR posters for her school. Congratulations, Pat, and I hope you will receive a whole lot of letters from our Buds.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Here is the renewal of Dad's subscription to CHINA and eight hundred stamps. Theresa sends three hundred more by another letter. She is now fourteen and would like some pen-pals. I am in Grade 2 now. Nellie Sears,

23 Aldershot St.,

St. John's, Nfld.
Thanks for everything girls. Please say hello to Bill, Gus and Sheila for me too. It was good of them to help save the stamps. Do you think your class or school would be interested in having a MEET YOUR CHINESE NEIGHBOUR poster? Ask teacher.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Here is the money from our mite boxes and our Christmas gifts helped fill them. May the children of China benefit from it.

Patsy, Tommy, Nancy Power, 122 Elm St.,

Halifax, N.S.

Your gift took my breath away, children! What a great number of sacrifices you must have made to make it so large. Thank you and God bless you all.

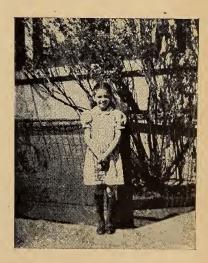


Dear Fr. Jim,

I have wanted to write you for ever so long. Please send me another mite-box if you have one handy. Here is my picture which you asked for.

> Barbara Gosselin, aged 9, 164 Montreal Rd., Eastview, Ont.

Below is a picture of Barbara who is doing much to help China's Children, Buds. She's the "little girl in calico" and as sweet as she looks, I'll bet. I think she is going to get a poster for her school. Want one, Barbara?



Barbara Gosselin

New Members and Pen Pals

Armstrong, Mary, 7, 42 Sececa Ave.; Baxter, Allan, 10, 69 Leonard Ave.; Baxter, Paul, 11, 65 Smirle Ave.; Beahen, Brian, 7, 16 Windsor Ave.; Beanent, Betty, 12, 354 Winston Ave.; Besnert, Warner, 8, 127 Hopewell Ave.; Brown, Connie, 9; Dickie, 8, 27 Roslyn Ave.; Burke, Brian, 11, 103 Hopewell Ave.; Coburn, Eddie, 10, 36 Bellwoods Ave.; Daley, Aelard, 10, 50 Glen Ave.; Dancey, Marilyn, 9, 53 Rosedale Ave.; Daprato, Betty Mir, 9, 53 Rosedale Ave.; Daprato, Betty Mir, 9, 53 Rosedale Ave.; Daprato, Betty Mir, Allan, 8, 428 Sunnyside Ave.; Dixon, Betty, 11; Albert, 12, 38; Stewart St.; Endicott, Joyce, 8, 448 Sunnyside Ave.; Ethier, Aime, 13, 1030 Echo Drive; Ferguson, Marie, 10, 57 Rosedale Ave.; Fergus, Marty, 9, 106 Fentiman Ave.; Ferguson, Francis, 7, 57 Rosedale Ave.; Finnessy, Patricia, 11, 35 Seneca Ave.; Fitzgerald, Ann, 10; Roberta, 8; Rowena, 8, 79 Ossington Ave.; Forbes, Tommy, 8, 49 Helmont Ave.; Fraser, David, 9, 68 Cameron Ave.; Furmston, Patricia, 11, 44 Aylmer Ave.; Goodwin, Alice, 8, 17 Windsor Ave.; Ethier, Madelaine, 14, 1030 Echo Drive; Ethier, Gangin, Nora, 13, 249 Cambridge Ave.; Gahagan, Nora, 13, 249 Cambridge Ave.; Gahagan, Nora, 13, 249 Cambridge Ave.; Goodwin, Alice, 8, 17 Windsor Ave.; Garrison, Agnes, 11, 134 Sunnyside Ave.; Goodwin, Douglas, 7, 17 Windsor Ave.; Going, Donna, 7, 512 Riverdale Ave.; Goons, Bobby, 10, 4 Windsor Ave.; Going, Donna, 7, 512 Riverdale Ave.; Goons, Bobby, 10, 4 Windsor Ave.; Grimes, Betty, 16; Maureen, 13, 146 Cowley; Halpin, Margaret, 12, 161 Carling Ave.; Higgins, Vincent, 12, 72 Brighton Ave.; Higgins, Vincent, 12, 73 Brinn, 13; Margaret, 11, 35 Belmont Ave.; Kehoe, Peter, 11, 170 Belmont; Kelly, Mirchy,

11, 1060 Bronson Ave.; Presey, Junior, 10; Lois, 9; Rose, 8, 16 Cameron Ave.; Proulx, Elaine, 7; Rene, 10; Monica, 12, 344 Riverdale Ave.; Proulx, Kenneth, 7, 90 live Ave.; Parent, Mary, 13, 815 Bridge Street; Paul, Harold John, 11, 542 Broadhead Ave.; Peters, Lorraine, 12, 28 Clarendon Ave.; Peters, Lorraine, 12, 28 Clarendon Ave.; Prendergast, Elizabeth, 11, 205 Faraday St.; Presley, Chas., 12, 16 Cameron Ave.; Quinn, John, 11, 79 Java St.; St. Jacques, 12, 89 Aylmer Ave.; Seaman, Donald, 11, 120 Aylmer Ave.; Seaman, Donald, 11, 120 Aylmer Ave.; Seaman, Donald, 11, 120 Aylmer Ave.; Seed, Joan, 12, 87 Grove Ave.; Sloan, Morie, 13, 156 Forward Ave.; St. Jacques, Derise, 7, 93 Fentiman Ave.; Starrazin, Lenore, 10, 49 Ossington Ave.; Stewart, Harvey, 10, 94 Riverdale Ave.; Street, Catherine, 7; Odile, 8, 36 Ossington Ave.; Smyth, Patricia, 15, 23 3rd Ave.; Strony, Helen, 10, 152 Rochester St.; Turner, Helen, 12, 8 Carleton Ave.; Thompson, Claude, 13, 585 O'Connor St.; Thompson, Garry, 13; Ross, 15, 191 First Ave.; Vandusen, Darcy, 15, 288 Daly Ave.; Vandusen, Darcy, 15, 288 Daly Ave.; Wade, Catherine, 11; Kerry, 7, 452 Sunnyside Ave.; Wood, Gerald, 15, 110 Sunnyside Ave.; Wood, Gerald, 15, 110 Sunnyside Ave.; Wood, Gerald, 15, 110 Sunnyside Ave.; MOOSE CREEK, ONT.

side Ave.

MOOSE CREEK, ONT.

Villeneuve, Murielle, 13, Moose Creek,

Villeneuve, Murielle, 13, Moose Creek, Ont.

MILDMAY, ONT.
Weber, Geraldine, 14, c/o Walter Weber, Mildmay, Ont.

MARTINTOWN, ONT.
LaLonde, C., 13, Martintown, Ont; Poirette, Muriel, 13, Martintown, Ont.

NELSON, B.C.
Hopward, Eileen, 13, 1221 Kootenay So.
NORTH HARBOR, ST. MARYS BAY, NFLD.
Dalton, Geraldine, 10, North Harbor.
NORTH BAY, ONT.
Drouin, Claudette, 12, 27 Beth Ave.; McKee, Bride, 9, 25 Beth Ave.; McKee, Sybil, 11, 26 Beth Ave.; Yesina, Vincent, 9, 209 Copeland Street.
NORTH RUSTICO, P.E.I.
McNeil, Elizabeth, 10; Carol, 9, North Rustico, P.E.I.
NORWICH, ONT.
Vermaerske, Irma, 11, R.R. No. 4, Norwich, Ont.

ROCKYFORD, ALTA
Stinn, Frederick, 13; Howard

ROCKYFORD, ALTA
Stinn, Frederick, 13; Howard, 12; Velker, Mildred, 12, Rockyford, Alta.

REF, Mildred, 12, Rockyford, Alta.

READ, ONT.

Power, Gerald, 14; Joan, 13, Read, Ont.

SYDNEY, N.S.

Hines, Mary, 13, 1050 George St.;

McInnis, Ann, 16, 8 Douglas St.; Siwak,
Anne, 14, 73 Ferris St.; Wall, Leo J., 8,
88 Inter Colonial St.

SEARSTOWN NEY D

SEARSTOWN, NFLD.
Poirier, Michael, 12, Searstown, Nfld.

QUICKIE QUIZ WINNER

(January)

Isabel Blackmore, 2 b Riverview Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld., age 12, won the draw among those sending in the correct answer to our January quickie quiz. Congratulations, IsaA Mission Vignette

Father John Gault (Cornwall, Ont.) writes from Santa Cruz del Seibo, Santo Domingo: "Last week I went on a very interesting mission trip. I had to use a strange horse a lazy brute. Tired myself out trying to spur it on. The night overtook us suddenly (as it is wont to do in the tropics) and we had to make our way through mud and thick jungle in pitch darkness. we neared our destination a group of men met us with torches and firecrackers. The latter made the poor horses jumpy. Within a few minutes we arrived at the scene of the "fiesta". The drums were rolling out their strange music while the people danced on the bare ground beneath a shelter of palm leaves. The only light was shed by the few torches. . . . As there was much feasting I made no attempt to call a halt for night prayers. The sacristan gave a few instructions for the following day, then we retired to our little house for the night. . . . I recited my Office by the dismal light of a small kerosene lamp. By nine o'clock, I think it was brighter outside the house than inside. A full moon had appeared from behind the hills. A perfect tropical night. The long valley below with its many palm trees presented a beautiful sight in the pale light.... The next morning I said Mass in a small shelter. A good crowd attended.

Little Theresa

Great Missionary

St. Therese of the Child Jesus wrote in her Autobiography: "To be Thy spouse, O my Jesus, to be a daughter of Carmel, and by my union with Thee to be the mother of souls, should not all this content me? yet other vocations make themselves felt. . . . Like the prophets and doctors, I would be a light unto souls. I would travel the world over to preach Thy name, O my Beloved, and raise on heathen soil the glorious standard of the Cross. One mission alone would not satisfy all my longings. I would spread the Gospel in all parts of the earth, even to the farthest isles. I would be a missionary, but not for a few years only. Were it possible, I would wish to have been one from the world's creation and to remain one until the end of time."



Some of your Chinese neighbours, Buds.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Santo Domingo

Fr. Michael Dwyer, S.F.M., of Halifax, N.S., who spent four years as chaplain with the Royal Canadian Navy, left for his mission post in Santo Domingo on March eleventh. The many friends of Fr. Dwyer wish him every success on this occasion of his first mission assignment.

From China

Fr. Thomas McQuaid, S.F.M., companion of Frs. M. Carey, S.F.M., and J. Murphy, S.F.M., in the Weihsien internment camp, arrived home safely for a much needed rest.

Vocation Drive

Rev. Fr. Hugh Sharkey, S.F.M., is at present making a visitation of schools and colleges throughout the western provinces in quest of vocations for our Society. While in Vancouver he will visit St. Francis Xavier's China Mission which he founded in 1932.

Prayers Requested

For Mary E. Redmond, R.R. No. 1, Kingston, Ont.

Our Cover

During the eight years of war in China, thousands of water-buffalo were slaughtered by the invading Japanese armies. These animals were used especially to pull primitive plows to till the rice paddies. Now men and women must do this backbreaking work,—if they want to live, that is.

Women's Auxiliary

The annual meeting of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society's Women's Auxiliary was held in the auditorium of St. Anne's Chinese Mission, Toronto, on the evening of January 31st. Mrs. A. Hymus was elected president. At the meeting it was announced that the annual spring bridge will be held on Thursday evening, April 24th.

STAMPS! STAMPS!

Attention Canadian Friends:

In mailing letters to us kindly make use of the new Bell Commemorative Stamp when available, instead of the ordinary four cent King George. This will be a great help to our Stamp Department. Thank you!

CHINA STAMP DEPARTMENT

BOOKS WANTED

Rousselot: The Intellectualism of St. Thomas.

Soloviev: The Justification of the Good.

Dewey: Outline of a Critical Theory of Ethics.

Watkin: A Philosophy of Form.

Perry: Philosophy of the Recent Past; Present Philosophical Tendencies.

Coffey: Epistemology.

Nys: Cosmology.

L. Ward: Philosophy of Value.

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TO SAVE VOCATIONS

Every mission field in the world is crying for priests and still more priests! The Gospel must be <u>preached</u> because Faith comes by hearing.

Our Seminary is now far too small to take care of the young men who wish to become missionaries. We must build!

Save vocations! Lend a hand in the building that is so urgently needed by sending us your donation today. Don't be afraid it might be too little; every cent helps.

WRITE TODAY WRITE NOW!

Make Cheques and Money Orders payable to SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

Scarboro Bluffs

Ontario

CHINA

Page Thirty-One



Irrigation "by the foot".

OUR CHINESE NEIGHBOUR

Every Catholic knows that his neighbour is mankind of every description and that we must love our neighbours as ourselves. Get into the Foreign Mission Movement and help bring the toiling masses of China to Christ the King.





carboro Bluffs, Ontario

APRIL, 1947





An

Easter Wish

May the glad dawn
Of Easter morn
Bring joy to thee.

May the calm eve
Of Easter leave
A peace divine with thee.

May Easter night
On thine heart write,
O Christ, I live for Thee!





Here is a story of adventure that will thrill you, a story of life in a Japanese concentration camp; of Missionaries who cut up their own clothing to dress little ones; of Sisters who slaved, with meagre supplies, to feed emaciated bodies. A story of doing and daring, when to be caught meant severest punishments. It is an authentic record of three years spent in Weishen. Read it and be proud of your Canadian Missionaries.

Y OUNG Missionary by the Grace of God, minister of Christ and dispenser of the mysteries of God; and all his brother missionaries who were in Asia, salute you glorious exemplar and great apostle of Our Lord Jesus Christ to whom be glory for ever and ever. Your letter (the second to the Corinthians) has been passed on to us and the reading brought us great joy and consolation; but, wherewithall, came sadness blended. The sorrows and misfortunes you endured such as related in your letter for our edification and example, and our own like plight during past years, now

recalled, induced this dash of sadness.

For since (cap7 v5.) we went forth into Asia we found no rest for our flesh, but suffered all tribulations. Wars without and fears within. However, he who consoled you, consoled us also, Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Rightly you claim fellowship with the other apostles as a "Minister of

Christ." (I speak as one less wise.) We are also.

Frequently It was on the grand feast of the Immacu-

late Conception that the war-mad gentiles raged, and the pagan cohorts first stretched forth their arms to harm and seize us. You can well imagine how their superior smiles dug into our souls; how their victorious shouts echoed in our ears gratingly, as they laughed and cheered in our halls; how their proud heels beating in march-time rang through our poor mud walls. In the streets of the Capital they examined us like specimens, and questioned us like slaves; in the market place they herded us like cattle and guarded us like criminals and then,

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CHI N A

Established 1919

Editors:

D. E. Stringer; F. T. O'Grady Circulation Manager: J. L. Beal

Subscription rates:

\$1.00 a year \$2.00 for 3 years \$20.00 for life Single copy 15 cents.

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August.

> Address all communications to RT. REV. J. E. McRAE

Superior General, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. 12

Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.

No. 4

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finally, shipped us off in bondage to far away Weihsien.

That journey in the packed prison wagon was punctuated with grunted orders and throaty cursed threats; here a kick or there a cruel push. No need to describe for you the crowded condition, the nauseating stench of unclean. ill-aired primitive Oriental prison, for you endured it all and (I speak perhaps too boldly) so did we.

Our hearts went out to these frail spouses of Christ, these modern Holy

Women, the Nuns. who all uncomplaining In Labour were led away labour in the galleys and (kitchens) preparing Painfulness cauldrons large camel-meat stew, stirring it up with huge

wooden paddles; you would have lent your stronger hand in such case, and so did we. How they slaved in the small steamfilled kitchens in that dead heat of China's summer as they dipped out the great buckets of stew to render palatable the dry wheat bread—fare for the hungry thou sands of fellow-prisoners. I know your well-tuned and understanding ear caught up and recorded their million whispered "Aves". Heaven helped wipe their sweating brows and dry their silent tears. Did not these precious drops help fill up what was lacking in the sufferings of Christ? Did not the aches and tearing pains of their toil-wracked bodies, their slaving labours as they bent straining over the steaming laundry vats put wealth in the storehouse of the Church, coin in the treasury for the purchase of souls?

Ministrations to the sick while themselves feeble and fatigued, feeding of infants half starved themselves; their helping of the aged and instructing of the young; their cheering of the discouraged and downhearted; their denial of self to bring their cup of milk to the needy; all done in the name of Christ-did not all this santify the soil of China and enrich it for a bountiful harvest of

souls?

And don't you think your sucessors in the apostolate, your modern brothers in the ministery of Christ were your worthy followers? Were you not proud when their pleading, explanation and pugnacious exhortation obtained from the oppressors the right to have vestments, breviary, missal and the other essentials for Mass and prayer and the sacrements right inside the prison? In spite of groaning limbs tired from hard labour, they arose at five to have Mass before roll call and another day's slavery. It was chastisement for the body on an insufficient diet to endure the unaccustomed strain of

CHINA

rough menial tasks. We all weakened, many sickened, and some died.

In all these prisons in Asia, the priests were the leaders. Theirs was the joy of living, theirs the spirit and the hope. Theirs the strong backs and the willing hands, theirs the ready wit and humor, the sympathetic ear, the healthy smile, the brave word, the kind encouragement that bore up the morale and kept heart and hope alive. Their life and example was a shining light, a flaming torch bright and clear to all.

pumping water, stoking fires, and scrubbing floors, as well as punching and kneeding dough, building and repairing; to strengthen our souls for preaching, teaching, exhorting and encouraging our voices for singing and our morale for living.

You know well the lean looks of hungry frightened children and worn

and weary mothers, (I speak the truth) we do too. Such scenes are indelibly impressed on our memories and the

CHINESE ACROBATS



(Many refused and rejected it, but not one denied it). It made them the centre of all groups. This light penetrated many souls and they are now happy members of Christ in our True Church.

I won't deal lengthily, for you know it far better than I, on the powerful graces sent from heaven to help us in these labours, to strengthen our bodies for ditch-digging and woodcutting, for carrying heavy burdens of coal for the stokers, flour for the bakers, refuse for the cleaners and stones for the builders; to strengthen our arms for

record is indestructible. Surely you don't blame us if we despised the lash, laughed at torture, defied the tyrant and braved even death to help people escape and to bring in food smuggling it over the wall in the dead of night. The walls are somewhat different to those you scaled to escape persecution and evade the hands of the captors. Ours were ten feet high and topped with barbed wire; outside in the moat was an electrified wire wall. Each corner was a fort mounted by searchlight and machine gun. You would smile had you seen the big baskets, such as the one you

used, swinging over the wall and being received by the hands of blackcassocked priests. They came inwards from without—not as yours did — and they contained not an apostle but many eggs, or sweet honey or rich peanut-oil, sustaining strength for the young, the feeble and the sick.

The threats were many, searches often but the black market continued successfully. Often were we questioned, sometimes captured and thrice were we punished with sleepless nights, confiscation of food and once by solitary confinement in a stable, living on bread and water for a score of days and nights.

Yes, St. Paul, the hunger was as real, the pangs as acute, the demoralizing effect as severe in our atomic age as in your Apostolic era.

How we watched, ever on guard lest we be caught in these "verbote"

Watchings

works of mercy. That In Much prematurely aged expression on the faces of children and that hunted searching look

on the countenance of all developed unknown in that training school and battle ground for survival. You, I'm sure, excused our destracted readings from the breviary; for often the peripatetic prayer was a cover for more dangerous operations. The parading priests piously praying were wary guards always ready to roll a signal stone in warning, to a blackmarketing brother, that prison police were near.

We watched too for the chance to instruct and convert; watched for the first budding of faith in the noncatholic; watched by the watched for enemy planes, watched and prayed finally for the friendly parachutes carrying our deliverers.

Let me tell of that cold bleak March evening when we landed In Cold and **Nakedness** ragged, dustcovered, sleepy, hungry and cold from the prison train in Weihsien. A night and a day had we been buried in that grimy, puffing monster

as it shunted along across two provinces. There was no place to lie; we find the weak a place to sit while all the others stood on drooping legs. A box containing clothing as well as cooking and dining utensils plus a bed had been shipped previously for each prisoner. But in many cases the box or bed or both had not yet arrived and for some it never came. It was cold sleeping without covers on the grimy, uneven lumber floor. We gave a blanket or a rug or a bed to others more unfortunate and we were warmed by the giving. Your followers in the apostolate could still see Christ in the tear-stained unwashed faces of their fellows even when to the eyes of others they were mere troublesome companions, and to the gentile soldiery they were prison slaves, criminals and enemies of their Lord and Emperor Hirohito. To bend with burdens a back consecrated by a chasuble, to carry coal with hallowed hands o rstrip a cassock in the cause of charity is not unworthy of an apostle. For I speak the truth, I know a missionary who made garments from flourbags himself plying a needle worthy of a tentmaker. Others I know who cut their clerical clothes and sliced their trousers well above the knee to save material later made into clothes for naked children. Thank God we were strong enough in body to labour and in mind to instruct, in hope to live and in charity to aid, strong enough in Faith to see this catastrophic upheaval and stark tragedy as an act in the drama of life.

Discouraging and hard it is to be torn and uprooted from the soil of an ordered life and transplanted into bondage, to be stripped even of the necessities of life, to be without a bed or book or suit or vestment, table or chair or blanket, cup or plate. It would be worse if we were bereft of freedom and forced to move in the narrow groove of a tyrant's will.

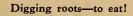
In perils of robbers, in perils of fire, in perils of bombs, in perils from the gentiles, in the cities, in the prisons and in perils from false brethern, (I speak as one less wise) we too, dear apostle, have known what it is to endure.

Your ancient Roman world is very like the China of our day. The same dusty roads, long and In Journeys

Often step-notched mountain trails, the cobbled village lanes, the raised mud tracks across the fields, the town streets of slippery stone; all packed with pilgrims to and from the shrines of nature, crowded with carts and carriers, swaying columns of camels, the merry muleteers and the sad-

faced donkeys; the same crude carts pushed or pulled along by straining sunburnt backs and arms, the light swinging grace of the chair carriers or taxirunners, the little maids bearing burdens atop their heads, the same hunchbacked stone bridges connecting the two worlds across the smelling stagnant drains, the same shallow-draft boats and barges of all descriptions plying by sail and oar and pole over the great network of water highways and canals; the same tow paths beside the streams where the corded necks and blistered shoulders of the slaving coolies become more corded and more blistered as they pull out their hearts and sweat away their lives today to maintain that life tomorrow. Yes St. Paul, we too have seen these scenes in our journeyings on the other side of the globe. Often have we trod these roads, drifted on these waterways or rode in these carts to bring the knowledge of Him who is the Life. Recently, missionaries are even risking life and limb in snarling inventions called jeeps and some have gone in these winged motors flying

(Continued on page 22)







Vancouver's Oriental Hospital

J. E. McCARTHY

THIS is the 36th year of the New Chinese Republic and the 4799th of the Ancient Chinese Empire but to the patients of the new Oriental hospital in Vancouver it is a year of progress and greater comfort. It is also a year of great satisfaction for the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who have been toiling for 23 years at this great work.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception began in Vancouver in 1924 and since then have cared for hundreds of Chinese tubercular patients. Some they nursed back to physical health, others to spiritual health and all have benefitted from the charity of these Religious. On the part of the Chinese people of Vancouver and environs, there is an everlasting debt of gratitude and this was recognized in a really fine manner on the occasion of the opening of the new hospital last October. For this event, the leading citizens of Oriental extraction were present and many of the Chinese Societies donated funds for the furnishing of various rooms in the new institution of mercy.

Scarboro Fathers Are Hospital Chaplains

The Scarboro Fathers of the Vancouver Chinese Catholic Mission have the spiritual care of all the many patients at the Oriental Hospital. These include many aged men, some homeless and others bed-ridden cripples. The tubercular patients include both men and women. The well-furnished private and semi-private rooms combine to furnish the very finest in hospital accommodation for our Chinese brothers in Christ.

Latest Equipment

Mount St. Joseph Hospital, which once began under the most difficult material conditions, now boasts the very best equipment medical science can provide. It has the most up-to-date X-ray apparatus, splendid maternity and operating rooms, combined with the loving devotion, charitable care and professional training of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

Numbers of Conversions

The greatest consolation possible for the Sisters occurs when some penitent soul, touched by the grace of God, decides to embrace the Catholic Faith. It is for this that all efforts are made. Tangible results are encouraging yet the unseen work of grace goes on wherever charity exists. To spread the love of God, which charity is, funds were begged and this hospital built by young Catholics who left their happy homes to devote their entire lives and energies to this supernatural work. Oftentimes it is a thankless task, back-breaking and heart-breaking, endless and apparently useless. It is impossible to see every result of the thousands of individual prayers and sacrifices, of tasks performed, of Masses heard, of all the charitable ministrations of Christ's workers. An indication is given by the fact that 1128 Baptisms have been administered in the past 19 years. However, very very few of these persons have lived to practice their Faith or even to receive the benefit of the other Sacraments with the exception of Extreme-Unction.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are from Montreal and have many members of their Order in China. It is an honour to be associated with them in their work at the Oriental hospital in Vancouver.

Latin America Meets the Challenge!

N Ciudad Trujillo, capital city of the Dominican Republic, the 1st week of February saw a congress of some 40 delegates from 15 different countries assemble to study the Church's doctrines on Social Action. This was the first time such a week had been organized in this part of the world and the encouraging results obtained warrant a complete account. The term Catholic Action realized its significance to the full when concrete suggestions were adopted and the delegates were able to return to their own countries with the satisfaction of knowing that good had been accomplished in a practical way.

President Trujillo Welcomes Delegates

Upon their arrival at Ciudad Trujillo the delegates to the congress were graciously welcomed by the President of the Republic who manifested a keen interest in their work. The hall of the Dominican Academy of History was placed at the disposal of the congress and all the sessions were held there.

Solemn High Mass in the historic cathedral opened the week with Monsenor Pittini, Archbishop of Santo Domingo, as celebrant. After that

sessions were held daily, mornings and afternoons, attended by His Excellency the Archbishop, accompanied by His Coadjutor, Monsenor Beras and the Auxiliary Monsenor Gallego, S.J. All sessions were very well attended and the interest evinced guaranteed their liveliness. conference represents the Caribbean countries as a regional section of what was begun in Cuba in 1946. At that time delegates from South America, the United States and Canada and the Caribbean districts met representing the whole of the Western Hemisphere.

Practical Resolutions

Lest it be thought that the studies were all abstract, the list of resolutions adopted are given:—(1) "We stress the necessity of moral and religious instruction in schools in accordance with the religious faith of the children's parents or guardians. (2) Considering the declarations of the Popes that priests cannot escape from participation in social action, we suggest the establishment of suitable training courses to prepare priests for that important activity. (3) In reference to lay people, we

advocate the organization of study circles or groups to learn social doctrines and afterwards to make practical application of their studies. It is of great importance that women particularly participate actively in such work. (4) Where possible, attention should be given to the organization of courses specializing in Catholic social doctrine, e.g., labor schools, institutes of industrial relations and practical courses in cooperative organization. Such techniques when correctly conducted, promote adult education and the development of local leadership."

Scarboro Missionaries Prominent

Very Rev. A. Chafe, Regional Superior of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society in the Dominican Republic and National Director of servers in the persons of Rev. R. A. McGowan, director of the Social Department and also Dr. Richard Pattee, former assistant chief of the Division of Cultural Relations, Department of State in Washington and now attached to the N.C.W.C. After the Caribbean conference Dr. Pattee is to go to Europe to investigate Catholic Labor Organizations.

Application of Encyclicals

The Social encyclicals of the Popes were discussed and the rights of personal ownership and private property were strongly defended. Since the Caribbean conutries are primarily agricultural these sessions were of the greatest interest and most opportune. The delegates from the various countries discussed the steps already taken by their respective gov-

¶ A farmer, returning from the country fair with a new horse, found that the animal refused to eat or drink.

"Um'm," he mused, his eyes gleaming hopefully, "I've got a real bargain — if he's a good worker."

Catholic Action in the archdiocese, had a most important role in the organization of the Week of Social Studies. He acted as host for all the English-speaking delegates nightly informal sessions were held at Scarboro House, our mission headquarters in the capital city. Father Chafe was one of the delegates appointed by Archbishop Pittini represent the Archdiocese of Santo Domingo at the public sessions. During the various sessions he also acted as interpreter for delegates of English-speaking countries. A member of the Resolutions Committee he helped draw up the list of recommendations which were approved at the final public session.

N.C.W.C. Observers

Although not part of the Caribbean, the Washington National Catholic Welfare Conference sent ob-

ernments and the timeliness of the congress was made even more apparent.

The tremendous success of the Week of Social Studies was most encouraging and the heartiest congratulations are due to those who made it possible. We are proud of the contribution made by our Society and are looking forward eagerly to the happy results anticipated by all.

For this important week, Rt. Rev. John E. McRae, Superior General of the Scarboro Foreign Society made the lengthy trip from Canada to be present. On the occasion of his visit, as many of our 23 priests as could do so attended the sessions. Monsignor was very pleased at the good work done by our missioners and was happy to repeat to them the praise of Archbishop Pittini for all the wonderful results of their labours of the past four years.

Page Eleven

HE Province of Chekiang, China, our district, has some 30 dialects and this is a problem for Priests as well as Sisters. Besides these dialects, there is a basic Chinese taught in the regular schools called 'Mandarin'. It is a universal language hence our expression 'basic'. China as a territory is far greater in extent than Europe so it is not surprising that several different tongues or languages are in use. However, Mandarin is something very special indeed. It is the official attempt to unite all those peoples of the Chinese race. Hence the written language in China is the same all over the country although one meets with different pronunciations in various localities.

In times gone by there was very little travelling back and forth by the members of the Chinese race hence different pronunciations are not to be wondered at. Districts developed their own vo-

cabulary and there was an understandable lack of uniformity. This was the origin of dialects. This past war saw so many refugees going from one end of the country to the other that there was a necessity for the existence of Mandarin as a common language. Long ago this Mandarin existed but there was great difficulty in convincing the people of the advantages of its use; each territory stuck to its own. To-day the prestige of Mandarin has enjoyed a growth. However it must not be thought that Mandarin has won a complete victory as there is still a tendency for local teachers to make considerable use of colloquialisms.

To speak of a written language may be misleading if one imagines that the vast territory known to us as China has a high rate of literacy. The teracy bulk of the population as yet is unable to read or write but great strides are being

Page Twelve

made and the government is doing its utmost to provide facilities for the education of the common man. Our Catholic schools are doing their share in this great work.

Difficulty of Language

We are told that Basic English has some 800 words. Now we must realize that Man-

darin has some 10,000 basic charac-

ters or words.

Each character is made up of a certain number of strokes. The omission of a stroke would change the meaning entirely just as the omission of a stroke in shorthand destroys its value. All of this explains in part at least the difficulty facing the foreigner. And there is also the problem of the tones. There are 4 or 5 of these and each tone gives an entirely new meaning to the word. In English we have an example of the difference this can make and even a child can distinguish the urgency of its mother's call when she cries "Johnny" 'Johnny' or JOHNNY!

The disadvantage of this example is simply that it is the same boy who is being called. In Chinese, it could well happen that different tones would imply a complete change of meaning. One young missioner wanted to ask: Have you been to Church lately? Actually what he said (due to a mistake in tone) was: Why have you

gone on strike?

Frequently it happens that the local priest will be called upon to act

Priest as
Interpreter

as interpreter when some traveller from another province wants to buy something to eat and finds

it impossible to make himself understood by the local merchant. The advantage of knowing both Mandarin and dialect is demonstrated. Sometimes Canadians wonder why our priests spend so much time learning the official Mandarin which may not be in very great use in a particular territory. All officials as well as the professional classes generally know Mandarin. Caring for refugees during the war and again when our own priests had to become refugees themselves proved the great advantage and even necessity of a good knowledge of Mandarin.

The French language has long been known as la langue des diplo-

English Replacing French mates. In China the presence of such large numbers of American soldiers has changed this. G. I. Joe has been a new sort of

ambassador. English as it is spoken by the average American, has made great strides among the Chinese people. In fact it is now taught on an unprecedented scale in High Schools and Universities and has even made inroads in the curriculum of the primary schools. During the war several of our priests were asked and in fact did teach English in Chinese institutions of learning. The primary advantage for the missioner was in the great number of contacts thus made. Of course no opportunity was lost in instilling Catholic concepts as one member of our Society did when asked to teach Ethics.

Lest it be thought that our efforts along these lines were confined to

Our Schools in Chekiang larger centres such as Lishui, be it known that Prayer Schools were established even in the

remote parishes of the hill country. In many places where it was impossible for the government to erect proper educational facilities since the boys had to work in the fields from a rather early age, the parish enjoyed the benefit of a prayer school. The catechist was the teacher and the pupils learned their ABC out of a catechism. This is reminiscent of

CHINA

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the Middle Ages when the scholars used the book of Psalms instead of any other textbook. Once again an illustration of the Church leading in education.

Grade schools in more populous centres are supervised by priests and sisters. Father Harold Murphy in particular must be mentioned for his very fine work in the Lishui Boys' School; Sister St. Angela was the supervisor for the Girls' School in this same town. The teachers were Catholic laymen and women. Similar schools are in existence at Tsingtien, Lungchuan, Sungyang, Pihwu, and Kinhwa.

If China continues its process of unification at its present rate, the political unity of the central government will be reflected in the continued spread of education and in particular of Mandarin. The work of the missioners will be facilitated many

times over and time will be saved. In the past when a priest was moved from one mission to another, he had to begin to learn the language practically all over again; even when moved as little as 50 miles. In the future a knowledge of Mandarin will enable him to be useful anywhere without spending months and months learning the local dialect. If English continues to be spread, there will be obvious advantages along with many not so obvious disadvantages; on the whole it would be better for the missions if Mandarin and not English were the basic language. In the past few years, a good knowledge of Mandarin has been the mark of an educated gentleman. And all missioners who knew it had 'big face', a very important consideration in the Orient. Being able to speak on familiar terms with the scholars and officials and professional classes, the missioner with Mandarin, the Basic Chinese, will not be restricted to working with the coolie class.

THE FERRY

Thousands of ferries, plying from bank to bank, supply for the lack of bridges over China's countless rivers.





N ONE of his many mission voyages St. Francis Xavier found himself aboard ship with a notorious character who was infamous for his passion for gambling and his habit of blasphemy. From time to time, he lost at gambling but no one ever seemed to excel him in obscene language. There was bound to be some friction between St. Francis Xavier and the gambler before the

voyage was over.

One day, while saying his Office, Francis was disturbed by a flood of blasphemous language. On enquiry he found that the sailor-gambler had lost everything he possessed. He was expressing his appreciation of the dice and his luck in his customary profane fashion. For such a moment St. Francis had been waiting since the voyage began. He would have an opportunity now to win a soul back to God, if he handled it properlly. And that he did and in an unique manner. He sent to the gambler some money that he had with a wish for better luck. Fortune changed, and

the man won back all that he had lost. He came to see the saint who had "staked" him in his difficulty, talked with him, and finished with confessing his faults and reforming. The great missionary saint himself had done some gambling, but his great faith backed him to the limit in winning another soul for Christ.

We are engaged in the same work as was St. Francis Xavier when he converted the gambler. We are in need of young men who are willing to risk their all in the missionary service of Christ. We are looking for young men like this Jesuit gambler whose faith was so strong and whose desire to save souls was so great that he became one of the greatest missionaries in the history of the Church.

If you desire further information about becoming a foreign missionary in The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, write now to Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Doctor: "Your husband, Madam, is suffering from voluntary inertia."

Patient's Wife: "Poor dear Robert! And I accused him all along of being lazy!"

CHINA Page Fifteen



Monsignor Fraser Writes

Kinhwa, Che, China, Jan. 22nd, 1947.

ODAY is Chinese New Year's Day. All night, New Year's Eve, was heard the sound of fire-crackers, many pagans kept vigil, and the first thing this morning performed their adorations of heaven. Last night they burned the paper effigy of the "kitchen god", which all year re-mained in the little niche above the stove, taking care first to smear his lips with honey so that he will make a favorable report of the family to the gods above when he wings his way to heaven! Before retiring last night and for the next few days everybody partakes of abundance of good food. This is one time in the year when all the Chinese have enough to eat.

The Christians also celebrate this New Year's by goig to church and reciting special prayers in thanksgiving for the blessing of the past year and asking God's blessing during the next twelve months. All, whether pagans or Christians, must settle all outstanding debts before mid-night, but after that hour no one may mention a debt for the next two

weeks. Today everybody is smiling and wishing each other a Happy New Year or as they say, "I venerate your age". For today everybody becomes a year older. Today it is strictly forbidden to say a cross word. How wonderful to think that in the length and breadth of this vast country with its five hundred million inhabitants not an angry word is spoken.

Though it is mid-winter we have not had any frost since Dec. 29th, when the thermometer dropped to 26 above zero. I have a tin stove, wood burner, in my room, one of my own inventions. I found it in the attic; it must have escaped the notice of the Japanese. I light it now and then. Thanks to the heavy overcoat which Msgr. McRae gave me and which I wear all day long I do not feel cold. I also wear indoors and outdoors my fur cap he kindly kept for me during a number of years. At night I feel the good of the blankets I bought in Seattle. You ask about my health; I never felt better.

January 10th was a bright sunny day—not at all like mid-winter. I was walking up and down in front of the church taking advantage of the warm sun, saying my office, when



The famous Hangchow bore roars in from the sea and at times attains a height of twenty feet.

three well-dressed pagan ladies sauntered in. They were out for a walk and just dropped in to look around. We leave the outer gate open all day; have no gate-keeper and no dog to scare the people. Anyone can come in at will. I let the ladies stroll around the grounds and then invited them to inspect the church. I explained to them how bare the church looked now compared to its state before the war. How there were formerly four beautifully carved altars, a magnificent oil-painting of the Madonna, gilded stations of the cross, an organ, eighty lacquered pews, etc., but that the war swept all these away. As two of the ladies were well educated they took an interest in the church calender pasted on the wall. I explained to them the Sundays, feasts and fasts. They asked what fasting meant. This entailed a long explanation on Redemption, sin and the necessity of penance. "Oh! Che Su" (eat vegetables) they said, which is the pagan equivalent of fasting. Sometimes when there is a drought the Mayor will order all butcher shops closed for three days to appease heaven. "How old are you?" they asked. "Seventy". "Oh!

we thought you were only about fifty, our men are feeble and decrepit at seventy". "It is not age but virtue which counts with God," I said, and followed up with a talk on the necessity for gaining merit for Heaven.

One of the young women who as we spoke was nursing a plump baby, said she studied when a child at the Catholic mission, Hangchow. She of the three made a profound bow to the altar on leaving. They were all smiles as they went out, declaring "We believe, we believe!' I continued to say my office, praying that the Lord may water with His grace the seed planted in their hearts. As I left the dining room the same day I found two Chinese visitors seated in the hallway, a man and a refinedlooking woman. I asked what the object of their visit might be. They said "Nothing," only the lady felt a pain when passing our gate and came in to rest a moment. I invited them to the parlour and procured a drink of hot water. As they waited for it to cool, taking little sips at a time, I explained to them the Birth, Death and Resurrection of Our Saviour. truths they had never heard before. On leaving they were profuse in their

thanks. The young lady had just come to town and the next day was to set on a long and fatiguing journey into the next province. May the proverbial cup of water produce a hundred-fold of spirituality in their souls! Perhaps the pain the lady felt was providential. Another day a crowd of University students came in, young men and young women. They wanted to have their pictures taken with our church as a background. What a difference between Old and New China! The girl students of now-a-days are so free and easy and so healthy looking. Not like the aenemic, cramped-footed females of former days who never went to school nor took exercise.

Our property here, that is, church and rectory, is about an acre in size; I have rented the garden behind the garden and new vegetables are growing where all was weeds before. The first twelve months will be free of rent as it took considerable labour to make the soil fit for cultivation. It had all been dug up to make fox holes and airraid shelters. I have started a Catechism class for boys and girls. About a dozen are in attendance. I give them an instruction every afternoon. There is a great difference in their mental capacity. Some are as bright as could be, while others are as dumb as oxen. One little girl of nine, who a few weeks ago knew nothing about religion, not even the sign of the cross, astonishes me by her answers. She takes in everything I say, and can repeat the lesson without a hitch. Her sister, two years older, is just the opposite. They tell me the reason is because the latter had to be raised without mother's milk (or any milk for that matter). Mothers in China are underfed which results in the premature death of myriad of infants. Those that survive are dwarfed in mind and body. This girl of eleven is no bigger than a child of five in Canada. I had the pleasure

of giving First Communion to four of the class. Two of the boys are converts preparing for baptism. The little girl to whom I gave the tin can, you remember, belonging to the pagan family next door who make fire-crackers, also slips into the church, takes holy water, makes a genuflection and listens to the doctrine, all unknown to her pagan parents.

Our Christians though poor are generous. During the past few days (Chinese) New Year gifts have been flowing in; a duck, a capon, three chickens, edible bamboo shoots. Our French parishioner accompanied by her daughter-half French and half Chinese — brought me buns and doughnuts. The daughter is attending a boarding school in Hangchow. Now that she is on vacation for the Chinese New Year she will attend the catechism class. During the next few days everything is closed down, banks, post office, stores, and nobody does a stroke of work.

Don't worry about the Civil War in China. It is far away from here, and does not seem to be advancing any nearer, on the contrary to be receding farther north. The church however is suffering in many places up north. I enclose clippings. Don't forget to send any news from Kinhwa to Rev. Peter J. McDonough, Boston, Mass. He keeps me supplied with Mass Intentions.

I received a letter from Sr. Alexandrine about the Monstrance she sent with Father Turner. The latter has not arrived but will soon be in Lishui. I will then answer her letter.





THE mind of man is fascinated by a mystery. From childhood to old age, the attraction for the unknown is so strong as to guarantee the everlasting popularity of magicians. It is fun to be fooled but it is more fun to know. Whether you use only a deck of cards or the most elaborate paraphernalia, the one who does the trick has even greater pleasure than his witnesses.

Among the phenomena which are difficult to explain will be found hypnotism, clairvoyance, prophecy and possibly tea-cup reading. All of these have their devotees and astrology alone has some 4,000,000 followers in America who govern their lives in accordance with its dictates. Such conditions are a reflection of a fundamental need in human nature; man requires mystery. If there is no legitimate mystery at hand, he will invent one.

Thermometer Readings

Various sciences have made use of this quirk of human nature and have enveloped the application of their principles with considerable humbug. For example, the medical profession in their best bedside manner, have long since discovered the value of pretense. A patient's confidence is sustained when the doctor looks benignly at a thermometer and says: "Hummm!" The tone of voice is

soothing. I for one, have never been able to read a thermometer and there have been times when a serious doubt as to the doctor's ability along these lines seemed to be in order. The mysterious assurance is usually sufficient; the patient either recovers, or dies in the attempt!

The Thirst for Mystery

Among the various types of fiction, detective stories lead in popularity. They satisfy that human thirst for a mystery—WHY and HOW was the crime committed? A skillful reader knows by page 50 the name of the murderer but it may take him another 50 pages to discover the means or technique used. He reads through the next 200 pages merely to confirm his solution! Only a very base person would read the last chapter first.

Less impassioned mystery lovers read other types of fiction such as romances. Its a foregone conclusion that John will be married to Jane before the book ends but the particular grounds for divorce to make this pos-

sible provide the mystery.

Will John's other wife sue him or will he sue her? Is it mental cruelty for him to use margerine on her toast instead of real butter when he brings her breakfast to her bed? How much damages should she ask for? Or perhaps John is the victim and sues his first wife; or second wife; well anyway his current wife. With this solved, half the book is written. The second half must see Jane through HER divorce before she can become John's other wife. The grade of mystery provided here is rather low. The real mystery is how best smellers can become best sellers.

Book Clubs Not Necessary Mysteries

If John Smith, Alf Jones and Bill Brown are authors whose books are not selling, these men get together and organize a book club. The first month Smith and Jones are the experts who choose the Book of the Month; it happens to be one written by Bill Brown. Next month Brown and Smith choose Jones' book. The third month Brown and Jones choose the book written by Smith and the next month the club dissolves.

If a club were to be impartial, the experts selecting the 'book of the month' must needs have certain objective standards. To begin with, the experts who happen to be authors as well, are not competent to judge their own works. In fact such books should not be recommended at all. Let some other book club advise their readers where bias could not be suspected.

There are legitimate book clubs and in point of fact there is no hesitation in mentioning names. A new organization is in operation in Toronto (Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott St., Toronto 1,) dealing with the current publications. It is a general book club for Catholic readers in the sense that all the books recommended are neither written by Catholics nor on Catholic themes. But the most recent publications of all companies are examined from the standpoint of Catholic interest. With a competent board of expert readers there is no hesitation in recommending this particular club. There are the usual dividends, a monthly bulletin of bookreviews, etc. Write to the address mentioned above for complete information.

Mysteries in Sport

In prizefighting, the elimination of contenders is a process which provides a mystery. Joe Louis is the heavyweight champion of the world and various promoters are staging contests to provide Joe with a suitable opponent. Suppose Joe has already beaten one Aloysius Alkaseltzer; Aloysius is now matched with Polonius Triphammer. Should Polonius win, he is not yet ready for Mr. Louis but must win against some other contender. Why this is so is never made clear because if Alky wins, he is immediately matched again with Joe Louis . . . with the usual result. It is much the same reasoning which has nine hockey teams play all winter to eliminate one and only one team from the playoffs. Then the other eight are paired off and the winner of the first seven out of 11 games moves up a rung.

Mysteries in Politics

Mayor Camillien Houde of Montreal was once answering questions from a platform when one person proposed this one: Why will a politician spend \$10,000 to be elected to a job which pays only \$4,000? The reply was: "I promised I would answer questions; not reveal secrets!" And with the roar of laughter from the crowd M. Houde left the platform. This is one of the many mysteries beyond the comprehension of the average honest citizen. In fact why Camillien himself gets re-elected so often is a mystery to everybody outside Montreal.

Mysteries in Religion

The classical place for mysteries is the supernatural. Man fears the unknown and superstitious man attributes wonderful powers to almost anything he fails to understand. Through the ages witchdoctors have

made use of this in their weird incantations and strange rituals; it is the fashion today to deride these men and especially to ridicule their victims. Today, the slave of the fortune-teller is no wiser and the victim who lives by the signs of the zodiac is just as foolish. What we need is a good oldfashioned witch-hunt; one which would expose these fakers, modern soothsayers in the form of astrologers or even pseudopsychoanalysts.

Mysteries exist and in a legitimate sphere; these are the mysteries of Faith. They are the only ones which cannot be fathomed simply because they are truly supernatural. Beyond the realm of human reason, they are yet capable of satisfying our craving by the assurances they give us. We cannot understand the depth of the love of God, yet the hope of heaven based on this love is consoling. The mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption are beyond our reasoning but they too provide a source of satis-

faction for the faithful. At the end of Lent, the liturgy expresses in all its richness the desperate state of man left with his sin. The mourning of penance, the sadness of sin, the silence of despair followed by the lamentations of the abandoned are all told by the character of Passiontide. Even when the complete mystery of apparent despair is expressed in the sentence: My God, My God, why hast Thou foresaken Me? the Christian recalls that Good Friday is always followed by Easter Sunday. The mystery of the Redemption involves the Resurrection. And Christ, the living mystery of God-made-Man remains our Life and Our Hope.

OUR COVER

A Mongolian girl dresses up for her wedding day.

SPRINGTIME COMES TO CHINA



A Young Missionary

(Continued from page 7)

through space adding another peril to life. But there is one journey that floods back in our memories like a nightmare uninvited. That journey to and from prison; the timed clatter of Nipponese military boots, and the grunt and hiss of their commands cannot be driven from our ears.

Let us glory in our weakness and glory in the strength of Our Lord

If Then We Must Jesus Christ the Father of Mercies who brought us safe out of the land of bondage. We do not boast foolishly, but like you, speak the truth. We suffered when we

were herded into bondage; we winced in pain when we were struck on the face; we felt sad to be stripped of all we owned (I know not one or two, but several of our priests in Asia who thrice lost all and counted it gain for souls). "If any many dared, we dared also".

Truly, as you remarked, these things are without. What matter the

Solicitude For all the Churches loss of goods that are personal and material? What matter the perils, the labour, the hunger and cold? That is corporal and personal too. But what

apostle will not weep when he bound helpless — knows that sanctuaries are being violated, convents blown to bits, churches pulled down, schools destroyed, altars desecrated and deserted, chalices used for cups in drunken orgies by the gentile soldiery?

What minister of Christ will not be on fire when Christ is forgotten, duties neglected, christians fall away, children left unbaptised, youth goes uninstructed and Catholic girls are given or flee in clandestine union with pagan soldiers? What christian worthy of the name is not sad when war, tyranny, cruelty and madness like the four horsemen parade in an arch, preach fear, shed blood and unbridle lust to devastate the world? We sat pale and powerless while all this happened in our christianities and missions.

"Let us glory then in our infirmities that the power of Christ may dwell in us."



STAMPS! STAMPS!

Attention Canadian Friends:

In mailing letters to us kindly make use of the new Bell Commemorative Stamp when available, instead of the ordinary four cent King George. This will be a great help to our Stamp Department. Thank you!

Books Wanted

Wickham: The Impuritans; The Unrealists.

Rauschning: Voice of Destruction.

Gurian: Bolshevism, Theory and Practice; Hitler and the Christians; The Future of Bolshevism.

T. V. Moore: Dynamic Psychology; Cognitive Psychology.

Sir Richard Livingstone: The Future in Education; Education for a World Adrift.

Adolf Lowe: The Universities in Transformation.



WAYFARER'S FRIEND (St. Christopher), by Courtenay Savage. Bruce, Milwaukee. \$2.75 121 pp.

The late Mr. Savage was a short story writer, author of plays and radio scripts, a drama critic and finally a correspondent for the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He died in Rome last year in the service of the N.C.W.C. This book will not serve as a memorial of his best work.

St. Christopher has been the subject of many legends and out of these Mr. Savage attempted to string together a plausible biography, admitting all the while the weaknesses of his materials. The reader agrees with the author that the sources are far from trustworthy; in fact they are so lacking in critical value that they might better be omitted. It is

far better to assemble the legends with each one a self-contained unit than to align them so as to give the impression of real continuity.

During the past war there was so much misunderstanding relative to the proper use of medals of St. Christopher and other saints that one Jesuit chaplain decried the abuse in an article entitled 'The Metallurgical Road to Heaven'! This book is an attempt, which doesn't come off, to explain in a reasonable way the cult of St. Christopher. Mr. Savage was of the opinion that a medal is an excellent introduction to the Faith. After reading this book one prefers some other way.

F. T. O'Grady.

CALL FOR FORTY THOUSAND, by John J. Considine, M.M. Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott St., Toronto. \$3.75, 313 pp.

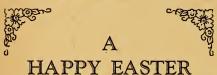
This book is a startling, informative document. It will give you the real picture of the Church in Latin America. Through the eyes of the Maryknoller Father Considine, an expert observer, you will gain valuable insight into the problems of this sector of world Catholicism; this is a companion volume to Across A World, by the same author.

Principally the book deals with the rural poor. The spiritual as well as social wretchedness of tens of millions of our fellow Catholics is the inside story which concerns the author. He discloses what few of the self-appointed critics have taken the trouble to discover; that the backwardness of religious life is due to a tremeudous shortage of clergy. In a total population of some 140 millions, (1/3 of the Catholics throughout the world) over 80 million souls are without adequate priestly care! 40,000 vocations are needed, hence the title of the book.

Everywhere in Latin America are signs of awakening religion. Catholic Action, Social reform (which drove the Communists out of Costa Rica), a drive for vocations, all these examples of the renewed life are heartening. The chapter on the Dominican Republic, wherein our Society's work is mentioned, will be of especial interest to readers of China.

F. T. O'Grady.





Christ the Lord is ris'n today:
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet.



CHRIST has risen! Sin and death have been vanquished! No wonder our hearts are filled with joy! What great happiness and deep comfort to know the meaning of Easter—Freedom, that's what it means. Freedom from the power of Satan. Freedom from fear. Freedom to love God with all our heart. Freedom to strive for Heaven to be with Him eternally. Freedom to do all the things we want to do with Him, through Him and in Him! Oh Buds! how glorious to be children of God!

"But other sheep I have them also I must bring." Many a

lonely heart in pagan lands is still filled with fear. Many a home wherein no Easter songs are sung. Many a soul as yet untouched by the glory of the Risen Christ. And yet did He not suffer for them? Did He not die for them? And did He not rise again for them?

Yes, Buds, we all know our Jesus came to save all men. But does that knowledge make us do something to bring these millions of pagans to the Paschal Victim's feet? It did to the Little Flower of Jesus, under whose loving care we members of the Rose Garden work and pray. Listen to what she exclaims: "I would be a Missionary, not for a few years only ... but from the world's creation ... until the end of time!" And within the confines of her convent she became a great Missionary. St. Francis Xavier travelled countless miles in search of souls. Yet they both stand together as Patron and Patroness of Foreign Missions! So, Buds, though you may never leave your own country to bring Easter joy to pagan souls, you can still do so through your Missionaries.

QUICKIE QUIZ

Q.

Who was the first martyr for Christ?





Dear Buds-

Bravo! You were all wonderful during Lent! But then you're wonderful all the time! Hundreds of letters poured in, all telling me of extra prayers being said, extra sacrifices being made for your Missionaries and China's Children. Only our beloved Saviour knows the full extent of your mission activity and its happy results. Over in Lishui, in Tsingtien, in Lanchi — in all our missions, school boys and girls, many of them, are going to be baptized on Easter morning! Wouldn't you just love to be there! Think of that, Easter morning, when you yourself receive Holy Communion. You helped to make it possible. Beautiful, white, shining souls, filled with God's grace! God bless you for everything you have done.



To all teachers, religious and lay, I offer my warmest thanks for the friendly and effective help given our Rose Garden activities. I look forward to your letters and bless you for the encouraging sentiments they express.



Doreen Dell, 5 Niagara St., Thorold, Ont., wants to know what used stamps are good for. Our Stamp Dept. sells them, Doreen, and the money thus obtained is used to help our Missionaries.

Be sure to read "A Young Missioner writes St. Paul", in this issue of CHINA. It will thrill you and make you ever so glad you can work shoulder to shoulder with these St. Pauls of today. Get the folks at home to read it also.



Mary Anne Duchene of Tecumseh, Ont., has been very ill. She wrote me to ask all Buds to pray for her recovery. We all will, won't we, Buds? Keep smiling, Mary Anne; we're cheering for you!



Our "Meet Your Chinese Neighbour" posters are being enthusiastically received. I'm happy to know you like them, Buds, and that you will follow the plan of action outlined on them.



Remember, Buds, there is a really beautiful prize offered every month to the winner of our Quickie Quiz. So get your answer in but quickly; you may be the lucky one next time.



And now, Buds, it's 'bye-bye' for another month. God bless you and all your loved ones.

Your friend always, Father Jim.

CHINA Page Twenty-Five



Dear Fr. Jim,

Although I have finished school I still want to help China's Children and remain a happy member of our delightful Rose Garden. . . . Here's my gift to prove it.



Regina Kelly, age 18, Conception Harbour,

Your letter was a tonic, Ginny, and I hope your good example in remaining with us will inspire others who are finishing school to do likewise. Best of luck in everything you do.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Here is what I saved in my mitebox with sincerest wishes that it will help the children of China a little bit. I've also sent 2800 stamps for the missions.



Michael Kendrick. 48 Toronto St., Guelph, Ontario.

I am sure, Michael, that China's Children will be well looked-after by you. The little Flower must be very pleased over what you are doing. Thank you and God bless you.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am sorry I neglected to state my age when first writing. I am fifteen

and would like to correspond with boys of my own age in Canada and Newfoundland. Do you know our Archbishop Cushing, called "Bishop of the missions"?



Robert O'Shae, 51 Fellsway East, Malden 48, Mass., U.S.A.

Welcome to our midst, Bob, and may your example encourage other lads of your age to join in and help the unfortunate boys of China who need our help so much. Yes, your Archbishop is indeed a great benefactor of the missions.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Fr. Sharkey has given us little talks and shown pictures of mission work in China which all of us St. Rose's school pupils enjoyed. Here is a gift to help on this mighty work of enducating China's Children.



Pauline Babineau, 103 Main St., Fairville, N.B.

Girls like you, Pauline, make "bread upon the waters" come back buttered toast! And I like buttered toast! But your gift will bring great happiness to some Chinese child for a whole year. Bless you!

Page Twenty-Six

CHINA

Dear Fr. Jim,

It's over two years since I wrote you and since then I've made my First Communion. Theresa, Bill, Gus, Sheila and myself helped save these stamps. Here is two dollars for Dad's subscription to CHINA.



Nellie Sears, age 9, 23 Aldershot St., St. Johns, Nfld.

Surprise! Surprise! It sure was good to hear from you again, Nellie. But p-l-e-a-s-e never wait so long the next time. Say hello to everybody for me and thank your Daddy for renewing his CHINA.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Phyllis, 12 yrs., Ellen, 10 yrs., Loretta, 9 yrs., and Robert, 7 yrs., all want to join the Rose Garden. We're ready to pray and work for China's Children.



Phyllis O'Malley, Barry's Bay, Ont.

Glory be to St. Patrick! What a fine lot of new buds we have from Barry's Bay. More Chinese Children now assured of a chance to know and love God. Welcome to our Garden.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am in 1st. year High at Mount Carmel Academy, belong to the C.C.M.S.C., and enjoy reading CHINA. . . . Am looking forward to receiving my Rose Garden certificate.



Marie McCarthy, age 14, 98 Cobourg St., St. John, N.B.

Happy to receive you, Marie and am sure your hand-writing will insure your having heaps of pen-

Dear Fr. Jim,

I would like very much to save my pennies, say the prayer you will send me and go to Holy Communion for poor China's Children. We are

pals. Don't forget to write me, too.



A cheerful, untiring worker, a friend to all is Angela. She is fourteen now, or will be soon, and lives in Carbonear, Newfoundland. She joined our Rose Garden in April, 1946. CHINA is one of her pet likes and she is bringing many others to like it too. So Angela, on behalf of all our Buds and myself, I thank you. Remember us all in your prayers as we do you in ours.

making a Mission at Church and I won't forget to pray for you too.



Joan Doyle, age 10, 60 Bromley Ave., Moncton, N.B.

Bless your good intentions, Joan, and thank you for remembering me in your prayers. I won't forget to do the same for you. Write soon again.

Dear Fr. Jim,

At last my mite box is filled and here is my gift for our work in China. I hope to fill it sooner next time.



Edward Bergin, age 12, Athlone, Ont.

(Continued on next page)

CHINA

Doesn't a good job well done fill you with satisfaction, Ed? All the sacrifices you made will bring you much merit and grace, "coin" to buy eternal happiness. Thanks ever so

Dear Fr. Jim,

We have been getting CHINA for the past three years and enjoy it very much, and now my sister and I want to help you with all your cares. Corinne is eleven years old and I am seventeen.



Jean and Corinne Lenihan, 406 Lancaster St., West St. John, N.B.

Our Associate Editors are patting each others' backs, girls, because you praise CHINA. I think they wish they could be Fr. Jim when they see all the happy and newsy letters I get. Poor Editors!

Dear Fr. Jim,

My parents are very happy that I belong to the Rose Garden. Bless you for letting me join with all the others in helping China's Children. Thank you, Fr. Jim, for your kind



Lauretta Leger, age 13, Green Valley,

God bless you and your parents, Lauretta, for the beautiful sentiment of your letter. As the song says, "Stay as sweet as you are!"

QUICKIE QUIZ WINNER

(February)

Morgan Finucane, age 12, Ruby, R.R. 1, Ont., won the draw among those sending in the correct answer to the quiz: Where does the priest get the ashes he uses on Ash Wednesday? The answer: From the palm used on Palm Sunday the previous year. Congratulations, Morgan. Your prize will be sent immediately.

New Members and Pen Pals

SAINT JOHN, NEWFOUNDLAND
Adams, Joseph, 11, Black Marsh Road, co Mondy Pond; Brennan, Mary, 13, 8
Bulley St.; Brophy, Madeleine, 11, Middle
Battery Road; Brown, Emma, 14, 41
Prescott St.; Buckley, Esther, 13, 22
Balsam St.; Burton, Mary, 13, 81 Carter's
Hill; Byrne, Mary, 13, 10 Nunnery Hill;
Cahill, Mary, 13, Top Battery Rd.; Careen, Julie, 14, St. Michael's Orphanage,
Belvedere; Chafe, June, 14, 149 Queen's
Rd.; Cook, Betty, 14, 52 King's Rd.;
Cooper, Leon, 14, 394 Water St.; Cooper,
Patricia Mary, 16, St. Michael's Orphanage,
Belvedere; Crawford, Geneva, 15,
7 Malta St.; Culleton, Bridget, 13, 69
Aldershot St.; Devereux, Jimmy, 10, 25
Monkstown Rd.; Dobbin, Catherine, 11,
Signal Hill P.O. Box E-5279; Donovan,
Isabel, 14, 86 New Gower St.; Doran,
Mary, 11, 155 Signal Hill; Doran, Rose
Mary, 11, 53 Duckworth St., P.O. Box
Add.; Evoy, Kathleen, 14, 66 Gower St.;
Fricker, Elain, 11; Helen, 7; Suzanne, 9,
25 Forest Rd.; Flynn, Laura, 17, Nurses'
Residence, Grace Hospital; Hridderson,
Margaret, 15, 14 Catherine St.; Hickey,
Mary, 16, 57 Baxters Hill; Hickey, Shirley, 15, 16 Spencer St.; Johnson, Betty,
12, 82 North Gower St.; Hearsey, Betty,
14, 7 Field St.; Kelly, Joan, 11, 22 Plymouth Rd.; Knox, Phyllis, 15, 14 York
St.; Hughes, Mary Lou, 8, 77 Orange St.;
McDonald, Marie, 13, 13 Parrade St.;
McDonald, Marie, 13, 13 Parrade St.;
McNulty, Janet, 13, 53 Harrison St.
McGettigan, Dolores, 14, 30 Leslie St.;
Mchoney, Iris, 13, Fort Townshend;
Mason, Bernadette, 12, 25 Pearce Ave.
Maher, Paula, 15, 165 Military Rd. Mahoney, Ramona, 14 Fort Townshend; Mealey, Bernice, 16, 2 Wickford St.; Murphy,
Gwendolyn, 11, 39 Quidi Vidi Rd.; Murphy, Mary, 13, Portugal Cove Rd.; Noel,
John, 13, Old Pennywell Rd., c/o Mondy
Pond P.O.; Norman, Mary, 13, 28 York
St.; Pine, Frances, 14, 16 Brazil Sq.;
Power, Kathleen, 11, 5 Yonge St.; Prowse,
Pauline, 15, 54 Barnes Rd.; Sharkey,
Aloha Marie, 14, 127 Leinster; Sears,
Theresa, 13, 23 Aldershot; Shea, Mary, 14,
Winnie, 16, 95 Mayor Ave.; Smith, Alice,
11, Top Battery Rd.; Walsh,

TRACADIE CROSS, P.E.I.
Fitzgerald, Anne, 11, Tracadie Cross,

TOTTENHAM, ONT. Egan, Rita, 12, Tottenham, Ont.

TRENTON, ONT. Haker, Peggy, 10, 199 Victoria Street.

TWEED, ONT.
Murphy, Ann, 6, Tweed, Ont. TRINITY, NFLD.
Sullivan, Arthur, 13, Trinity, Nfld.

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NEW MEMBERS—Continued

TORONTO, ONTARIO

Barron, Rosemary, 7, 31 Winnifred Ave.; Barry, Camilla, 9, 82 Ferrier Ave.; Begley, Billy, 11, 40 Stephenson Ave.; Botvin, Mary, 6, 65 Benson Ave.; Booth, Joan, 7, 148 Alton Ave.; Bourne, Doreen, 14; Irene, 12, 265 Lansdowne Ave.; Brioux, Chermalne, 10, 65 Glendale Ave.; Campbell, Elspeth, 12; Gordon, 7, 32 Lesile St.; Canning, Marie, 13, 65 Thyra-Ave.; Cantwell, Arthur, 8, 130 Ivy Ave.; Chapelle, Gerald, 14, 16 McKenzie Cres.; Clayton, Deanna, 7, 51 Bertmount Ave.; Colbourne, Merle, 7, 85 Applegrove Ave.; Connelly, James, 11, 183 Earlscourt; Corroy, Madeline, 10, 89 Frizzell Ave.; Crumb, Harold, 5 Mountain Ave.; Daly, Maureen, 13, 47 Homewood Ave.; Donovan, Dan, 8, 11 Gough Ave.; Dore, Edith, 7, 47 Rushbrook Ave.; Doucette, Louise, 13, 65 Tecumseh St.; Duff, Eleanor, 8; Robert, 7, 142 Leslie Street E.; Gillevet. Geraldine, 7, 1174 Gerrard Street E.; Flavey, Gordon, 13, 143 Cosborne Ave.; Fox, Louise, 9, 100 Marlow Ave.; Fox, Louise, 9, 100 Marlow Ave.; Fox, Louise, 9, 100 Marlow Ave.; Gray, Laurel, 13, 14 St. Hubert Ave.; Grazlano, Connie, 6, 30 Woodfield Rd.; Green, Thomas, 13, 246 Sumack St.; Griffin, Therese, 9, 33 Queensdale Ave.; Guyett, Bernard, 14, 52 Rivercourt Ave.; Haden, Robert, 14, 139 Gamble Ave.; Haden, Robert, 14, 139 Gamble Ave.; Hannan, Jack, 12, 302 Silverthorn Ave.; Hurley, Peter, 7, 1432 Queen Street E.; Infantino, Mary Joan, 8, 38 Connaught Ave.; Houston, Ann. 7, 39 Greenwood Ave.; Hurley, Peter, 7, 1432 Queen Street E.; Infantino, Mary Joan, 8, 38 Connaught Ave.; Houston, Ann. 7, 39 Greenwood Ave.; Hurley, Peter, 7, 1432 Queen Street E.; Infantino, Mary Joan, 8, 38 Connaught Ave.; Houston, Ann. 7, 39 Greenwood Ave.; Hurley, Peter, 7, 1432 Queen Street E.; Infantino, Mary Joan, 8, 38 Connaught Ave.; Houston, Ann. 9, 33 Darling Ave.; Kannon, Beverley, 8, 20 Ivy Ave.; Kincoff, Jimmy, 7, 73 Alton Ave.; Kincoff, Jimmy, 7, 73 Alton Ave.; Holden, 9, 101 Gerenwood Ave.; McGorden

Helen, 14, 203 Crawford Street; Mannone, Clara, 13; Elmo, 11, 150 Langford Ave.; Manz, Richard, 8, 25 Lesmont; Martin, Ann Marie, 9, 46 Four Oaks Gate; Martin, Joseph, 13; Marie, 12, 131 King Edward Ave.; Milne, Joan, 10, 209 Dewhurst Blvd.; Moore, Marion, 13, 209 Dewhurst Blvd.; Moxley, Marie, 13, 151 Greenwood Ave.; Myatt, Charles, 9; Margaret, 12, 7 Inwood Ave.; Nagle, Lornie, 9, 41 Fairview Blvd.; Naugle, Bobby, 11, 1091 Broadview Ave.; Nozzolello, Evelyn, 8, 12 Dagmar Ave.; O'Donnell, Thelma, 7, 1186 A Queen St. E.; O'Donnell, Theresa, 14, Mrs. Smith, 231 Vaughan Rd.; O'Hara, John, 12; Paul, 12, 36 Humberside Ave.; O'Keefe, Lucy, 10, 221 Donlands Ave.; Poele, Ronland, 13, 229 Lansdowne Ave.; Pasquale, Patsy, 10, 500 St. Clair Ave.; Phelan, Peter, 9, 80 Four Oaks Gate; Rae, John, 12, 180 Woodville Ave.; Rose, Edna, 10, 220 Westwood Ave.; Young, Jerome, 12, 62 Margueretta St.; Sanford, Gloria, 15, 192 Rushton Rd.; Simmone, Bill, 12, 4 Sammon Ave.; Simmons, Patrick, 15, 55 Cosburn Ave.; Shepperdson, Patricia, 12, 70 Cloverdale Rd.; Stacey, Billy, 14; Laurine, 13; Yvonne, 9, 691 Lansdowne Ave.; Stafford, Peggy, 14, 6 Monteith St.; Sullivan, Patsy, 954 Carlaw Ave.; Smith, Barbara, 14; Jerrý, 9, 199 Cosborne Ave.; Stafford, Peggy, 14, 6 Monteith St.; Sullivan, Dick, 10, 302 Monarch Park; Sullivan, Dick, 10, 302 Monarch Park; Sullivan, Dick, 10, 302 Monarch Park; Sullivan, Bonald, 12, 302 Monarch Park; Todd, Joan, 7, 35 Endean Ave.; Turner, Leslie, 7, 8 Redwood Ave.; Ward, Teddy, 10, 34 Sparkhill Ave.; Willson, Margaret, 12, 771 Gladstone Ave.; Willson, Janes, 10; Peter, Willson, Margaret, 12, 771 Gladstone Ave.; Willson, Janes, 10; Halleran, Josephine, 10; Hewitt, Marie, 9; Jackman,

TREPASSEY, NEWFOUNDLAND Fitzgerald, Frances, 14; Halleran, Josephine, 10; Hewitt, Marie, 9; Jackman, Annie, 13; Jackman, Loretto, 12, Pennell, Danny, 10; Pennell, Merceases, 8; Power, Betty, 14; Power, Charles, 7; Power, Kathleen, 8; Ryan, John, 11; Ryan, Rita, 8; Ryan, Ceril, 10; Sutton, Angela, 14; Sutton, Callie, 10; Sutton, Kevin, 12; Sutton, Theresa, 9; Sutton, Thomas, 11; Tobin, Mary, 12; Waddleton, James, 14; Waddleton, James, 14; Waddleton, Mary, 9; Walsh, Helen, 7; Power, Marine, 10; Walsh, Helen, 7; Power, Marine, 10; Kennedy, Bill, 14; Kennedy, Gus, 12, Trepassey, Newfoundland. TREPASSEY, NEWFOUNDLAND

Trepassey, Newfoundland.

THOROLD, ONTARIO

Dell, Doreen, 12, 5 Niagara St.; Edwards, Joan, 10, 15 Queen St. N.; Giganti, Louis, 12, 33 St. Davids St.; Grampola. Mary, 12, 16 Sullivan Ave.; Glover, Alecia Ann, 9, 29 Queen St. N.; Luciani, Lucy, 13; Alfred, 12, 67 Pine St. S.; Miller, Joan, 10, 11 Patricia St.; Moore, Robert, 11, 22 Queen N.; Mazwaski, Péter, 11, 63 Albert St.; Roach, June, 11, 52 Ormond St.; Salton, Valerie, 12, Cunningham Rd.; Sennett, Jacqueline, 12, 19 Cunningham St.; Slater, Helen, 12; Irene, 13, 9 Townline, Box 545; Ambriclo, Joseph, 12, 6 Ormond St. N.; Yourdan, Margaret, 12, Cleveland St.

Items of Interest

Santo Domingo

Fr. James Walsh, S.F.M., has arrived in his home town of Toronto, Ont., for a well-earned rest after his labours in the Dominican Republic.

St. Patrick's Concert

CHINA extends heartiest thanks to everyone who helped make our St. Patrick's Day concert such an outstanding success.

Prayers for the Dead

For the mother of Fr. T. McDonald, C.S.B., rector of Holy Rosary Parish, Toronto.

For Mr. Harvey J. Griffin, To-

ronto, Ont.

For Mr. Roy McDonell, Ottawa, Ont.

For John Farragher, Toronto, Ont. For Mrs. Margaret Evans, St. John's, Nfld.

For Mr. Terence Nellis, Maria East, Que. Mission League News

On the evening of Feb. 13, 1947, another "Scarboro Social Night" was held at Hotel Commander, Cambridge, Mass., under the auspices of our Boston Unit of the Mission League, (See picture below.) Our best thanks to Mrs. David Lee and associates.

A new unit of the Mission League has been founded in the city of London, Ont., with the approval of His Excellency, the Most Reverend John T. Kidd, D.D., Bishop of London. The first "Scarboro Social Night" will be held at the Catholic Culture Centre, April 14, 1947.

The Montreal unit held the third annual meeting on January 30th., 1947, and Unit officers were elected for the current year. This Unit will hold its third annual "Scarboro Social Night" in St. Malachy's Hall on April 16th., 1947. For tickets please telephone Drexel 0423.



Committee, Mission League of the Little Flower, Boston, Mass.

Page Thirty China



Almonte, Ont., where our first Seminary (marked X) was opened in 1919 and where the first issue of CHINA was published, October, 1919.

Making Mission History

Catholic Canadians may well be proud of their very own Scarboro Foreign Mission Society's record over the last twenty-eight years!

To-day it has seventy-five priests and fifty students. Its missionaries are working in China and Santo Domingo.

NOW WE MUST BUILD TO HOUSE THE EVER-INCREASING NUMBER OF SEMINARIANS PREPARING FOR FIELDS AFAR.

PLEASE SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO-DAY. MAKE IT YOUR EASTER GIFT.

Make Cheques and Money Orders payable to
SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
Scarboro Bluffs - - Ontario

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The Event:

The Marian Congress

The Place:

Ottawa, Ont.

The Time:

June 18-22 inclusive



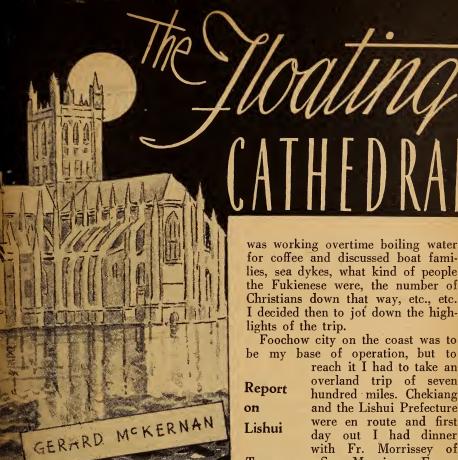


- During these months of preparation, pray and work to make the coming Congress a glorious tribute to Mary, the Mother of God!
- When at the Congress be sure to visit the Mission Display exhibited by the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.









T was an S.O.S. that decided my going to Fukien province. The Relief Committee in Foochow, the provincial port, wired the Canadian Red Cross in Shanghai . . . "worst typhoon in eighty years has broken sea dykes, crops destroyed, boat families destitute, unable to cope with situation here, suggest send help immediately". I had just returned from a four month inspection tour of Kiangsi province and was free. The committee asked me, can you leave for Fukien soon? swered "can leave tomorrow". That night up in Father Jack McGoey's room, Frs. Fred. McGuire, Jack Mc-Goey, Mike Carey and myself talked about Fukien. We sat around a little one plate electric heater that

was working overtime boiling water for coffee and discussed boat families, sea dykes, what kind of people the Fukienese were, the number of Christians down that way, etc., etc. I decided then to jot down the high-

Foochow city on the coast was to be my base of operation, but to

overland trip of seven hundred miles. Chekiang and the Lishui Prefecture were en route and first Lishui day out I had dinner with Fr. Morrissev of

Saw Monsignor Fraser Tungyang. for a few minutes in Kinhwa and continued to Lishui to spend the night. Frs. Venadam and Moriarity took me for a walk around the city of Lishui which is only a scarred shell of its prewar self. Over sixty percent of the houses are yet to be rebuilt and the majority of those rebuilt are just temporary shacks. Weeds hid what remained of the priests' residence and the walls of the Church were criss-crossed with big cracks. A makeshift altar has been set up, pews are all gone from the church and pillars and beams have been reinforced to hold up the roof. Next day I stopped at Lungchuan for dinner, then continued across the border into Fukien. Late that night I reached Nanping. road from Nanping to Foochow was washed out so I had to find a park-

CHINA

Established 1919

Editors:

D. E. STRINGER F. T. O'GRADY Circulation Mgr.: J. L. BEAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

\$1.00 a year \$2.00 for 3 years \$20.00 for life Single copy 15 cents.

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August.

Address all communications to RT. REV. J. E. McRAE Superior General, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.



Vol. XXVIII

ing spot for the jeep. I left the jeep at the Mission, bought a ticket on the launch to Foochow and slept on board; I would reach my destination the following afternoon around four o'clock.

The launch edged its way through the maze of sampans to the pier and

The Cathedral That Was Built Backwards we got off. It had started to rain some hours previously and there was not a rickshaw in sight. I decided to walk. I asked some of the "hangers on"

in the boat shed where the Catholic Mission was. An old man pointed across the river. Take the "Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages", turn left along the opposite bank of the river and you will come to "Tien Chu

Tang" (The Temple of the Lord of the Sky). I made for the bridge. which is regarded as the oldest bridge in China. It was about two hundred yards long, and made of stone. Some of the stone slabs were fifty feet long, almost three feet wide and about a foot thick. I wondered as I walked over them, how the people had managed to get them through the narrow streets. Iron cables and cranes had not been invented when these great stone slabs were moved, and just how the people lifted them onto the stone piers is a mystery. This will likely remain a mystery although I can imagine that thousands of slaves many centuries ago must have pulled these stones to their present height with bamboo ropes. Each stone fits perfectly although no cement was used and it is so strong that today ten ton trucks (used by UNNRA) pass over it without any The Chinese tell me that the bridge is so strong, that during the war when the Japanese wished to destroy it, the bombs just bounced off into the river some forty feet below. I didn't quite believe this last story but it is a strong bridge just the same.

I crossed over and turned left as directed. The street was so narrow that rain dripping from the house eaves on both sides of the street, dropped onto my umbrella. The flagstones were very uneven and I stepped into dozens of puddles. I did miss some holes in the road but just as often as not I was pushed into others by the people who like myself were picking their way. After a ten minute walk I came to the back of the large Church. I asked a man standing in a doorway selling oranges "is this the Catholic Church? The man said "yes" and looked at me as if I was the dumbest person he had run across in many a day. I could tell by the look of astonishment on his face that he was thinking . . . "Well, well, imagine anyone

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not knowing that this is the Catholic Church". I splashed on regardless of the puddles determined to get out of hearing before he started laughing out loud, and began to look for the entrance. I tried two alleys which ended up in someone's kitchen and finally had to give up. What kind of a place is this, I thought, they build the church where everyone can see it and then hide the entrance. In the meantime the rain continued to pour and I had to resign myself to going back to the orange seller and ask "how do you get into this Church"? He told me that you must go by boat to Church. "Do you mean to tell me that there is no entrance into the Church from the street?" He said that I should go back to the bridge and hire a sampan. So back to the bridge I went, hired a sampan, and asked them to let me off at the Catholic Church.

Sure enough, the sampan pulled up at a small dock in front of which was the square leading to the stone steps of the Main Door. I went up to the priest's house which stood a little to one side and was invited in by the Pastor. After supper and a change into dry clothes I asked Fr. Kao, the pastor, why the Church was built with the entrance on the water front and he told me the following story.

Back about the time when Wolfe was laying plans to scale the heights

Families on the River of Painted Boats of Abraham and capture the important fort of Quebec, the Emperor of China exiled a number of people from

the land. The Emperor by special mandate forbade these people to live on the land, and laid down certain conditions whereby they could not own any property on the land (houses, or fields, etc.). It is difficult to find out just why such a dras-

tic step was taken, but Fr. Kao thought it was because these people were aborigines. Today most Chinese claim to be sons of Han, and the aborigines were not true Chinese stock. Others hold the opinion that this step was taken because the people refused to pay tribute to the emperor, but whatever the reason these people were forbidden to live on the land. Since that day, they have lived on small sampans (which are about the size of a rowboat) and have become known as the Boat Families.

Most of the travel in those days was done by water and visiting potentates, officials from the high courts, business men and tea merchants brought a lot of business to the exiled families who plied the boats. Trade became quite brisk when Britain and the West first came to Foochow in quest of tea and the boat families became quite independent.



The Blind Fiddler

They carried cargoes of tea, lumber, silk, fruit, etc., from the interior to the mouth of the river and received good hard cash from the foreign boats lying off shore. The land people who despised the boat people, now had double reason to do so, the mandate had boomeranged and the people were better off than ever. In later years, trade was to drop off and the people in many cases became very poor, and to this day they remain a despised lot.

A strange lot these people. raise chickens on the sampan, tying a small string around the chicken's leg to keep it from jumping over-The chickens here love to scratch the ground as chickens all over the world are wont to do and it is funny to see these chickens scratching the hard bare boards of the boat looking for something to eat. Ducks too are raised but they are kept in a wicker basket hitched to the side of the boat. Every once in awhile the basketful of ducks is dunked into the water, to cool them off I suppose. At the back of the boat, under the floor boards is the cabin deluxe which is reserved for the pigs!

One long oar protrudes through
the stern of the boat and is used to
row and steer. The
boat people stand in
a row on either side
of the oar, and rock
back and forth with
it, giving the blade
a half twist when it

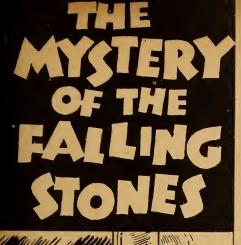
They keep in time with a song that seems to be general among the boat families, and sing the . . . ye oh oh heh . . . hum . . . ye oh oh hoh . . . all day long. The children up to about the age of three, have a rope tied around their waists to keep them from roaming, and to keep

them out of mother's way when she's rowing. At six the children are ready to take their regular turn at the oar. No school for them, they will never know anything but rowing, but that they will learn well. They can row all day and show no signs of tiring. Most of the rowing is done by the mother and the girls, the father and older sons forming a board of strategy that sits around smoking long pipes. Only when a storm is threatening, do the men take over.

The boats are painted bright yellows, many of them have red trimmings with blue seats. With their white sails they look very pretty rushing upstream before the wind. Many of the boats have big staring dragon's eyes painted on the prows, to scare away the evil spirits or to enable the boat to see the hidden rocks, in the rapids. I saw many boats with small pagan Shrines built inside, with the holder for joss sticks alongside. On the first and fifteenth of the moon month these sticks would be burned to the Spirits of the River The vast majority of the boats had holy pictures in them, and many of the people had a little Crucifix hung up somewhere in the boat.

For the past month I have had quite a lot to do with these people. Many of them had their boats damaged by the typhoon which recently hit Fukien, and trade has dropped off considerably with the withdrawal of the foreign companies on account of the war. The small committee which is sponsored by the Canadian War Relief Fund and the Canadian Aid to China fund, was able to draw up a project, whereby thousands of Boat Family Children will receive some education, some medical treatment, and some food to supplement the very poor diet they now live on.

(Continued on page 15)





FRANCIS DIEMERT

IFE on the missions has its mysteries and to date this experience is the most unusual for me. One day a man came in to see the padre. He was very excited and insisted that there were stones falling around his home in such numbers and with such frequency that it was impossible to sleep or work or do anything. These stones also fell *inside* the house and knocked over the food cooking on the stove. The parishioner begged me to help him so we soon set out on horseback for his dwelling.

Many Witnesses

Arriving at his home after a ride of some two hours we were greeted by a rather large gathering of people assembled to watch the falling stones. Nobody could see them coming; they just appeared out of nowhere as they bounced on the floor or ground. Outside of one child being knocked over, nobody suffered any harm. I was there for almost an hour asking questions but during that interval no stones fell, so word went around that the devil must have been responsible since devils and padres were not on speaking terms.

Wages of Sin

The people who lived in the house were living in concubinage and so was the owner of the dwelling. used this occasion to give everybody present a talk on that particular sin, telling them that sometimes God punishes people even in this life for not fulfilling His commandments. The vast majority of these people will listen to the padre with childlike simplicity and great attention. Their faith is strong even though their practice of it leaves much to be desired. A situation like this was one not to be missed and obviously my listeners expected something to be said. Such impromptu sermons are frequently more effective than a Sunday homily.

Don't Look Now

Having spent an hour in this place I must confess I was rather disappointed not to have witnessed a falling stone, however I called for my horse for the return journey. The woman of the house brought a cup of coffee and while drinking this at the kitchen door, there was a BANG! and right behind me was a stone about the size of a baseball. Now everyone standing around was as surprised as I was but there was the evidence. It was impossible for anyone to have thrown that stone in the midst of such a crowd without hitting somebody. Had it been thrown high in the air it would surely have hit one of the many sheds close by but no, there it was in the middle of the gathering. All the explaining began over again and several said they were glad it happened while the padre was present. They were quite anxious to see what I could do about it. I must say I was puzzled as to my next move, so with a short prayer to the Holy Ghost for enlightenment I began to talk. The promise of a blessing for all and prayers for them if they would cooperate with me reassured them. My conditions was simple: the couple who lived in that house must separate or get married. It was impossible to tell whether this had been a convenient excuse or not so the assembly was told it was to be one or the other. I promised to return two days later and say Mass in a nearby chapel, and if the stones had not stopped falling the prayers of Exorcism from the Ritual would be said.

Answer to Prayer

As I left, the man and woman of the house were making arrangements to live in separate households until they could collect enough money for the civil marriage fee. First they wanted to obey the law of the land and then get married by the Church to fulfill the law of God. Two days later Mass was said as promised and the stone-falling having died down considerably, I didn't use the form for Exorcism. The people renewed their promise to stay separated and everything seemed to be settled. Since then the stones have not fallen and the people are still trying to gather the \$20 for their marriage licence.

Dominican Vignette

Blessed Water

NE day a group of people descended from the hills of my parish to visit the town of San Jose de Ocoa. As usual they came to visit the saints in the church, and as usual they had bottles to get filled with holy water. The people here use holy water for various reasons. It is poured on the heads of newly born children by the selected godfathers in a pre-baptism ceremony; it is sprinkled about the house to drive away evil spirts; it is used to rub on the forehead or back of the neck to stop headaches-it is even drunk for good health. It must be for the latter reason that this group wanted the blessed water. spokesman, a bewhiskered patriarch approached me in the church and asked me to fill their bottles with the water. I pointed a finger to a tank near the front door of the church and said "help yourself". He shook his head in a negative fashion and with a very wise look said "oh no Father, not that water. I want the holy water you Fathers drink".

• R. J. HYMUS.



CONFUCIUS said that laughter can hide many a sorrow. The Chinese race are experts in applying this philosophy to their daily lives. Very much so is a little friend of mine named Mei Ying.

Although only twelve—she has lived a hundred years! Her face is very pretty,—even from a foreigner's point of view,—but it has lines—wrinkles on the forehead and around the eyes. She walks with a slight stoop. Her tiny hands are

worn and blistered.

I met her, for the first time, on the street one day shortly after my arrival here in Lanchi. I was on the way home from the local high school where I had been conducting a class in the English language. I was pushing my way through the crowded street when someone grabbed my hand. I looked around and saw this little girl in a long faded tattered gown and a smile that would warm anyone's heart. She asked me if I knew who she was. I told her that I glimpsed her in church on Sunday and so I knew that she was a Catholic. She begged me to come and meet her Aunt. I couldn't refuse that smile.

We left the main street and went into a lane, then through several

Home Sweet Bethlehem dirty narrow back alleys until we finally stopped before a door in a house

that was nothing but a mud hut. We went inside where I found one room with a mud floor, two old broken chairs and a table—the roof so low that I had to stoop. From somewhere outside, a little old lady came into the room and made me welcome. With no window the room was in semi-darkness and only when the child lit up a tiny piece of wick, sticking out of a tin can full of vegetable oil, was I able to see the mud walls of the hut. They were covered with Holy Pictures-all kinds of them—the Sacred Heart, the Holy Family, the Crucifixion, Our Blessed Mother, St. Teresa and many others. The pictures were all dirty and torn and worn-but somehow this wall paper changed the whole atmosphere of poverty. These two people lived



Frs. Sharkey, McIntosh and McCarthy with one of Vancouver's smart basketball teams.

in a little chapel—a stable of Bethlehem. Little Mei Ying was the high priestess; I was glad to be here.

Mei Ying stood in a corner and beamed—she was delighted with the notice I was taking of her wall paper. I sat down on the better of the two chairs and started asking questions, —this is the story I heard.

Mei Ying was born of pagan parents in a village some ten miles from

Adoption or Starvation

Lanchi. Her family was large and very, very poor. When Mei Ying was six years old, her

worried father decided that he would have to sell one of his little girls in order to keep the rest of his family from starving. Mei Ying was the youngest and although her father loved her very much, she would have to be sacrificed for the sake of the others. But the father had a sister—a widow who lived in the big

city of Lanchi. To her peasant relatives, because she lived in Lanchi, she must be rich. And so he wrote her a letter and asked her to find a buyer of this child among her rich city friends. But Mei Ying's aunt was poor herself—she washed clothes for a living and barely had enough to eat. She worked from dawn till dark for her three bowls of rice a day. She was a fervent Catholic, a convert of many years. She lived all alone and was very lonely. She sent back a message to her brother that she would like very much to adopt Mei Ying as her own child and thus would relieve him of one mouth to feed. Now Mei Ying's father was a good man and rather than see his child go to strangers, he sacrificed the money he might get for her and sent Mei Ying to live with her Aunt.

In her new home she found love and kindness and goodness—such as she had never known in her pagan family household. She was happy, but even at that tender age she began to realize that she was a great burden to her good and kind aunt. The latter—poor creature—now had six bowls of rice to work for each day. Often, like mothers all over the world, she would insist that she had no appetite and so would forego her daily ration of life-giving sustenance. She would work far into the night instead of stopping at dark. She was slowly killing herself for the sake of this child.

Mei Ying began to notice this and the realization made an adult of her.

Life Begins at Eight Years At the age of eight she took upon herself the task of earning a living. In the beginning

she sold some of her scanty clothing, bought some cigarettes and sold them at a profit. Then she bought some cigarette papers—collected butt-ends of cigarettes on the streets and made her own cigarettes with the tobacco from the butts. Then, a few years ago, she secured a job in a local cigarette factory where she now has steady work rolling cigarettes fourteen hours a day.

Meanwhile she became a Catholic and like her Aunt a fervent one. Holy Communion every Sunday—and to go to Mass on Sunday meant a loss of a half day's work—but then again by fasting and doing without breakfast, she saved the price of one meal. Sunday Mass was the only break in the week for her—her weekly recreation—the only change from monotonous toil.

Last Wednesday was the Chinese New Year's Day. All Chinese regard that day as the

New Year
Happy

day of the year—the family day — the one time when everyone must celebrate some-

way, somehow. On the day before New Year's during Holy Mass I thought of Mei Ying and wondered if she would have a holiday and a little meat for a feast. I couldn't get that thought out of my mind and so after breakfast, I went out in teeming rain and hurried through the back streets to her hut. I found her there—stretched out, half on, half off the planks that served as her bed. She was sound asleep and on her pretty face were stains of tears and evidence that she must have fallen asleep in a state of utter exhaustion and misery. I wakened her with difficulty and she sat up all smiles to welcome me. I pretended I was very angry with her and questioned her about the tears. She told me that she worked the whole night through-till dawn-and that after the regular fourteen hours of slavery -and that she did this in order that she might present the factory owner with an extra supply of cigarettes and so obtain a holiday without loss of pay. We had a long talk and I did what I could to see that she had a nice holiday.

When I was leaving her, this child, who had never entered a classroom—who knows nothing of books or letters—who is not able to write her own name but whose whole life has been one of back breaking toil and struggle for existence—this child of wisdom—took one of my hands in her tiny calloused one and said to me:

"Shen Fu, why are you always so sad when you come to see me?—why do you seem so upset when I tell you about myself? Is it your concern for me? If so, why? You know how happy I am all the time—no good Catholic could ever be otherwise! You yourself only two Sundays ago told us that this life meant nothing—that we are NOT in the condition now that God intended—but that we had fallen from Grace through sin—that our real life was still to come."

What faith! What wonderful

faith!





"CABANUELOS"

MST night while I was eating my supper, the housekeeper told me that Lent was going to be female this year. "What's that?" I asked. "What do you mean?" "Oh!" she replied, "when there is a good deal of rain during Lent the people here refer to it as feminine but when it is dry it is said to be masculine". This she told me with a big smile which showed her very white teeth behind the foreground of a black face, but proffered no further explanation.

The same housekeeper told me all about the "Cabanuelos". What are they? They are the first eighteen days of January. There are "Big Cabanuelos" and "Little Cabanuelos". The former extend from the first day of January to the twelfth inclusive. The latter from the thirteenth to the eighteenth. Each of the first twelve days corresponds to a month of the year. If a day is wet then the corresponding month is supposed to be wet also. If the day is dry then the corresponding month will be dry. However, for some doubting Thomases there is not enough certitude in this. Hence they resort to the "Little Cabanuelos. These consist of half days.

For instance, the thirteenth of January represents the months of January and February. If it is dry in the morning of that day then January will be a dry month. If it rains in the afternoon then February will be a wet month. . . . If the "Little Cabanuelos" contradict the big ones then the little ones are to be accepted. . . . Does the idea really work out? I hardly think so. However, many farmers put their faith in the "Cabanuelos" and act upon them.

EL SEIBO'S WASPS

The tower of our church in "El Seibo" is a veritable wasps' nest. Due to this fact it has become famous. Even Ripley mentioned it in his well known newspaper feature.

What is so queer about wasps in a belfrey? Nothing, but when they do not sting, then that is strange. Such wasps inhabit our bell-tower.

When the children first told me about this oddity I was very incredulous. Needless to say, I made no experiments. However, one afternoon an altar boy came into the house with two wasps enclosed in his bare hand. In spite of the evidence I remained in doubt until one day after choir practice. Upon descending the outside staircase from

the choir loft I noticed a group of little boys and girls playing at the base of the tower. They were actually chasing and catching the wasps in their hands. Seeing this, I gathered enough nerve to make the experiment. Believe it or not, they did not sting.

Unfortunately, a foreign wasp sometimes gets mixed up with our friends. As a result, our organist was stung one day. She has joined the ranks of the doubting Thomases.

MOONLIGHT and WITCHES

Most everyone has heard of witches and moonlight and broomsticks, etc., but few have ever seen these world-renowned creatures. Not long ago I had the pleasure of seeing one and also her lair. Her scene of action was on top of a low hill. The house was a small one-room affair made from stakes driven into the ground with a bark roof and an earthen floor. At the back there were a few small tentlike constructions made with bark. On every prominent point in the vicinity there were skulls of animals and what-not. It would certainly present a very eerie scene in the moonlight.

My companions told me that the neighbours had burnt the place twice but both times the persevering witch

rebuilt her den.

The old creature was certainly ugly and black enough to fit the time-honored description of a witch. When I saw her she was half drunk and bellowing at the top of her man's voice to a wilting storekeeper. Some day I will seek an interview with her and tell you all about a real, live witch. I doubt if she could ride on a broomstick in the moonlight, but she would certainly like to accomplish such a feat in order to prove to her disgusted neighbours that she really possesses strange powers.

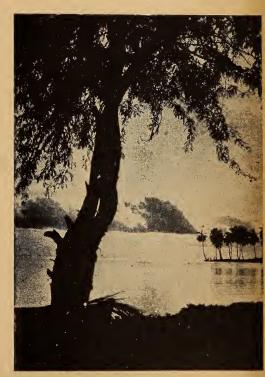
On another occasion I really saw the effect of witchcraft. A poor man was brought to town on horseback from an outlying country district. He had been ailing for a long time without showing signs of recovering. Hence three witch doctors decided to burn the devil out of him. They applied flaming faggots to his arms and legs during their superstitious ceremonies. When I saw him he was in agony, seated on a horse. Thus he had travelled for miles. The following day he died in the hospital of a neighbouring town.

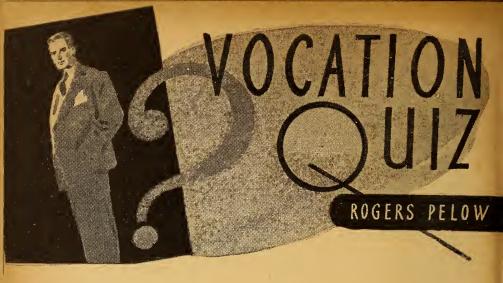
"Mountain Mission"

Not long ago I paid a visit to one of my most outlying mission stations. It is situated on the edge of a mountainous district which extends to the Atlantic coast. It is the last settlement before entering the lonely hill-district.

The people were very friendly and (Continued on page 22)

Twilight over the Caribbean





THE following quiz will be of interest to any boy in High School who is pondering whether or not he has a vocation to the Priesthood. These questions and answers will provide him with some knowledge of the signs of a vocation.

Question One:

Must a vocation be accompanied by some sort of a sensible sign—must we feel physically the grace of God pouring into the soul?

Answer One:

No. This is a mistaken notion which Pope Pius XI corrected in his Encyclical on the Priesthood, when he emphasized that a true priestly vocation is not established so much by some inner feeling or devout attraction, which may sometimes be absent or hardly perceptible, as by a right intention, together with a combination of moral, intellectual, and physical qualities which make one fitted for such a state in life.

Question Two:

What is "the right intention" that one must have in wanting to be a priest, and how important is this sign of a vocation?

Answer Two:

This is a most important point. As Pope Pius XI has pointed out, one who aspires to the Priesthood must look to it solely from the motive of consecrating himself to the service of God and the salvation of souls. Without such a proper intention anyone would be making a fatal mistake in thinking he had a vocation, regardless of health, mental ability, etc.

Question Three:

Is an inclination towards the work of the missionary priest-hood a sign of a vocation?

Answer Three:

Yes. This is a sign of a vocation, but not a vocation. The vocation is actually conferred by the bishop at ordination, but an inclination towards the work of the Priesthood is a good sign. The fact as to whether or not you have a vocation will be discovered in the seminary.

Question Four:

What are the intellectual or scholastic requirements?

Answer Four:

If you are doing well in your High School studies and obtain

your Matriculation, you need not worry about this qualification. You will fulfill these requirements.

Question Five:

Is good health necessary?

Answer Five:

Yes. Good health, that is, normally good health that will enable one to perform the duties of a priest, is required. This is especially true in a vocation to the foreign mission priesthood and the family doctor can determine this for anyone.

Question Six:

What should one do if he is not sure whether he has the signs of a vocation?

Answer Six:

The best thing for such a boy to do is have a chat with some priest, such as his pastor, whom he knows well, or his vocational director at school, or write for further information to the address below.

The \$64 Question:

Have I a vocation to the missionary priesthood?

Answer:

That can best be determined in the seminary, but if you wish some help with it write to Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

The Floating Cathedral

(Continued from page 6)

The boat families had been despised and neglected by the land peo-

The Forgotten
Ones Who
Belonged
to Christ

ple since the mandate over 3 hundred years ago. It was not until the Spanish Mission aries moved in that any attention or kindness was

shown them. How they responded to that kindness is shown in the numbers that profess the True Faith today. The story of Bethlehem has a special appeal to them. The "Child who was born in a stable" because there was no room in the Inn, is a story they never tire of hearing. They will tell you, these people, how there was no room on the land for them, and they are still despised by the rich merchants. After the Missionaries had worked among them for a few years, it became necessary to build a Church for them. They by far outnumbered the Christians

who lived on the land and the old Spanish Bishop decided that they were entitled to a big Church of their own (there are over eight thousand of them) in Foochow. So the Cathedral was built with the front entrance on the waters edge. The fact that you had to come to Church by sampan or boat was very convenient for these people and gave them the feeling that it was strictly their own Cathedral. So it remains today. Every Sunday morning sampans from up and down the river flock to the "Tien Chu Tang" and the boat families join with the seminarians in singing their prayers during the Holy Sacrifice. There is actually a small door, that has recently been cut into the side wall of the cathedral, to enable some of the landpeople to come to the Church of the Boat people, but it is seldom used. This then was the reason that I couldn't find an entrance from the street, and why I thought the Cathedral had been built backwards.



SR. MARY ANGELA

Diary of a Returning Missiona

Nov. 16th, 1946:

We have enjoyed our stop over very much here in New Orleans, as the Dominican Sisters have been most hospitable. They have had us out every day and as this is such a large, old, interesting, historical city, we never tire of sight-seeing. All the Sisters travel free on the street cars, in gratitude for all the work the Sisters did in an epidemic years ago. The Southern people are all very nice, but it is sad to go through Gen. Jackson's quarters as everything has been left the same as when he died in the eighties. The slave market with all its instruments of torture—whips, handcuffs and anklets would make you shiver.

New Orleans is a beautiful city and the people are lovely. We are quite an attraction and we are stopped continually by people who want to know who and what we are. Sisters, too, are so good to us. had quite a day on Sister St. Martin's feast day. We all went over to St. Anthony's for dinner-even the Mother General was there for it. In the afternoon they had a movie in their parlour—a picture of China and we all nearly went into spasms over it. It really was good and true

to Chinese life. The pastor of the Coloured Mission has invited us to visit his school. He is a Passionist and his brother was with us in Yuanling. We visited the coloured Sisters on Sunday. Poor Sisters, they too, are considered social outcasts and may not mix with the whites. They seemed to appreciate our visit and they came from all sides to meet us. The Community is nearly one hundred years old.

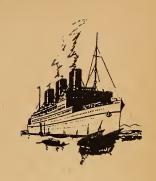
Nov. 17th, 1946—In the Gulf of Mexico, S.S. "Fairland":

China bound at last! What a grateful "Deo Gratias" was telegraphed to Heaven as our ship pulled anchor and steered out to sea with six of the happiest souls in this great big world of ours on its deck. As we pushed away from shore we sang the Ave Maris Stella and said our Rosary in common. We shall continue to do so for the rest of our homeward voyage.

Nov. 18th. 1946:

No one is seasick and all had a round-the-clock sleep. Morning prayer and meditation on the deck! It is so easy to pray on a ship; sky, water and each other is all you see. We are ten passengers—six of us, one Dominican Sister from Columbus, Ohio, two men and a lady. We

The lengthy journey from Pembroke, Ontario, to Lishui, China, is described by Sr. St. Angela, one of the veterans forced out of her mission field by advancing Japanese and now returned "home" to China. The record begins with the visit of Sr. St. Angela and her companions at New Orleans (Nov. 16th) and this section ends with the stop at Honolulu (Dec. 4th, 1946).



are the veterans of the voyage; our companions are on their maiden trip.

Nov. 19th, 1946:

Happy Feast Day to all our Sisters Elizabeth! We greet you from the Carr. Sea. This morning we sighted Cuba but only at long range. This poor old southern sea whose name I have not yet learned to spell is giving us a bouncing ride. The decks are deserted all p.m. and cabin bunks closely adhered to. That tells a little sea secret of its own, don't you think? However, "face" was saved when the "Greys" appeared, minus none, in the dining hall this evening. We are rolling like a cup now and it is still very warm. Mary Catherine is weathering the billows like Sinbad himself though she does have her squeamish moments. Sister Mary Vianney is splendid, sleeps like a baby and eats like a postulant.

Nov. 20th, 1946:

An Irish Hurricane is the Captain's explanation of today's warm, breezeless weather. The monotony of sea and sky was broken, however, by flying fish, porpoises at close range, two beautiful rainbows, a shower on one side of the ship, a ship on the horizon and another which came quite close. I noticed

this evening that our fair Mo Mos have developed a delightful sea blush which happens to be a good sun burn—the real old-fashioned type that peels. Missionaries we are, even to the point of being skinned. It is time for our hymns and Rosary so I had better be off.

Nov. 21st, 1946—In the Canal Zone: A western passage to the East! We have spent practically the whole day passing through the Canal. The Captain very graciously invited all the Sisters to the bridge (a spot sacred to a ship's chief officers). We are less than 66 feet above sea level and are slowly cruising over Lake Gatun. We anchored for a short while at the foot of the mountain on which Balboa caught sight of the Pacific. This beautiful lake is studded with small islands, uninhabited and thick with jungle growth. The lake is artificial and on it depends the whole Canal system. I'd hate to fall overboard here—this beautiful and harmless-looking gem of Panama has not hesitated to expose one of its species of life. In the past half-hour, two big alligators have surfaced quite close to the ship. They are not pretty creatures, by any means.

Nov. 23rd, 1946:

No one sea-sick but the losing face process continues. Sister M. Catherine de-skinned the most to-day. Sisters St. Martin, M. Genevieve and M. Vianney are enjoying a game of lexicon with one of the Presbyterian ministers. Sister St. Martin appears to be holding the laurels.



Sr. Mary Angela and two small friends.

Nov. 24th, 1946:

We are riding the swells at the rate of 410 miles a day. Blue skies and sunny weather are our portion yet, though the under-pinnings are a bit rough. We just missed a wind storm so should not complain if we do have a few choppy hours to contend with. Some creatures of the deep entertained us for a quarter of an hour this morning. We disturbed a school of tuna fish and hundreds of them went into high glee acrobatics alongside the ship. A whale peek-a-boo-ed at us too and sent some streams of water skyward. Seven p.m. Tuna fish put on a second show this evening and were splashing distraction for seven nuns who were otherwise devoutly saying the Rosary. Flying fish startled us at the fifth decade and did put on a neat little show. Seems to me I did hear of some saints who had an audience of fishes. Nov. 25th, 1946:

Serenely sailing into our second week of ocean life, we are celebrating Sister M. Catherine's feast today. Everybody was up at sunrise. Decks were paced in prayerful silence as meditating nuns walked up and down. Every morning at this hour the decks are deserted except for the odd sailor going from one post to another. This morning not even he made an appearance. After we had prayed a very long time someone came out on deck with the terrible news that we had got up an hour too early. The clocks changed at midnight and can you imagine seven of us forgetting to put our watches back!

Nov. 28, 1946:

American Thanksgiving Day. One Canadian enters into the spirit of the day—her sea-legs seem to be back to their pre-yesterday state. The waves are not so playful today. And that accounts for the six Grey nuns minus none who were present at deck parade early this morning. Just so that you will have a little genuine sympathy for your Asiatic Sister I must give you a little idea of how we are victualized on this ship—Dinner today was awful-Entree (Don't ask me to remember its initials even) roast turkey, Virginia ham, sage dressing, cranberry sauce, giblet gravy, buttered potatoes, asparagus, peas, mincemeat pie, fruit cake, nuts and fruit. Now don't you pity us having to face an array like that. You will believe that we are courageous when I tell you that the noon's menu's big sister demanded the same patronage at our sunset sitting in the dining saloon. Instead of pie, she humbly offered pineapple ice-cream and chocolate icing with a thin layer of cake. Sister M. Catherine is serving some of the latter as lullaby

lunch and I am supposed to be there. Good-night.

Nov. 30th, 1946:

Heathers to Sister St. Andrew and Mary A. No Scotch on this shipnot even in name. We had a peaceful day-not a fish out of place. Sister M. Catherine is serving crackers and cheese with strawberry jam and has sent out a general alarm for consumers. We are with you in our Novena for the Immaculate Conception and try to follow the same procedure. After our daily Ave Maris Stella, Salve and Rosary, we sing an English Hymn to our Lady, having the Novena prayers between verses. We have plenty of time for extra Second general alarm pravers. sounding for the missing members of the Lullaby Lunch Lovers—punishment for late attendance—cold coffee.

Dec. 1st, 1946:

I could almost preach a sermon tonight. We are being very good and kept you all company in the silence of retreat. Sister Dorita thought we were on strike but took advantage of the silence by getting caught up with her letter writing. Sister is making her "maiden voyage" and is thoroughly enjoying the experience. Rosary and Novena devotions solemnly closed our sea retreat.

Dec. 3rd, 1946:

Feast Day Greetings to all our Xaverians. The Patron of Missionaries is having a little fun on his feast day, and is letting us have a good roll out of it—our worst day yet and a bad one. Crockery is crashing around us—our furniture coming and then gone and we are doing our utmost to keep feet down

and head up. Feet control is a hard battle to fight but forget the head and watch the feet and you might succeed in keeping your head. One of the ministers braved the deck to see what the waves were doing. What a wave-wash he got.

Sister M. Catherine just came into my cabin with a letter—she did not



Sr. Vianney inspects a "package".

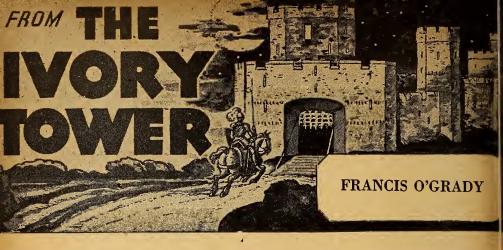
grab something fast enough and lost her feet control. She and I are the only ones in an upright position. Reports from all cabins maintain, however, that none of the inmates are suffering from anything more than a "retire early" policy. Tomorrow brings land again and shore leave as well. Our stay in Honolulu is short, a few hours only. Father Damien was ordained in the Cathedral there. (To be continued)

WANTED — STAMPS! STAMPS!!

Stamps of all kinds, from every country, especially from Canada and Newfoundland.

Please do not tear stamps off paper or destroy perforated edges. Leave a margin about 1/4 inch around stamp. Send all stamps to

CHINA STAMP DEPARTMENT Scarboro Bluffs - Ontario



AY DAY this year will mean something more than in the past. It marks the beginning of a worldwide movement towards the conversion of mankind. It is known as the Christopher movement as the participants are striving to be Christbearers.

To initiate such an effort in the month of Mary is completely fitting. Such a patron can only be efficacious as a model, ideal and helpful inspiration. In the past it has been obvious that Mary, the Mother of Christ, the *first* Christ-bearer, has had a tremendous effect on mankind, even when the odds were heavily against hope of success.

Mont St. Michel and Chartres

ENRY ADAMS was the author of a famous book on the monastery France built on St. Michel. Chartres cathedral has been one of the glories of mankind. Now this is due to the Blessed Virgin, the inspiration for so many cathedrals of Europe. Henry Adams points out that Mary the Mother of God was a typical woman: she meant to have her way, she knew how to go about it, she reached her goal every time! For instance, with reference to cathedrals, Mr. Adams points out that once Mary decided upon the erection of a church or cathedral in her honour, she would simply appear to somebody and demand it. Miracles would be worked to seal her order with divine authority and when action was not forthcoming quickly enough to satisfy her, Mary made a series of appearances. The description of her face has never used the word "severe" or "threatening" but rather kindness has been the consistent note; perhaps sadness as a frequent denominator. But no matter what she appeared like, she had her own way.

Our Lady of Guadalupe

America, the Blessed Virgin has insisted on the construction of several churches. The miracles she wrought on these occasions were such that everyone was convinced that the recipients were not attempting to deceive as to the authenticity of their messages. In Mexico, Guadalupe was the scene of a typical demand of the Blessed Virgin. She appeared to a boy going to market, informed him quite calmly that he was to tell the local bishop that a church was to be erected on the hillside she stood on. The boy answered logically enough that the bishop would likely think him crazy. Upon this being overruled, he returned home to tell his uncle, had a sleep, and forgot the whole thing. On his second attempt to go to town Mary appeared again. She asked very pleasantly why her request had been neglected. The boy had no excuse but debated again with her as to proper credentials to convince the bishop. Mary suggested he pick some roses. The rock around that spot was absolutely barren, it was also the wrong season of the year (December) for roses to be in bloom, but the boy went anyway to the spot indicated and sure enough, roses in bloom were plentiful. gathered them in his cloak and set out for the bishop's house. When he opened his cloak at the end of his story to show the roses to his bishop, they fell to the floor and on the inside of the cloak there was the beautiful painting of Our Lady of Guadelupe.

Miraculous Painting

YOU have seen reproductions of this masterpiece which still hangs in the beautiful church erected at the express order of the Mother of God. And in Mexico, at the height of religious persecutions, never have the enemies of the Church dared close this shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. When only two churches in all Mexico were permitted to stay open, this was one of them. Mary would see to that.

COUNTLESS miracles have taken place at this national shrine since 1531; pilgrimages are incessant; the picture has given its name to the church and town which later grew up. The devotion has been encouraged by the bishops of Mexico and so far, 19 popes have sanctioned, commended and advocated it. From a tiny shrine, Guadelupe has grown into an enormous church where thousands upon thousands receive Holy Communion on feasts of the Blessed Virgin. (Aug. 15th, 1945, over 50,000 communicants.)

Our Lady of Altagracia

In the Dominican Republic, the Blessed Virgin has another title: Our Lady of the Highest Grace. In this country she performs the same functions as elsewhere, serving as a model for mankind, a Christopher or Christ-bearer, and an effective intercessor for human beings in need of divine grace. The miraculous picture at Higuey has already been mentioned many times in this magazine. Devotion to the Mother of God has been the most potent force in Santo Domingo for the preservation of the faith.

Kuan Yin

I N China, a pagan goddess Kuan Yin has served as a spring-board for Christian Missioners who "converted" devotion to her into a more efficacious devotion to Mary Mother of God. Kuan Yin prayed to for help in family life, she was a goddess of fertility. From this the missioner could go on to an explanation of the Holy Family of Jerusalem, and the transition from Kuan Yin to the Blessed Virgin could be made. Of course it was always necessary to explain the great differences; Mary is not another name for Kuan Yin! But from their ideas of intercession, one could instruct them with true ideas and Mary as a true ideal.

America: The Immaculate Conception

ON this continent, Mary serves us as model intercessor with her latest title: Immaculate Conception. With the threat to family life the greatest danger of our time, she has a most important role. Mary as the ideal of purity helps us today as never before. Hence the endeavour on the part of preachers and writers to make Mary better known to all. Her example will be more effi-

cacious the more publicity she gets. Devotion to the family rosary will increase and its benefits need no comment.

Objects of Love

S. T. CATHERINE of Sienna pointed out that the soul cannot live without loving and it all depends on what we love. The scriptures have the same idea in the verse: Where your treasure is, there is your heart. It is the need of our day to place before the eyes of the world an object of love worthy of imitation. Surely none can be found capable of greater possibilities than Mary the Mother of God.

China and Communism

General Chou En-lai, one of the five top Communists in China, explaining their position, had the following revealing statement to make:

"We follow the ideology of Marx. Our present policy is not our ultimate goal, which is the classless society for China and for the world. We must first go through the initial stages. For these stages our policy is like that of the democratic revolutionary parties in the West."

"In the final stage of the Marxist society, I expect that science will have solved all questions, and this will automatically dispose of religion. Thereafter religious ideas will be matter for artists, to be treated as merely imaginary, subjects for fantasy."

"We are materialists in the sense that we do not believe in a soul distinct from the material body. After death there is nothingness . . . We believe in the law of nature."

THE STORY TELLER

(Continued from page 13)

give great hope of developing into a solid Catholic community. Actually, they are all Catholic by Baptism but have never been given an opportunity to learn much about their religion. Up until the present they have seen a priest only once every year or two.

We are very anxious to build a chapel in this mission because it is in the wilderness and such a chapel would serve all the lonely families who live for miles around.

On the night of my arrival, over a hundred persons gathered to pray and receive instruction. The service was held in the little school house. Some of the people found their way through the darkness by means of wooden torches. Others just found their way by memory. This is no easy matter as the many little footpaths wind through jungle, streams, etc. The following morning a very large crowd assisted at Holy Mass. This was followed by a class in Christian Doctrine and about thirty Baptisms.

At present in this parish we have only two chapels and the old colonial church. Another chapel is under construction. There is much talk about building five more chapels but this cannot be done at the moment for lack of funds. "Why so many chapels?" you may ask. The answer is that we really need sixteen more, at least, because this parish, which is served by only two priests, consists of 54,500 souls who are scattered throughout nineteen mission stations.

Our Cover

This little lassie was one of the pupils who attended our Girls' School in Lishui before the war. Now that the Sisters have returned, many more little girls like her will have an opportunity to receive religious instruction.



Catholic Mission, Kinwha, Feb. 25th, 1946

E HAVE had a long dreary winter, not that it ever went near zero, but much cold rain, some snow, and the temperature in the house always around 40 above, which is cold enough without a fire. I have a tin stove in my room, which I seldom light; the firewood is damp and hard to ignite, and then I am most of the time in other parts of the house or the church. However, thanks to the big heavy overcoat Monsignor McRae gave me I can keep warm; it has been a real lifesaver; the heavy overcoat I left here in 1941 was stolen during the war; and the extra heavy winter soutane I had was burned in Manila. cap he kept for me during so many years is also doing good service. wear it continually, even in the house. I can assure you that both his coat and the fur cap were welcome and kept me comfortable yesterday on a long journey in a rickshaw ten miles through the country on a sick call. Many thanks!

Monsignor Fraser Writes

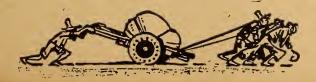
Father Morrissey is doing good work in Tungyang. He is continually on the road visiting the Christian settlements. At his request I am sending him my sacristan to act as teacher in a school he has opened. I am sorry to lose him as he is an efficient helper.

Father Morrissey tells me you are sending priests to Japan. This is good news. It also just shows how necessary it is to put an addition to the Seminary to train an increased number of subjects for so many mission fields.

Fathers Turner and McGettigan (I believe) are still in Shanghai and so I have not yet received any of the things sent by them.

I would be much obliged if you could get for Kinhwa a purple cope. Perhaps the Church Extension or Women's Auxiliary could procure one. The purple cope is used so often during the year. The one we used to have disappeared during the war. An old one will do.

Another thing we cannot get here is *linen*. I wish you would send some to make altar cloths.





DEFEAT IN VICTORY, by Jan Ciechanowski. 397 pp. Catholic Readers' Club, 23 Scott St., Toronto. \$3.75.

This book is a good selection for Canadians who want the story of Poland written by a man who lived in Washington. Many of the previous volumes dealing with this unhappy country were the work of victims who had escaped from Nazi and later Soviet occupation. Here we have not the excited revelations of a Gouzenko but the calm, authoritative document of the Polish Ambassador to the U.S. from 1941 to 1945. This book shows the hopes of a gallant people gradually diminishing because of the broken promises of her allies.

Canada was one of the countries which went to war in 1939 because

Poland was invaded. The story of this vanishing nation, passing out of existence as a free people as we lost interest in her, must be recalled before a full discussion of atomic warfare can take place.

The Atlantic Charter, Teheran, Quebec and Yalta are exposed in a thorough way as instruments of Soviet Foreign Policy. Britain and the U.S. thought of them in a far different light but they were gradually seen to be the means of extracting help from the West with no commitments as to the future of Europe. This expose of Soviet diplomacy shows the world that the new language of the diplomats is Russian.

SAINT NOEL CHABANEL, by Alfred Raymond. S. M. Fides, 25 East St., James St., Montreal. 156 pp. \$0.75.

This paper-bound book, written in French, is a biography of one of the Canadian Martyrs less well-known than St. John Brebeuf. The author is a compratiot of St. Noel although not a member of the same Religious Order.

The book is well documented, almost a scholarly treatise in its references. As such it is without sentimentality and always factual. One follows the young Saint from his family life through the Jesuit educational system until it is clear to the young man that Canada has a special attraction for him. St. John Brebeuf was in this country long before him, and some 20 years his senior, yet they were destined to be honoured in martyrdom together.

Like so many others, this saint

was an athlete and his prowess at football (p. 30) makes him more appealing. Later we are told (p. 57) of his great difficulty learning the language of the Indians; somehow this also increases our affection for him when we realize he was not superman. A saint is human and to have its greatest effect a biography must show his virtues to be capable of imitation. His holiness arose from his co-operation with divine grace. At the age of 36 he died for Christ.

We are indebted to Father Raymond for a short but very effective contribution to Canadian hagiography. It is to be hoped that somebody will see fit to translate it into English soon.

F. T. O'GRADY.



SOME MISSION TERMS EXPLAINED

Prayer School

This describes a very important part of mission work. It has to do with the religious instruction of children no matter what pagan country they live in. In China, because of the great poverty in which millions live, thousands of children get very little schooling for two reasons: first, they are needed at home to work on their farms; second, the expenses of schooling, low as they are, are still beyond the ability of many to pay. To scrimp and save a little money to go to a school which teaches a "foreign religion," about which they know nothing, would never enter their heads. So, until there are many, many more Catholics than there are at present who will realize the need of religious instruction for their children, we must encourage them by every means to come to the Prayer School. Since poverty is the main reason for their seeming unwillingness to attend, then it is our Christian duty, as well as happy privilege, to help them. Our colorful "Meet Your Chinese Neighbour" poster shows you how to help. Will you?

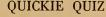
The Catechist

In China, as in other mission countries, an exemplary and well-instructed Catholic native is selected for the important office of Catechist. After a year or more of special training, he is placed in charge of a mission chapel. Often, his Catholic wife is trained too that she may help him especially in the schooling of children. One of his most important functions is to gather pagan children into the Prayer School, and, through these children, to win their parents to Christ. In the evenings he has to give Catechism lessons to the grown-ups who have become Catechumens.

The Catechumen

This is what we call any pagan once he has expressed his intention of becoming a Catholic. He must rid his home of every sort of superstitious article, break up all idols he may have, and begin to follow the course of instructions given by the priest or Catechist. He must not sell any of his daughters nor give them away in pagan marriage, nor may he attend any pagan religious festivities. After he has passed his examination in religion and shown his willingness to persevere, he is baptized.





Why is the coming Congress in Ottawa called the *Marian* Congress?





Dear Buds:

The other day, here in Toronto, a little girl, five years of age, saved a boy of four from drowning. He had slipped into a hole in the ice and couldn't crawl out of it. One man saw him and ran for a rope. Another man ran for a ladder. Our little heroine just ran and using her hand as well as her head, pulled him to safety. Men can be so flustered, can't they, Buds? She saw what had to be done and did it in a hurry.

The episode reminded me of Saint Theresa, now known as the Little Flower of Jesus. She did so want to be a Sister. While she was still a young girl, her Daddy took her on a pilgrimage to Rome. Some people, she knew, were opposed to her entering a convent until she was much older. "Why not," she thought, "ask the Holy Father to grant her per-

mission?'

...Now, a lot of people seem to be unduly awed by the pomp and splendour of the great. The Little Flower had the deepest respect and love for the Pope, and to her he was a Father. And doesn't a father love his children? As she knelt before Pope Leo XIII, she looked up at him, and what she saw encouraged her to ask Him to grant her request to become a Nun right away

Those standing around were astound-

ed at her audacity. But she wasn't bothering about 'ladders' or 'ropes.' She was a child; the Pope was her Spiritual Father; he could grant her wish. And Leo XIII, great and holy man that he was, knew this little girl before him would do heroic things for God and His Church.

But, Buds, the mystifying part of her life is that she didn't do anything to make her stand out as a Saint! She worked no miracles; she performed no great penances. All she did was to live each day, doing the little things that any of us might be called upon to do. But, and that's a great big 'but,' she did what she did as well as she

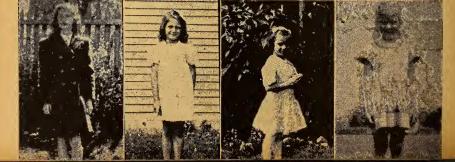
could for love of God.

Now, Buds, perhaps you think that because little things are done without fuss and talk, they are not worthwhile. Perhaps you imagine there must be much running for 'ropes' and 'ladders' (as it were) to do something big for your Missionaries. Not at all! No sacrifice, however small, however secretly done for love of God and souls, is 'little' in the eyes of our Blessed Lord. The little girl saved a boy without any fuss. St. Theresa became very holy without any fuss. Make your sacrifices for China's Children without any fuss because God loves them and you.

Your friend always,

FATHER JIM.

Eileen Fitzgerald Beverly Simpson Patricia Caco Linda Bergstrand





Dear Fr. Jim,

I am giving this donation for our dear missionaries. My Dad helped me or I would still be saving by summertime.

Margaret MacGillivray, 10 yrs.,

24 Galt St.,

ait St., Hespeler, Ont.

Bless your Daddy and you, Margaret, and may you both be happy in knowing you have made it possible for a Chinese boy or girl to attend a Prayer School for the required year.

Dear Fr. Jim,
I am sorry I neglected sending the contents of Tommy's and my mite boxes. We hope it will help China's children.

Estelle, 11 yrs, Tommy, 9 yrs.,

Donohue, Douglas, Ont.

I guess all of us forget things at times, Estelle, but better late than never. You may be sure China's Children are most grateful to you both. God bless you.

Dear Fr. Jim.

I would like to join the Rose Garden and have pen-pals, boys and girls. I am in High School and will try to get others of my school-mates to join the Garden too.

Helen Duffe, 17 yrs., Kingston Mills, Ont., R.R. No. 6. Here's a call for pen-pals, Buds, and I am sure Helen will have many interesting things to write you. So get busy and welcome her to our midst.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Today at school I got a glimpse of CHINA for the first time. Please send me information about the Garden . . . and pray for my vocation.

Edmund Puccini, 15 yrs., 63 Regal Rd.,

Toronto, Ont.

See what a school getting CHINA does, see? New friends like Ed, as well as a possible vocation to the Missions. By the way, Ed, I hope to have the boys' section under the patronage of Blessed Theophane Venard before very long.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I wish to renew my subscription to CHINA for three years. All our family read and enjoy it very much. And I would like to have some Eastern pen-pals.

Michael Morrison, 1009 Carbonate St.,

Nelson, B.C.

When it's springtime in the Rockies, I'll still be reading CHINA!" What a snappy title for a song! What music! what aaaaaahhhh! When you write next, Michael, please send me your age.

Grade 7
St. Patrick's
Girls'
School,
Halifax,
N.S.



Dear Fr. Jim.

Enclosed in my donation and some stamps which I am happy to send you to help China's Children and our missionaries. Thanks for my membership in the Garden.

Faye McLaughlin, 10 yrs.,...... 9 Pleasant St..

West St. John. N.B.

Faye has a way to make us all say, hurrah for the month of May! Living on Pleasant St., I am sure she is too,—pleasant, that is. Thank you, Faye, for your lovely gift, and may our Blessed mother watch over you.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I enjoyed saving every penny of this gift to help our Missionaries and will send more next month. . . . And Father, my name's Doris, not David!! Gosh . . .

> Doris Stevenson, 14 yrs., 267 Queen St.,

Kingston, Ont.
Oh golly! Imagine calling David,
Doris — I mean Doris, David.
Hmmm . . . maybe I should write
"DD", but that's probably a boy's
nickname. Thanks a million, dear,
for your grand gift to us all.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Since my New Year's resolution was to put three pennies in my mite box every day, I have now quite a bit and here's the first part of it. And here are more of my girl friends to join the Garden.

Bernadette O'Donohue, 13 yrs., 71 Brooklyn Ave.,

Toronto, Ont.

Those are really "Pennies from Heaven", Bernadette, and will do much to dispel the dismal darkness of paganism from some child's heart. Bless your generous soul!

Dear Fr. Jim.

Anthony and Francis helped me save this gift to help the good work our missionaries are doing. We are happy to know we can assist them.

> Joseph Murphy, 11 yrs., R.R. No. 2,... Otterville, Ont.

Yes, Joseph, you and your brothers are really co-missionaries with all our priests, and our Blessed Lord will remember all you are doing and reward you for it as only He can. God bless you and all at home.



Once again Newfoundland comes up with a winner for our monthly award. Joining the Garden only in February, she just flew ahead with plans to help China's Children. She is twelve years old and lives at 489 South Side Rd., St. John's, Nfld. I know all our Buds join with me, Bernadette, in congratulating you, and your example will spur all of us on to bigger and better efforts to dry the tears of China's Children. God bless you.

Dear Fr. Jim.

Here are some stamps . . . and, Father, how much is CHINA a year? My Aunt says she will get it for me as a birthday present.

Rita Cleary, 14 yrs., 2342 Wilson Ave.,

Montreal 28, Que. Thanks for the stamps, Rita. And what a wonderful Aunt you have!!! Don't you think she's grand,—not a grand-aunt, mind you, but just grand. Tell her so for me, will you? And bless the both of you.

Pen Pals

ST. PETER'S, P.E.I.
Mackinnon, Celia, 13, St. Peter's, P.E.I.
ST. STEPHENS, N.B.
McGarrity, Margaret, 12, St. Stephens,

N.B.

McGarrity, Margaret, 12, St. Stephens, N.B.

STEPHENVILLE, NFLD.
White, Rita, 14, Stephenville, Nfld.
ST. VINCENTS, NFLD.
Stampe, Theresa, 16, St. Vincents, Nfld.
ST. MARY'S BAY, NFLD.
Tremblett, Clarence, 12; Eileen, 16,
Colinet, St. Mary's Bay,
ST. GEORGES, NFLD.
Mince, Margaret, 17, St. Georges, Nfld.
SALMONIER, NFLD.
Marrie, Betty, 13, St. Catharines, Salmonier, Nfld.
SOUTH RUSTICO, P.E.I.
Blanchard, Bernie, 14; Eleanor, 16,
South Rustico, P.E.I.
ST. JOHNS, NFLD.
Greene, Dorothy, 14, Lakeview Ave.
SHENACADIE, C.B.
McNeil, John Alex, 14, Shenacadie, C.B.
SPANIARDS BAY, NFLD.
Brazil, Joan, 10; Michael, 9, Spaniards
Bay.

Bay.

TECUMSEH, ONTARIO

Fontaine, Marilyn, 13, 28 Cartier St.;
Hennin, Carl, 9, Box 206; Jacques,
Georgette, 13, 559 St. Joseph St.; Mastellatto, Rosie, 13, 129 William St.; Phaneuf,
Bernice, 9, 47 Tecumseh Rd.; St. Louis,
Marcelle, 9, Box 202; Sheehan, Nancy,
13; Ruth, 10, 202 Lesperance Rd.; St.
Pierre, Paul, 9, Box 245; LaBute, Irene,
9, 21 Tecumseh Rd.

TOMPKINS, NFLD.

Wall, Leile, 11; Vera, 10, Tompkins,
Nfid.

TILLSONBURG, ONT. Willaert, Roger, 12, R.R. No. 4, Tillson-

Willaert, Roger, 12, R.R. Roc., burg, Ont.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Deagle, Carol, 9, 4078 West 13th St.

VICTORIA, B.C.

Cassidy, Alfred, 10, Victoria, B.C.

Hanley, Mary, 11, Borden Ave.; Pearce, Peggy Joe, 12; Isabel, 10, 3114 Harriet Rd.; White, Mary Lou, 12; Barbara, 10, 271 Superior Street.

WALLACEBURG, ONT.

Normanden, Marion, 10, Box 159, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Normanden,
laceburg, Ont.

WALFORD STATION, ONT.

Duff, June Rose, 9, Walford Station.

WESTBORO, ONT.

Crossire. Patricia, 12, 628 Highla

WINNIPEG, MAN. Yost, Patricia, 12, 355 Inkster Blvd.

QUICKIE QUIZ WINNER (March)

Margaret McGrath, Ruby, R.R. No. 1, Ont., won the draw among those sending in correct answers to the quiz: Where and when is the Marian Congress to be held in Canada this year. Very Rev,. Fr. Hugh Sharkey did the drawing this month. Congratulations, Margaret; hope you like your prize.

Items of Interest

Latest Addresses

Rev. L. Hudswell, Dolu, Chekiang. Rev. J. Kelly, Pukiang, Che.

Rev. K. Turner, Rev. R. Reeves,

Sungyang, Che.

Rev. H. Murphy, Lanchi, Che. Rev. T. Morrissey, Tungyang, Che.

Rev. G. McKernan, Tangchi, Che. Rev. A. Venadam, Rev. E. Moriarity, Rev. A. Clement, Lishui, Che. Rev. C. Strang, Pihu, Che.

Rev. H. McGettigan, Lungchuan,

Che.

Welcome Home!

Very Rev. A. Chafe, S.F.M., Superior of our missions in Santo Domingo, and Rev. B. Kirby, S.F.M., returned to Canada for a much-needed rest. Both speak happily of the wonderful success attending the efforts of our Priests in that field.

Another Friend Departed

The priests and students of our Society were saddened by the sudden death of Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. J. Manley of Toronto. We join with his many friends in offering Masses and prayers for the repose of his soul.

Prayers Requested

For Miss Mary Ryan, Toronto,

For Mr. Peter Murtha, Lindsay, Ont.

Pembroke Prelate Honoured

CHINA extends felicitations to Rt. Rev. W. P. Breen, pastor of Eganville, Ont., on the occasion of his appointment to the rank of Protonotory Apostolic. Ad multos annos!

Msgr. Nicholson

All readers of China, especially those of the Kingston Archdiocese, are rejoicing in the signal honour paid to Rt. Rev. J. F. Nicholson who has been raised to the rank of Protonotory Apostolic. We join with all his many friends in offering congratulations.

Msgr. A. Benoit

An old friend of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Fr. A. Benoit, pastor of Holy Cross Parish, St. Boniface, Man., has been raised to the rank of Domestic Prelate. This happy news was received from Vatican City by His Excellency, Archbishop Cabana. China extends best wishes to Monsignor Benoit.

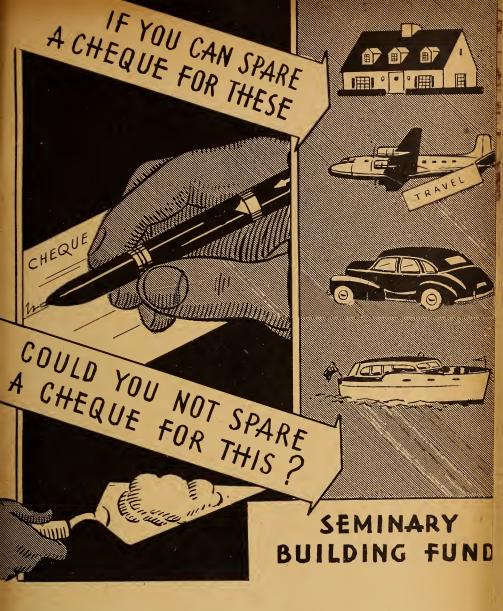
Orchids!

To Mrs. Hymus, President, and the members of St. Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary! The annual Bridge and Euchre in aid of our Society, sponsored by these ladies, was an unqualified success. Those of the guests winning prizes were de-

lighted over them.

Among the honoured clergy attending were the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Ingoldsby, President of St. Augustine's Seminary and the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. C. McGrath of our Society. Msgr. McGrath spoke enthusiastically in praise of what the Woman's Auxiliary has accomplished during the past years and thanked the ladies in the name of the Society.

Page Thirty



PLEASE SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION NOW. THE NEED FOR MISSIONARIES GROWS GREATER DAY BY DAY

Make Cheques and Money Orders payable to

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

Scarboro Bluffs

Ontario

CHINA

Page Thirty-One

The Event:

The Marian Congress

The Place:

Ottawa, Ont.

The Time:

June 18-22 inclusive



- During these months of preparation, pray and work to make the coming Congress a glorious tribute to Mary, the Mother of God!
- When at the Congress be sure to visit the Mission Display exhibited by the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.







China's Desperate Need

Take a long look at this child. It is *not* a staged picture, but one that was snapped at random in starving China.

Another band of Scarboro Foreign Mission priests is leaving in the Fall, returning to our Mission Territory. These missionaries will bring material as well as spiritual succor to pagan thousands. But our priests must be equipped to go. Below is a partial list of articles they must take with them.

WILL YOU SUPPLY ONE OR MORE OF THEM?

Portable Mass kits containing all requisites for the celebration of Holy Mass.

Sick-call kits.

Vestments of all kinds.

Light cloth (black or white) for summer soutanes.

Blankets, sheets, mosquito netting.

Medical kits.

Kitchen utensils of all kinds.

Bicycles; typewriters; cameras; flashlights and batteries.

This is but a partial list to suggest things to your mind. Remember, we must re-fit most of our Mission Stations pillaged during the war.

Page Two China



March 19th, 1947

Close Call for Fr.

FEW days ago Fr. came to Kinhwa to board a U.S. army plane for Shanghai. He had been advised that it would land to take him on board. The visibility, however, was bad and the plane flew over the city without stopping. He waited for ten days thinking that at any moment he would get a telegram that a plane was coming. At last, he went by bus to Nyiwa and thence by train to Shanghai. It is just as well that he did not go by plane. The one that came from Canton a few days later crashed on trying to land at Shanghai. It burst into flames on smashing into a farm house, killing all four passengers and three of a crew, as well as two women in the house. In the last few months hundreds have been killed in plane crashes in China.

Accident on New R.R.

To-day is the Feast of St. Joseph. The Chinese Christians call him "Great St. Joseph". Father Fox arrived to-day by bus and not by train. He said he was unaware that the Line was finished as far as Kinhwa, and so took the bus. Fortunately he did, as the train which

he would have boarded ran off the track near Kinhwa and five persons were killed and 25 injured. It appears that the engine was at the back of the train, and the engineer failed to perceive a red light placed at an unfinished part of the road. He has gone into hiding. If caught, he will probably be executed. Father Fox was on his way to the next Province after a brief stay in America. In a week's time, regular service will be established between Hangchow and Kinhwa, which means that one may travel from here to Shanghai all the way by rail. As the Line runs through a number of our Mission stations it will make it very convenient for our priests.

Catechism Classes Renewed

Instruction classes for children are held twice a day. They are getting to be regular little theologians. The bright little nine year old girl I spoke of in a previous letter is wonderful. She answers questions almost before they are asked, and always to the point; sometimes better than expected. Having occasion to compare gloomy people with gloomy weather which nobody likes, I asked the class which they liked best. Our little ascetic replied "I like when it rains and I like when the sun shines."

CHINA

Page Three

C H I N A

Established 1919

Editors:

D. E. STRINGER F. T. O'GRADY

Circulation Mgr.: J. L. BEAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

\$1.00 a year \$2.00 for 3 years \$20.00 for life Single copy 15 cents.

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August.

Address all communications to
RT. REV. J. E. McRAE
Superior General, Scarboro Foreign
Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.



Vol. XXVIII

No. 6

The results of the catechism class are encouraging. So far 30 children have been instructed. They are mostly farmer boys and girls. Sadly neglected during the war, some of them not knowing whether they were baptized or not, they are now, most of them, daily Communicants. My catechist (the one who was tortured) teaches the boys; his wife the girls. I also have a lassie of fifteen teaching a smaller class of girls. Her knowledge of the prayers and catechism which she learnt from the native Sisters some years ago, and her devotion to the Church, are impressive. Last winter she would walk seven miles in snow and slush to church, fasting in order to receive Communion. The family being very poor she took a job in a Protestant family minding two little tots. Fearing that her Faith might be endangered I brought her to the Mission. The children under instructions are fed gratis. They are so dreadfully poor they are generally hired out to rich farmers to mind the cattle; the girls to mind the babies, and all they get is their food—rice and greens. My catechist thought of placing his eldest son in apprenticeship but the terms were unbearable; the boy would have to serve six years; no salary or clothes would be given him,—only his food. He is very talented, has already graduated from high school, and, I think, has a vocation to the priesthood. Like Anna, the mother of Samuel, his mother had promised that if she had a son she would consecrate him to God. I pay his tuition at the Secondary High School on condition that he lives at the church. He came third in the examinations in which 200 tried. He rises every morning about five, goes to Communion and is off to school before sunrise. In the fall he intends to enter the Seminary. He has to walk over a mile to school fasting. I sent 50 pounds of rice to the school kitchen to provide him with rice for two months, as he gets breakfast and dinner there. After supper at home (the family lives on our premises) he comes to the evening instruction and is the brightest boy in the class. The clever little girl I mentioned is his sister.

Supplies Distributed

UNRRA supplied 100 padded vests and 10 cases of powdered soup. We made the distribution to-day to our poor Christians. 134 persons got one or both articles. Every girl and boy in my Catechism class got a vest and a can of the powder. You should have seen the look of contentment on their faces. An official sent by the mayor supervised the distribution.

Several months ago two boys were presented to me. They had been accepted in the local industrial

school. One of them, fifteen, had not been baptized. His father and mother were dead. He had no brothers or sisters, only a grandmother who is a Christian. He knew nothing about religion but would like to learn. One eye was already blind and festered, the other going fast. The other boy about ten was baptized, that's all! I thought it would be a shame to send these lads to a pagan institute before they received the sacraments, so I undertook to keep them for a while at the church, to feed and instruct them. Ash Wednesday was a great day for the first lad. He was baptized and made his First Communion. During the baptismal ceremony all the children crowded around, anxious to see a rite they had heard so much about. I christened him Anthony Mary; Anthony, because he needs a financial backer, and Mary of course, to protect him. The other boy made his First Communion. The same day they entered the Industrial School. I went to see the place. There are three hundred poor boys and girls. They are given an education and taught a trade. Clothed and well fed, their support comes from UNRRA and local funds. There is neither superstition nor religion in the place, though those who desire may go to church on Sundays. This establishment, of course, is something new in China. Only two such schools exist in this Province. While the boy with the sore eyes was with me, I gave him multivitamins, and wonderful to say the eye has stopped suppurating, and has cleared up; but without a miracle he will never see with it.

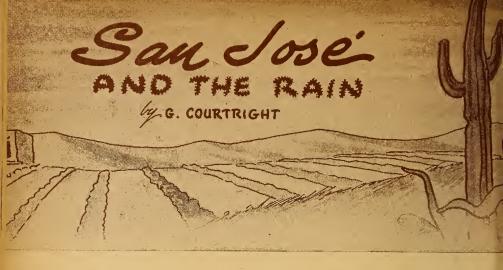
The war worked havoc with one of the pillars of the Kinhwa community. The lady is now a wreck. For four years both legs have been paralyzed, and she has been in bed all that time. They carried her here ten miles in a portable chair to receive the sacraments. She also visited the Protestant Hospital for injections. She says the beads continually. The children felt very sorry for her and promised to pray for her.

Astronomy to Catechism

When I was leaving for Lishui in 1925 Dr. (later, Father) Cummer made me a gift of a telescope, saying that he would deem it a favour if I would bring it to China. I made a stand for it and used to show the children and Christians the mountains in the moon, etc. It made a great impression on them, as the pagans say that the moon is a goddess; now they could tell them, that they saw with their own eyes mountains, rocks and deserts in the moon, and therefore it was not a "living goddess", and should not be adored as the pagans do on the 15th day of the 8th moon. But like everything else my telescope was lost. Father McAuliffe was afraid to take it with him for fear he would meet the Japanese and with such an instrument in his possession be taken for a spy. I was sorry to lose it and now must rely on word descriptions to enlighten the faithful as to the heavenly bodies. It is wonderful how much the children under instruction know already about astronomy. They know that the sun (Continued on page 10)



Chinese "Finger" game.



VICTOR was getting very uneasy these days and with good reason. He squinted at the parched brown soil and tried to remember how long ago it had been since a real heavy rain had fallen.

Victor was a peanut farmer or manicero, a life-long resident of this mountain village, and had much to gain by a good peanut crop. Peanut oil was in very great demand, and just the other day the official price for peanuts was announced, \$3.50 a quintal. Victor sighed as he thought of the losses he would suffer. He looked across the valley once more, at the sun-baked hills which towered above his beloved village. Yes he could even see a part of the slope which belonged to his father, and on which he himself had sown peanuts some two months before. There wasn't much green showing, for the hot tropical sun had bleached the foliage to a light yellow.

If it would only rain, he thought, there would still be hope. If I lose this crop, I'll have all that extra expense of hiring men with their hoes and machetes to take out the old roots. Then, too I'll need to buy more seed peanuts. Some day, he mused, there'll be a government-built irrigation canal, and then we

can laugh at dry spells like this, but right now, what can we do?

Victor could recall quite vividly the hardships suffered by the whole valley two years ago during a nine months drought that affected the whole of the West Indies. Yes, things could be worse. Why, even last year there had been a dry spell like this one, but thanks to . . . Something clicked in Victor's memory. Oh why didn't I think of that before, he asked himself. What a stupid fellow I've been. I'll go right away and talk to the others. Then we'll see what the Padre has to say. As Victor hurried off his thoughts were varied. A sense of guilt crept over him as he remembered how often he had missed Sunday mass. God might punish him by refusing to grant his request. A bit defiantly he told himself that he wasn't the only Mass-misser, that he was just as good a Catholic as the rest of them. Well, he concluded, if our San José gives us rain, I promise to bring the Virgin a piece of wax as big as my right arm. That ought to make up for all my past offences.

The Padre's consent was soon obtained and it wasn't long before the whole town knew of Victor's plan. It would be well to make it as

liturgical as possible, so the choir, of course, must sing the Litany of the Saints. Willing hands now fas-tened San José, a beautiful handcarved wooden statue, in a standing position on a portable platform. Victor and three other husky maniceros raised the platform on to their shoulders and to the solemn chanting of the Litany the procession proceeded. Around the statue as it moved along, an excited crowd of youngsters circled, their number increasing at every corner.

"Where are they going?"

"Why, don't you KNOW? to the river, of course—just as we did last

"Yes, but what for?"

"Oh, you'll see; come along".

Victor, though he was perspiring freely, was quite happy. He had been the cause of this procession, and now he was the centre of all eyes as he struggled along under the weight of the heavy statue. The men of the town considered it an honour to be allowed to carry San José and they spelled each other as the procession wound its way down the steep slope leading to the river. What did it matter if their nice shoes got covered with dust, and their trousers lost their press? / How can you expect San José to bring us rain if we don't do our part? At the river's edge a halt was called, and now the supreme moment had arrived.

"Last year, said Victor, "we put him in completely, but this time he's too tightly wired to the platform. What'll we do?"

"That's easy compadre, just get the Padre to splash water on his feet"

No sooner said than done. Then the Padre read the Ritual prayers for rain. Now, all eyes began scanning the unbroken blue of the heavens, looking, for the rain-clouds that San José was bringing. "If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, you shall say to this mountain 'Remove from hence hither' and it shall be done, and nothing shall be impossible to you".

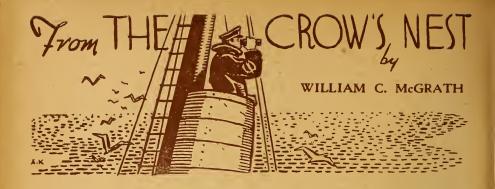
Victor thought for a moment.

"Say we'd better get back to town before the rain does come".

Going up the slope was a real penance for San José hadn't become any lighter. As the crest of the hill was reached, there was great excitement. Sure enough, there were dark clouds obscuring the sun. Then a few drops of rain fell. A mighty cheer arose, and it might just as well have been a deluge, for San José / had not let them down. He was merely letting everyone know that their prayers had been heard. That night, Victor slept soundly.

P.S.: The rain came two days later.





 ${f P}_{
m EOPLE}$ wondered why Phyllis even bothered to play bridge, or to attend the cocktail party any more. She had changed so, all of a sudden. Formerly a demure and really pleasant person, whose game was quite acceptable, she had suddenly begun to get in everybody's hair with the pet theories she was wont to air when she could find anybody to listen. She even seemed undaunted by the rude interruptions and suggestions to "hire a hall", or "tell it to the Ladies' Aid" for Phyllis had suddenly discovered that she had a mission in life. It was to tell her old fashioned set that what this country needed was behaviorism.

It all dated back to that day in the dentist's outer office. There, to while the time away, she had browsed through a frowsy copy of "Your Outlook". In the article by Dr. Swellenpusser, entitled "Inhibitions Can Defeat You" she had learned of the terrible havoc rampant in the world today because of the repressive discipline of old fashioned parents. She knew now what John had meant about that guy who had come across Chapman's Homer and felt "like a watcher of the skies when some new planet swims into his ken". For a new, glorious thing had come into her own life. In that heartening picture of little Annie who finally threw herself down the village well, she felt that she could see herself in the old days back in Centreville, where, Heaven knows, her own ego had been just about disintegrated through the medium of the bedroom slipper. Repressions! Inhibitions! Throwbacks! Complexes and frustrations! Just wait till the next meeting of the Bridge Club! Such smart words to set them back on their heels.

One thing was sure. There was still time to save her little Willie. He was young enough to mould and direct along lines of psychological sanity. His little ego, God love the child, would never be cribbed, cabined or confined by any throwback (how good the word sounded), to the days of parental fascism. Uninhibited and unrestrained, he would, thanks to her newly discovered wisdom, blossom forth into full flower of strong and vigorous manhood.

At the bridge table, now, she was conscious of mounting impatience with those who seemed so uninterested. Over the cocktails she was unutterably bored by those sombre gloom boys, forever talking atomic war and the irresponsible feather brains whose big worry - in the atomic age-was who was going to win the Junior finals. Had they never heard of Freud or Brock Chisholm or bank hold-ups or juvenile delinquency? Why, any fool could tell them, as she so often did, that old fashioned discipline was just a malevolent anachronism (that's what Dr. Swellenpusser had called it); a psychological straightjacket, productive of a nation of cringing, defeated introverts, curled up in their own little egos like kittens asleep in the sun. Wake up and live! How she felt like shrieking it at them! Across that stupid bridge table where "game bid" still seemed to be the only de-

sirable thing in life.

Strange, though, about John! didn't seem to see it her way. "My old folks did a pretty fair job," he used to say, "fourteen kids and not a bank robber in the lot. Dad didn't spare the rod—or the family slipper-so as you'd notice." But that was just John. So old fashioned. Still maintained that women's bridge clubs were a far greater menace than any atomic bomb and had even manifested impatience when Willie had torn up the funnies all over the living room or brought in a new brood of tadpoles to keep in the kitchen sink. Now that Willie had been sent to the new behaviorist school in town, it took all her feminine tact and diplomacy to prevent John from spoiling everything. Actually, she believed he was just stringing along with this "new fad of hers", as he called it, for the sake of family peace.

"Willie. . . . Willie. . . . Time for

lunch."

Willie sidled into the dining room and slumped into his chair. There was obviously something wrong with the child, Phyllis reasoned to herself. His self-expression must have received a jolt somewhere and she found herself eyeing John with a tinge of suspicion. "There is something" she told him, "that child is trying to express, some assertive urge battling against the inherited frustrations . . ." She stopped at the positive glare that John, her John, was giving her across the table.

"Eat your lunch, Willie, dear. You must grow up to be big and strong,

like Daddy."

"I don't want no lunch" (grammar was optional at the behaviorist school), "and I don't want to be like

A coloured preacher at the close of his sermon, discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said: "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown will lead."

"Lead?" said Deacon Brown, suddenly awakening, "I'se jis' dealt."

Daddy," her pride and joy replied.

She could have shouted for joy. It was working. The child was asserting himself. Thoughts of those dismal days of her own frustrated childhood crowded through her mind. She hoped John could see it her way and respect the child for his forthright statement of conviction.

"Maybe we could get you something nice. Something very special. Tell mummy if there is anything you

would really like."

"Yes. A worm out of our own garden." Willie toyed with the fork while his legs dangled from the chair.

"For a fleeting, frightful moment she was tempted to doubt. But no... it could not be wrong, now. If only John would be more co-operative instead of just sitting there, glaring at his soup. "See it through. Face up to situations. Don't retreat." She thought of the dentist's office. That, she knew, was what Dr. Swellenpusser would advise right now.

"You see, John dear, that child is struggling to express something of which even he himself may be unaware. You know . . . frustrated desire inhibited by the subconscious hereditary repression. You remember your grandfather, back on the farm, how he always wanted that basement workshop and how your grandmother . . ."

"I'd thank you to leave my family out of this," was John's only reply.

"Sorry, dear." She thought she had better be conciliatory. "But for this once, just for my sake, let us see this thing through. It could be frightfully important."

"It's just plain cussedness. As old

as human nature," John replied. "But, for your sake, as you put it, to snap you out of this fool trance or whatever it is, let's get it over with. What do we do now?" John, she thought, was not being too gracious. She called Mary the maid and asked her to bring in the worm which was duly deposited on Willie's plate.

"I want it fried," he howled.

Mary was summoned once more. The worm was removed and brought back sizzling.

"Now, Willie, you've had your worm. You've had it fried. Be a good boy and eat your lunch."

"Not till Daddy eats half of it."
Conscious of impending victory
Willie was pressing his advantage
home.

Mother wiped her brow. She looked at John. "For this once, dear???? I just know that everything will be alright."

Grimly Daddy reached across the table. His half of the worm dis-

appeared before the astonished eyes of little Willie, who promptly burst into tears.

"Daddy," he howled, "ate the half that I wanted."

At the Club, these days, Phyllis doesn't air her theories any more. Neither does she want to talk much about the final episode in Willie's training. She says that before she fainted she distinctly saw John's arm reach across the table and the next thing she knew he was heading upstairs with the squalling Willie tucked under his arm. Willie went back next day to the Sisters' school, back to the three R's. She suspects that the bedroom slipper was brought into play as an instrument of persuasion but that's as far as she'll go.

Oh, yes, her game is much improved for "game bid" has assumed again the significance of those early carefree days before Dr. Swellenpusser came into—and out of—her life.

Monsignor Fraser Writes (Continued from page 5)

is a million times larger than the earth; that the earth is being whirled through space in its course around the sun at a speed of 1080 miles a minute; that the stars are so many suns, only far away, etc.

Two Modern Martyrs

A couple of weeks ago Father Dunker, C.M., passed through on his way to America. He had been in hiding in the mountains of Kiangsi all through the Japanese invasion. He told me that a Chinese priest of his mission had been beheaded and a French priest I knew had been tortured. This was Fr. Poizat of Yushan, not so very far from here. The Chinese priest had hidden valuables in two places, in one a little, in the other a greater quantity. The Japanese tortured him until he revealed the first cache. On finding it

so little they were convinced there was more, so they tortured him again until he told of the second hidden treasure. When they found it, they put him to death. It is not certain why they molested the French priest, unless it was for the same reason. He was reduced to starvation, and was glad to scrape up and eat what they left after meals. Before they evacuated his town, they hung him up by the thumbs to a rafter. The Christians found him in that condition—how long hanging, they did not know. They released him but he soon expired. He was a very dear friend of mine. I used to send him a yearly gift for the nurses in a pagan orphanage. By this means, he was enabled to enter there freely and baptize the dying infants. They would even call him when one was in danger of death.

Why

Catechists?

By Leo Curtin



A member of the archdiocese of Ottawa for 12 years, Father Curtin resigned his parish to join the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society in 1934. After 9 years spent in China he was pro-Prefect in charge of our whole mission territory there. He was elected a member of the General Council in 1941 but the war with Japan prevented his return until 1944. He has just completed his first year in Santo Domingo and next month will celebrate his silver jubilee in the priesthood.

THE teaching of Christian doctrine is the duty and responsibility of pastors but as in most parishes this is impossible for one man alone, he may enlist the aid of others. Assistant-priests, brothers, sisters and lay people, are usually called upon and if the parish is blessed with a Catholic school this catechetical work is done by the teachers under the supervision of the pastor. In mission countries such aid is not available and the priest must devise some other solution.

The Problem in China

Conditions in this particular mission field are a far cry from what is known to the average Canadian. Prayer schools are established in connection with each mission, but a full curriculum of secular subjects

is not taught as all expenses are borne by the particular mission and the cost would be prohibitive. Therefore the children who attend do not get a complete secular education. It is frequently possible to have such prayer schools registered with the provincial government but with registration comes supervision. Although supported entirely by the mission, in a registered school (until quite recently) religion may not be taught.

The Problem in Santo Domingo

the Dominican Republic, strange as it seems, the teaching of religion is not permitted during school hours in government schools although the students are the children of Catholic parents and the teachers are at least nominal Catholics. Where there is a resident priest the children come to the church after evening prayers where they receive an hour's instruction in catechism. In the country districts even this little is not always possible. The result is widespread ignorance of religion.

A Solution: Catechists

In both China and the Dominican Republic where only two priests may have charge of a territory, several hundreds of miles in area and a population equal to that of a fairsized diocese in Canada, a technique has been developed to instruct the people by using catechists, or layteachers trained for this special purpose. These helpers, (both men and women are used in many places), are natives and thus are familiar with the language, customs and prejudices of their countrymen to a degree beyond the reach of any foreigner. An incident in China comes to mind as an illustration: in one mission, belief in the transmigration of souls was prevalent and the catechist was determined to stamp it out. In his talk to the people and in the presence of the missionary priest, he ridiculed the possibility of a man's soul passing over into an animal. This was done in such a way that the people saw the humour of the thing without taking offence; such a thing would have been impossible for a foreigner.

The Catechist a Resident of Each Mission

With headquarters in a fairly well established centre, the missionary makes regular visits to each mission. Such visits last 2 or 3 days and take place once or twice a month. At the mission chapel or station the priest says Mass, administers the sacraments and supervises the teaching of doctrine but most of the field work is done by the catechist. The latter knows the condition of the people of the mission, who is to be married, what children must be baptised, who is ready for First Communion, etc. The catechist is the missionary's right hand man, gathering the people in the chapel every evening for prayers and on Sundays for instructions as well as their prayers. In emergencies he baptizes and assists

(Continued on page 18)



A Chinese Catechist, with wife and family.



Sr. St. Angela.

Diary of a Returning Missionary Sister

(Continued from May issue)

OUR stay on the lovely island of Honolulu was short but very enjoyable.

we docked at noon. A rumour spread through the ship that there was to be no shore leave. Permission however was given to call a priest to the boaside. The

only regulation was that he was not to board the ship. We could however go to the end of the gang plank and speak to him. Since we wanted confession, all agreed to go even if we had to make a semi-public one from the gang plank to the dock. Around 3 o'clock, a priest came walking up the wharf and before we could say anything he was on board. After a few minutes with the Captain, we filed down the gang plank and into Father's car. He took us to the Cathedral where we had the privilege of making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and of going to confession. Afterwards Father took us to the Convent where the Sisters of the Sacred Heart received us like queens and sat us down to a banquet royal. At 8 o'clock, as we slipped away from shore, we intoned our

Ave Maris Stella. We have so much to thank our Blessed Mother for to-night.

Four port holes in a cabin are three luxuries (one is a necessity) in warm weather. In Dec. 6th bad weather they are disasters. Last night Friday, our slumber was shattered for several reasons—a rough sea, breaking crockery, sliding chairs, an electric storm and three open port holes. My cabin-mate and I, awakened by the elements and developments, refrained from any action since we could not calm the sea nor check the bouncing dishes and gliding furniture. Rolling back and forth in our neat little bunks we broke into conversation about 415 Pembroke St. East. Then it happened-a wave-yes, in it came unannounced and WET. To the port holes we scrambled — a blinding spray of salt water caught us in the act. Rain and lightning were having a gala time outside. One port hole refused to be closed and it took two wave-besprinkled and rain-soaked nunlings some wet moments to conquer that one circle of glass.

(Continued on page 19)



F YOU were to be exiled on a desert island and allowed only one book, what would it be? Chesterton answered: "A Practical Guide for Shipbuilding"! Other selections have been: The Bible, A Cook Book, a volume of the Britannica, Webster's dictionary etc. With the possibility of such a contingency in mind, readers have occasionally thumbed through dictionaries. At first hand they have met the technique of passing the buck. Whether you look for chaos, or confusion, or tumult, or disorganization, or jumble, or derangement or any of the other 'exciting' words in our language, the lexicographer variably says to you: "See disorder".

It appears that all our newsworthy words, if one believes the tabloids, are 'out of order' or at least a form of disorder. Which brings us to the concept of order, and ordinary. This latter is used by most people or at least too frequently to mean a synonym of routine, submission and a humdrum existence. This division is a symptom of our times. The pessimism today is lost between chaos and monotony.

Order Basis of Life

The proper use of the word order implies direction, organization, a hierarchy of values, an arrangement of things to lead to a certain goal. The word ordinance as a decree,

rule or law should be seen in this light; it is a means whereby we are led towards a certain objective and should not be considered as a restriction. Since man is free to choose among various means to an end, he will be helped by an ordinance or law serving as a directive. The more exactly man observes the law the more order he will have in his life, and so the more easily will he attain his objectives. In biology the organism with the most perfect order is healthiest; indeed medicine is an attempt to restore a disruption of the order required in the human system.

Original Disorder of Sin

The first human ordinance was promulgated in the Garden of Eden. Adam and his wife Eve were directed, or ordered to avoid a particular fruit-tree. Now Adam was a true modern, and not wanting to be bored with routine, submission and a humdrum existence he struck a blow for evolution and change; the result was equally modern: chaos. Such a derangement, tumult, jumble, confusion followed that his attempt at progress has been called Original Sin. The effects of Man's first attempt to escape boredom are still with us.

The Ordinary of a Diocese

The bishop of a diocese is called the Ordinary because he has charge of the order necessary in the Church. His power of jurisdiction or authority is ordinary, not delegated. His function is to regulate or order all things for the best development of the Mystical Body in his territory. If there were no bishop, confusion would result.

It is the same for the spiritual life of an individual as for a diocese. He must have order, a plan to follow, a director to encourage, guide and coach him. Peace of soul or peace in the world may be defined as the tranquility of order. It is the result of a way of life, something systematic, methodical and 'ordinary' in the original noble meaning of the word.

Order in Sanctity

It is an axiom of the spiritual life that eccentricities are to be avoided. An eccentric, literally, is one who is off-centre. A saint has God at the centre of his life. One hears the saint reproached for being self-centred inasmuch as he seems oblivious of others around him. Such a condition is merely temporary in a genuine saint; he is simply thinking about God. Following contemplation he is so filled with God that goodness overflows. Then you see the divine charity at work; then his interest in his neighbour awakens as he seeks to bring his neighbour to The proper order here is union with God, overflow of charity from God, bringing neighbour to that same fount of charity.

The example par excellence of such a person was the Blessed Virgin Mary. Her early years of training in the temple were a preparation for her future life of overflowing charity. She now serves as a shining model for Catholic men and women. The early life of the Catholic boy or girl may appear a rigid training but it is actually the means of establishing that order or pattern which will enable them to reach sanctity themselves and later direct their families to holiness as well. To a person in their 'teens, such disci-

pline is difficult because before maturity one resents the necessity of obedience. Emotionally unstable, any parental lack of tact or finesse assumes gigantic proportions in the mind of the young person. Only a supernatural motive then can give complete control.

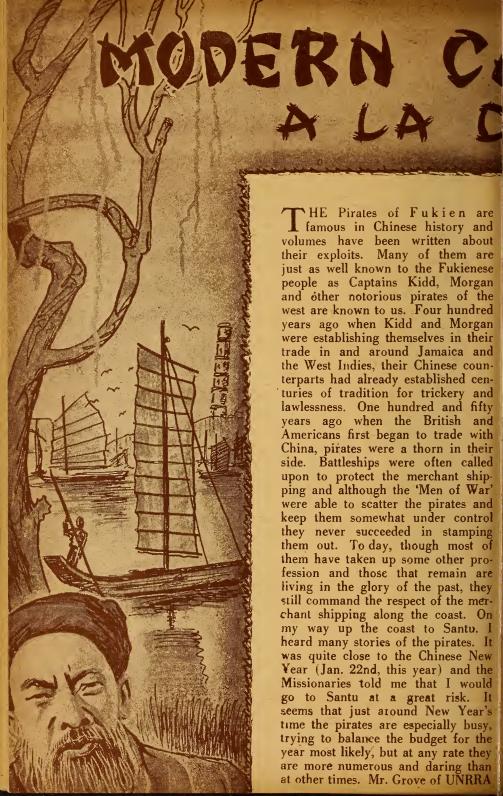
Marian Congress

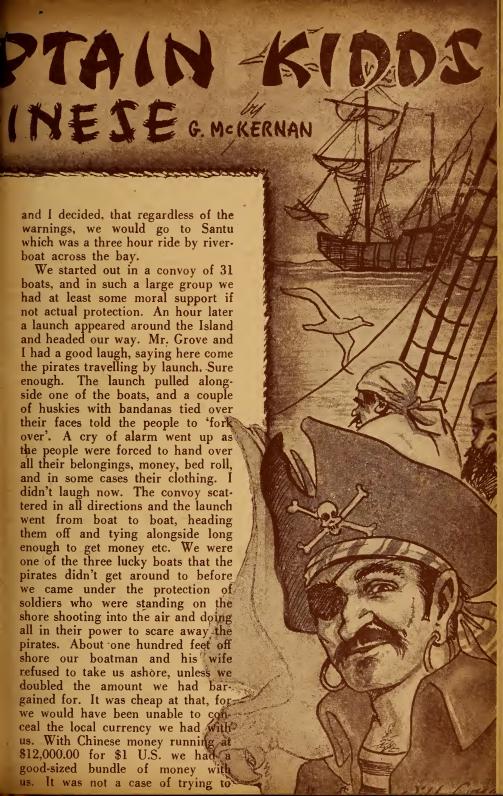
To remind Canadians and indeed everybody else of the role of Mary the Mother of God, a religious congress has been organized and will be held this month at Ottawa. This public demonstration on such a large scale can do an incalculable amount of good. The sight of so many Church dignitaries and Catholic layfolk expressing the honour due to Mary will renew good resolutions in the hearts of all believers. Mary can be the inspiration our world needs if we only turn to her in prayer. The example of her life had immediate effects recorded in the Scriptures and a constant effect in the history of the Church. On the occasion of the Marian Congress people will be moved to consider the possibilities of restoring the order of the world under her banner. Throughout the past centuries she has served as inspiration for the finest painting, architecture, music, etc., ever known. Today she could reassume her role as inspiration for a way of life: the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God. If mankind once realized that Mary is our Mother and Christ our Brother, order would be restored completely. The first step is the bond between man and his Maker: then will follow inevitably the proper order relative to our fellowman.

Order in Heaven

Several saints pointed out that in hell there is nothing but confusion and chaos. In heaven one may well expect just the opposite. And if the city of God is to be established here on earth, order must be the keynote.

(Continued on page 24)





slip a five or a ten spot inside our shoes, but of hiding a bundle of one and five hundred dollar notes that was bigger than a loaf of bread. The Fathers at the Mission had the biggest laugh when I returned. They had already heard of our escapade. I had rather pooh-poohed their pirate stories, saying that in this modern day and age etc. etc. it amounted to nothing more than an old wives' tale, but I am now convinced that there is still a brisk trade carried out along the coast of Fukien, and though it is a dangerous one, many of the local boys are still trying to emulate the legends of pirates handed down to them through the centuries. I have decided to call off all boat travel and go overland on foot to my next stop, Yuchee.

Invitation

If you would like to establish a unit in the Mission League of the Little Flower in your city or town, please write to Rev. James Leonard, S.F.M., Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ont., and you will receive complete information. Help make "Scarboro Night" known from coast to coast.

WANTED STAMPS! STAMPS!!

Stamps of all kinds, from every country, especially Canada and Newfoundland.

Please do not tear off paper or destroy perforated edges. Leave a margin about ½ inch around stamp. Send all stamps to

CHINA STAMP DEPARTMENT
Scarboro Bluffs - Ontario

Why Catechists?

(Continued from page 12) the dying to make acts of contrition when no priest is available.

Catechists Mean More Converts

A city in South China was known for years as the city of no conversions until the Maryknoll Fathers introduced a mission method which has since been recommended as the model for all Chinese missions. One of the features of their method was a staff of trained catechists. In a few years this same city has become a flourishing Christian community. With an adequate staff of catechists our converts would increase rapidly. Advocates School for Catechists

In our Lishui prefecture individual priests trained their own catchists but it was uphill work. An active missionary has not the time necessary for this important task. The ideal plan would be to establish a catechists' training school where candidates would be taught by one or two experienced missionaries. In a course of studies lasting at least a year, prospective candidates could be qualified as teachers, and catechists who could not measure up to the requirements could be eliminated. Since these people must be supported financially while they do their work in their respective missions, it would be a saving in the long run to be able to train them properly in the first place to increase their effectiveness. After graduation the catechists would take up their work under the supervision of the missionary of that particular territory.

Late in 1940 such a school was organized in Lishui prefecture. A site for the building was chosen and a priest selected to take charge. Then inflation sent the cost of living soaring and the plan was abandoned. It is my conviction that this plan will work wonders for China and Santo Domingo and it is my earnest wish that we will be able to do it very

soon.

Diary of a Returning Missionary Sister

(Continued from page 13)

We are all with you in spirit and follow you in your preparations for to-morrow's lovely feast.

Saturday, The Captain has just Dec. 7th informed us that to-morrow is Monday—no Sunday—no Feast of Our Lady. How disappointed we are! Even so, we are going to keep Monday as Sunday.

10 p.m. The first-mate has just told us that to-morrow will be Sunday until 10.16 a.m. at which time, we cross the International Date Line. So Our Blessed Mother is not un-

mindful of us.

Happy Feast Day Greetings float back to you from mid-Pacific. Dawn found us on deck. With only half a feast Dec. 8th we wished to make the Mid-Pacific most of it. Sunrise found us deep in meditation, but before the half hour was over all promises of a fair day had fled. The proverbial morning rainbow proved to be the sailors' warning. Two of them arched their pastel banners over the Fairland. Sunrise and rainbows, the glory of our Immaculate Queen seemed to pierce the sky and radiate the joy of heaven on this beautiful feast. But alas! our meditation was cut short by a cold north blast and a heavy rain shower which came up so suddenly that we had hardly time to get off deck. The rain was of short duration, but not the wind. It stayed with us all day, a cold stormy north wind. Waves washed the deck all day long. Right after breakfast we all gathered in one of the cabins, and kneeling before a picture of Our Lady, made our Act of Consecration. We sang hymns and afterwards followed the Mass of the day in our Missals. A Rosary at 10 a.m. closed the Feast of the Immaculate Conception for us.

What did we ever do to get this?

Around midnight things began to
happen. You know

Thursday, what I mean—dishes hopscotching into crashes and smashes, furniture rollicking around, doors banging and port holes actually weeping for attention. The Pacific and the Fairland are charging each other and not very gracious about it either.

Do you think the storm is over?
We don't, and we certainly know that it is not. Sister
Saturday, M. Catherine's message
Dec. 14th is, "I am going to advise my friends to stay off the ocean". Even so, she has a fine sea record for this trip. The sea horses are on wild gallop and I don't think they like the Fairland. The good ship nose-dived all night and so did your six Missionary Sisters.

You are praying for us and we know that we shall come through. We were on deck for the show of swells this morning, but we did not stay too long as the wind is high and not polite. The waves are more daring too and are invading our deck.

We are off the coast of Japan now.

Radio Tokyo sent a thrill through us
this morning. Mass

Sunday, Was being broadcasted.

Dec. 15th After the Kyrie however it was cut off.

Though our thrill was chilled we were grateful for even the little share we had in a Sunday Mass. Next

Sunday, please God, the privilege, denied so long, will be ours. At 4 p.m. Tokyo came on again—this time with a sermon and Benediction.

Someone is responsible for the naming of this ocean—he did not know it very well or he would have called Dec. 16th it Terrific instead of Pacific. Why, it is just raging to-day. A huge wave swept the deck a while ago, and

ripped off the life-boat ladder. Luckily, no one was out at the time. We haven't been able to be out all day.

Received a radiogram from Father Moriarty, reading, "Ten thousand welcomes home; hope Tuesday, to make Lishui for "goose soup" Christ-Dec. 17th mas". We are all quite excited over the prospect of getting home for the Feast. All the Christians will be in from the mountains and from far-away towns and it will be good to see them all again. Father Moriarty must have some plan to take us overland. It would be utterly impossible to make it by water in so short a time.

Japanese Islands are very much in evidence this morning. We have just passed a vol-Wednesday, canic mountain. Smoke is perpetually rising from its crater. We are now in the Yellow Sea and it is acting much better than the Pacific.

More excitement — another radiogram from Father Moriarty reads:
"plan's for plane to Thursday, Kinhwa Saturday
Dec. 19th morning. Father Venadam wants you home for Christmas". Kinhwa is in our own district (Msgr. Fraser's parish) and only 5 hours by bus from Lishui.

Shanghai at last! Father Moriarity came out to the ship and is helping us with our baggage, etc. Fathers

Dec. 20th McGoey and McQuaid are waiting for us at the Customs. 7 p.m. We are settled at Maison Centrale, but only for the night as we are to leave in the morning for Lishui. We are wild with excitement.

Well, I had better go to bed and get warm.

Hostess: "Did you have plenty to eat, little boy?"

Little Boy: "Oh, yes. Didn't you see my mama looking at me?"

"You seem to have read all the best literature. How do you find time for it?"

"I use the time I used to spend combing and brushing my hair for reading now," replied the bald-headed man.

AAF Sergeant Nolon Williams, former welterweight champion of Arizona, was relating some of his experiences to Dick Dermody, the mystery story writer. He recalled the bombing of an American airfield by the Nazis.

American airfield by the Nazis. "First," he said dramatically, "the Focke-Wulfes came over and dropped flares. Then came the JU-88s. They dropped bombs and all hell broke loose. We took cover in a near-by wheatfield. There were four casualties, including me."

"You a casualty!" exclaimed Dermody in surprise. "What happened?" "Shrapnel got the other three guys,"

"Shrapnel got the other three guys," Williams replied. "Me—I was scared to death."

A woman wrote to a daily paper from a very lonely rural spot: "My sister and I aren't exactly lonely out here. We have got each other to speak to, but we need another woman to talk about."

Letter from College Student: "Dear Dad—Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t of all. That'\$ right. \$end it along. Be\$t wi\$he\$. Your \$on, Tam."

Letter from Dad to Son: "Dear Tom: NOthing ever happens here. We kNOw you like your school. Write us aNOther letter. aNOn. Jimmie was asking about you Monday. NOw we have to say goodbye."



THIS IS MY STORY, by Louis F. Budenz. Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto. 379 pp. \$4.00.

Formerly the managing editor of the Communist "Daily Worker", and a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party in the United States, Mr. Budenz has an urgent message for all Catholics. The spiritual odyssey of this soul which travelled far from the faith before finding security back at home is a modern version of the Prodigal Son. Marrying outside the Church was the beginning despite the excellent Catholic family background. His impatient zeal found expression as a labor organizer and this culminated in his membership for over 10 years in the Communist party. The gradual realization that outside the Church

there is no salvation for either individual or nation is the burden of his message.

Marxism as interpreted by Moscow is the mental concentration camp which held M. Budenz and against it he warns his fellow Catholics. Ignorance is our greatest danger and with Foreign Policy on the agenda of both Canada and the U.S. democrats must know the nature of Communism to be able to vote intelligently. The writer of this personal confession is a democrat and a Catholic; only outside totalitarianism and within the Church can the individual be free.

F. T. O'Grady.'

OUR NEIGHBOURS THE CHINESE. By Vaughan White. Rinehart & Co., New York. Toronto.

The author of this book, Vaughan White, was born in Canton, China, the daughter of a medical missionary and was educated and brought up in Chinese surroundings. She came to America to complete her education at Columbia University where she received her M.A. degree, and returned to China. There she taught in Lingan Women's College and at St. John's University in Shanghai. She knows the Chinese people thoroughly and gives a true picture of their ways of thinking—their philosophy—manners and customs. For young missionaries and others who will spend their years living among the Chinese people I would highly

recommend this book as a companion to "The Chinese Mind" which I reviewed in this column of "China" some months ago.

The turmoil now going on in China and retarding her reconstruction plans is not the wish of the common people—the peasants who number the bulk of the population and who make up the backbone of the country. The communist situation is discussed in the Chapter on "Chiang Fights The Communists" and the cause of the lowly farmer is defended in the Chapter on "Peasants". The returned missionary is deluged with questions until he is ready to "blow

(Continued on page 24)



X7ITH matriculation or college examinations finished there are hundreds of Catholic boys in Canada wondering just what the next move in their career should be. If they are about to leave High School they are probably doing plenty of thinking concerning their future. The days when their plans extended no further than the next hockey victory or a new football play are gone forever. They may have several choices as to what they may do with their immediate future but they

To Each

know full well that each should select that zone of life-work for which he is best suited.

When it comes to the question of choosing one's career it is much easier for some lads than for others. Some have always wanted to be lawyers, some doctors, some engineers, and so on. They simply proceed to equip themselves with the necessary education for their chosen-profession.

But some boys want to be come priests, whether to work in home dioceses or to become religious, or to become foreign missioners. What do they do? They consider their physical. intellectual and moral qualifications and, if possible, discuss them with some priest such as their pastor, whom they know well. Then they write to the Seminary rector to find out what else they must do. He sends them ar application form and the answers they return will inform him as to their qualifications for entrance.

If a boy has finished High School and wishes to become

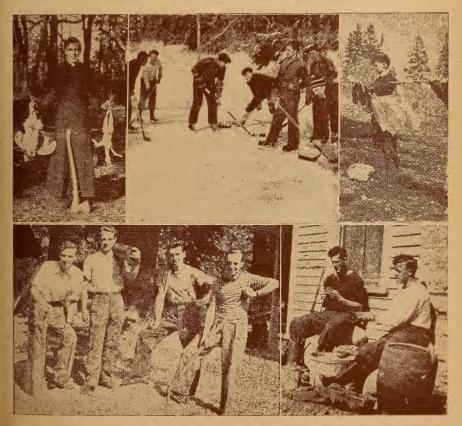
His Zone

a Canadian foreign mission priest or wonders whether or not he is qualified for acceptance, he need only write to the address given below. He will be furnished with information on the requirements demanded of an applicant to our Society. Further correspondence will follow and all arrangements will be made for acceptance, if possible, of the aspirant to the glorious work of the Missions.

* * *

For information on foreign missionary vocations write to: Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Scenes taken at our Novitiate, St. Mary's, Ont.



Ivory Tower

(Continued from page 15)

Within the individual, and all true reform must begin with the individual, the proper order implies the control of reason over emotion, of intelligence over passion, of a love for God which will overflow into a love for our neighbour. All this will come about by following the commandments of God and Church, frequent reception of Sacraments and prayer . . . in other words, order will come simply by doing the ordinary things.

Book Review

(Continued from page 21)

up" at their frequent repetition. Questions such as "Have the Chinese Schools and Colleges as we have-How are the Chinese students in their studies-What is the difference between the Chinese and the Japanese -How did the Japanese seemingly advance while the Chinese remained stagnant? This book by Vaughan White will answer all these questions and many more of a similar nature pertaining to China, and if you ever go to the land of the "Blue Gown" as a missionary, trader, or tourist and plan to remain there for some length of time in the pursuance of your vocation or business, then read this book and digest it thoroughly; store it up in your memory and you will be wiser and better fitted for your chosen work when you set foot on the shore of the Chinese Republic. Vincent Morrison.

Our Cover

CHINA is happy to lend its columns to further and augment interest in the coming Marian Congress at Ottawa, June 18-22. To this end we are proud to do honour to His Excellency, Archbishop Alexandre Vachon, D.D., of the Capital City whose magnificent faith is responsible for the coming Congress.

Hello

Subscriber!



We have no intention of "bombing" you with renewal notices!



Nor do we want to plague you with letters asking you to renew promptly. Please do so when your subscription expires and you will then



MAKE US VERY HAPPY!



Holiday Time

There are not many more days of school left now Buds, and soon you'll be swimming, playing baseball and tennis and in general having lots of fun. You deserve it too after the hard work you've been doing in classes. The wonderful way in which you responded to our plea for help to China's Children, your enthusiastic acclaim for our "Meet Your Chinese Neighbour" posters proved all over again your deep spirit of Faith and Charity. By your prayers and pennies you have brought much joy and happiness to hundreds of pagan children. Remember what our Lord said about a cup of cold water given in His Name? That it wouldn't go without its reward? Well just imagine what He must think of the sacrifices you have so cheerfully made this last school term, sacrifices which are ever so much greater than a cup of water! All I can do is to thank you from the bottom of my heart and leave the rewarding you to Him.

To your teachers, your parents, your brothers and sisters,—in a word to everyone I offer the thanks of us all. God bless everyone!

Our Monthly Quiz

When answering the Quickie Quiz each month, Buds, please use your Contest Number and save Fr. Jim a lot of time. Only members of the Rose Garden may compete for the Quiz and for Bud-of-the-Month.

Safety First

During the last summer holiday season there wasn't one Bud hurt or killed in an accident. There was the usual crop of tummy aches from eating green apples or too much candy. Some unfortunately were sick from other causes. But our Garden was safe from accidents. Now let me repeat again, Buds. If you live in a town where there are traffic lights, obey them. Besides saving yourselves from hurt, you will be performing a real act of Charity or love of neighbour because you will be thinking of the other person. Right?

If you like to swim, be certain you know what the river or lake is like. Watch out for sunstroke; it can come quickly through the eyes, especially around water. Don't fool when you're in swimming and don't cry "Wolf, wolf!" Finally, don't worry your parents. Let them know what you are doing. They want you to

have a good time safely.

Credits

Every Bud in our Garden has a card in our files and on this card is kept a record of what you do. So if you turn your mite box pennies in to your teacher, just drop me a line and tell me. Then I'll mark it on your card here.



Dear Buds,

The month of June is devoted, as you know, to the Sacred Heart and that Heart is filled with an infinite love for each of us. Since love is repaid by love, let us do our very best to bring as many pagans as we can to love and serve our Divine Saviour. We can do this by our prayers and sacrifices. And remember to pray for each other too.



Do you know, Buds, that we have members now in America, England, Ireland, Scotland, India, Santo Domingo and this month besides getting more Buds from India, we have one now in Malaya! I would like some of our older boys who are members to write to Ooi Taw Hock, 2 Summer Stream, 271 Kota Rd., Taiping, Malaya. Ooi is his last name; Taw Hock, his first name. He is Chinese and writes excellent English. Here's one sentence from his letter. "We (the Chinese) need national and religious salvation very badly. Catholicity breeds good government in a nation." Taw Hock is about fourteen years of age. Bid him welcome, Buds!



I had many a chuckle reading over the answers to April's Quickie Quiz. No, no names are going to be mentioned, so there'll be no blushes. The Holy Innocents were picked; so was St. John. One day a letter came in. It was a friendly little note with lots of news. But when I got to the answer to the Quiz, it really was news. My little letter-writer wrote: "The first martyr for Christ was Pontius Pilate."



Our new Buds from India are Valerine Fernandes, age 15, and her brother Gerald, age 14, Kadri Toll Gate, Kankanady P.O., Mangalore, South India. Valerine wrote a delightful letter all about her family. She'll have many interesting things to tell the Buds who write her.



A little Bud from I won't tell you where sent me this gem. St. Paul, who told us that charity believes all, would have enjoyed it so. It had to do with describing what the Marion Congress in Ottawa is about. One little tot answered: "The Marian Congress is the one at which our Blessed Mother and Bing Crosby are to appear." I'm sure all Heaven was delighted by this honour to our Mother and one of Her talented sons.



Sometime in September a new band of missionaries is going back to China. Watch for the July-August issue of this magazine for all the exciting news about this! Read the list of their needs on page 2 of this issue and show it to your friends also.

Your friend always,

Father Jim.



QUICKIE QUIZ
What big Feast comes in June?





Dear Fr. Jim,

My brother and I saved this gift in our mite boxes. We are trying hard to be good little missionaries of St. Theresa. Please pray for a special favour.

> Marg. 12, Eddy 8, Belfry, Box 263,

Sudbury, Ont. Golly, what a lot of sacrifices must have gone into making your gift such a lovely one, my little friends! I am sure St. Theresa won't fail to obtain your special favour, if it is God's holy Will.

Dear Fr. Jim. Here's a dollar to renew our subscription to CHINA and some stamps . . . Would you please say some prayers for my grandmother who is

very sick?

Murielle Villeneuve, Moose Creek, Ont.

Thank you for the renewal Murielle. It's always a boost for our Garden when Buds continue to subscribe to CHINA. And all of us will remember to pray for your dear grandmother. Please God she's better by now.

Dear Fr. Jim,

Your kind letter made joy ring through our home. Glad you re-

ceived the contents of my mite box. Now here are some stamps. I hope everything helps to save pagans.

Michael Clancey, 15 yrs., Sweet Bay, B.B., Nfld.

Michael, m'lad, do I detect a bit o' blarney in your letter? Anyway, your letter will make joy ring right across the Pacific, make it ring where it was little heard before. Bless you! Dear Fr. Jim.

No, we haven't been getting the CHINA but we're starting right now . . . I'd like to write a longer letter but mother says it's time for bed.

Joan Doyle, 60 Bromley Ave., Moncton. N.B.

I thought your letter was very lovely, Joan, and after subscribing to CHINA I'm sure you had a good night's sleep. Little girls, as well as little boys, need lots of it, you know. Say hello to Mummy for me. Dear Fr. Jim.

Robert, Loretta and Ellen join with me in thanking you for letting us join the Rose Garden. We saved the enclosed gift to China's Children

during Lent.

Phyllis O'Malley, Barry's Bay. Ont.

Dear St. Patrick, would you listen to that!! They thank me for letting them join our Garden. It's I, (that's the teacher in me), who should be blessing you all for coming to help us save souls. Thank you, children. Dear Fr. Jim.

Here are the contents of my mite box to help China's Children. Please say a little prayer for me as I have

been very sick.

Basil Griffin, 11 Haig Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.

To think of others when we're well is pleasing to God, Basil. To think of them when we're sick just makes Him shower down His graces on us. He must love you ever so much. Bless you!

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am fourteen years old and wish to join with the other members of the Garden to help save China's Children. I am sending some used stamps.

ST ST

Thomas Neville, North River, C.B.,

er, C.B., N fld.

Souls are going to be saved because of your sacrifices and prayers, Tommy, and that means many many graces to help you through life and into Heaven. Thank you for the stamps.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I have heard a great deal about what our missionaries are doing for China's Children and I wish to help in some way . . . I think CHINA is most interesting.

Vivian Jessome, 203 Townsend St.,

Sydney, N.S. That's the kind of 'gossip' I like to hear talked, Vivian. Now you add your voice to it and maybe someone else will join us too. Thanks for the kind words about CHINA.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I received my certificate and was so glad to hear from you. Here's



Pauline lives at 103 Main St. in Fairville, N.B. The interest she has taken in the welfare of China's Children and the works of our Society generally, merit for her our June award. She has won many of her friends to our cause and is making China even better known than ever in Fairville. Thanks for everything, Pauline, and I hope you will like the large threefold picture of St. Theresa I am sending.

my gift to our missionaries and later on I will send some stamps.

Alice Brennan, Smiths Falls,

Welcome to our midst, Alice, and may you do big things for souls as you pray and play in our Garden. I hope others from Smiths Falls will join with us to help China's Children. Dear Fr. Jim.

We have been getting CHINA for three years and now I want to help you with all your cares . . . Here's my answer to the Quickie Quiz too.



Rita Leblanc, La Passe,

La Passe, Ont.

Page Twenty-Eight

Bless your heart, Rita, for wanting to help us. You are certainly welcome and I'm sure we all need it. Best wishes for success in your examinations.

Dear Fr. Jim,

I am sending you a bit of money for our missionaries. It isn't much but I hope it will help some.

Katherine Froehlich, Broadacres,

Your gift, Kay, is of great help to our missionaries and don't you think it isn't and after you get to heaven you'll be amazed at what it was able to accomplish. Just wait and see!

Dear Fr. Jim.

I am an ardent reader of CHINA and enjoy it very much. I am seventeen years old and would like to write to girls of my own age.

Hildegarde Enright, 3668 Drolet St., Montreal 18, Que.

Our Montreal members are really growing, Buds, and now let's give Hildegarde a real big welcome. And she thinks CHINA is tops too! 'Nuff

QUICKIE QUIZ WINNER

Frances Kohout, 10 yrs., of 2 Queen St. Ext., Amherst, N.S., won the draw among those sending in correct answers to our Quiz: Who was the first martyr for Christ? He was St. Stephen. Congratulations, Frances. I hope you like your prize.



Good fishin' Buds!

New Members and Pen Pals

ANTIGONISH, NOVA SCOTIA Chisholm, Lauchlin J., 8, Box 72; Mac-eil, John Francis, 14; Glossburn, An-

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA
Buckley, Jane, 9, 8 Beech Street; Cox,
Ronald, 7, 150 Cunard St.; Moore, Joyce
Rita, 12, 20 Bilby St.; Somers, Mary and
Georgene, 17 and 15, 26½ Bland St.

Ronald, ', 150 Cunard St.; Moore, Joyce Rita, 12, 20 Bilby St.; Somers, Mary and Georgene, 17 and 15, 26½ Bland St.

NEW WATERFORD, NOVA SCOTIA Bates, Hvelyn, 13, 450 George St.; Beaton Marguerite, 12, Upper King Street; Butler, Marle, 12, 132 King Street; Butts, Agnes, 15, Venlot Street; Chiasson, Velma, 13, Ellsworth Ave.; Deprez, Odile, 14, St. Joseph St.; Ellsworth, Mary Helen, 13, 401 8th Street; Giebitz, Marguerite, 14, Union Highway; Haley, Edwina, 14, 212 Station Street; Harris, Cecilia, 15, King Street; Hawley, Jean, 16, 8th Street; Hinchey, Florence, 15, County Road; Hines, Rita, 13, King Street; Kalbhenn, Dorothy, 13, 100 County Road; Kavanaugh, Marilla, 12, Ford Street; Kendall, isabel, 15, Mahon Street; Leadbeater, Mary, 15, 591 9th Street; March, Shirley, 2, 429 10th Street; Murphy, Julia, 13, 14th Street; McGonald, Jean, 12, Church Street; McGillivray, Georgina, 15, Upper King Street; McKinnon, Teresa Catherine, 14, Church Street; McKinnon, Sheila, 13, 102 10th Street; McKinnon, Sheila, 13, 102 10th Street; McKenzie, Teresa, 15, 635 14th St

SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA MacDonald, Kay, 10, 130 Bay Street; McGillivray, Thelma, 15, 45 Fairview

YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA Guinan, Marguerite, 12, Patricia, Prostor, 13, 24 Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. Seaview St.,

AVONDALE, CON BAY, NEWFOUND-LAND

Devereaux, Anita, 8; Grace, Patric, 6; Grace, Mandline, 8; Muurray, Clarence, 5; Murray, Doreen, 3.

BELLEVUE, NEWFOUNDLAND Pinsent, Dennis, 21.

BUCHANS, NEWFOUNDLAND Carroll, Maureen, 14; O'Toole, Walter, Walsh, Jean, 13; Walsh, Joan, 15, uchans, Nfid.; Walsh, Pauline, 16, P.O. Buchans, Nfld.; N Box 24, Buchans.

BISHOP'S FALLS, NEWFOUNDLAND O'Reilly, Ann, 15, Bishop's Falls, Nfid. Bouzane, Bernice, 11, 56 Mill Road; Bouzane, Catherine, 15, P.O. Box 22.

BADGER, NEWFOUNDLAND Hannon, Gertrude, 12.

BOTWOOD, NEWFOUNDLAND Curtis, Margaret, 13.

Items of Interest

Condolences

The priests, students, and friends of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society extend sincerest sympathies to Rev. Hugh McGettigan, S.F.M., who is in China, and members of his family on the sad occasion of the death of his mother, Mrs. Matthew McGettigan, deceased May 3rd, 1947. May her soul rest in peace.

Archbishop Monahan

Catholic Canada lost a great ecclesiastical leader in the death of His Excellency, Archbishop Monahan of Regina. To the priests and laity of that Archdiocese China extends deepest sympathies. May his soul rest in peace.

Scarboro Night

AT LONDON, Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. E. McRae, Superior General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, and Very Rev. Alphonse Chafe, S.F.M., Regional Superior of our Missions in the Dominican Republic, attended the first annual Scarboro Night of the newly organized Unit of the Mission League of the Little Flower. Our happy congratulations go to Mr. Edward P. Dignan and his energetic committee for the outstanding success of this event.

AT MONTREAL our loyal friends of Canada's "Island City" braved nine inches of newly-fallen snow to climb the mountain and attend Scarboro Night. To Mrs. C. W. Dynes and all members of her most efficient Unit we offer our heartiest thanks and congratulations on this their biggest event to date.



President Mrs. C. W. Dynes (front row left) and Mrs. E. O. MacDonald, Hon-President (front row centre) with Fr. J. Leonard, S.F.M. and some members of the Montreal unit of the Mission League of the Little Flower

Page Thirty CHINA

An Historic Event

November 1930



It was a happy day for three of our students. They were ordained to the Holy Priesthood by a veteran Chinese missionary, His Excellency Bishop Defebvre of Ningpo, China.

In his talk to us that day, His Excellency stressed one point particularly. Prepare and send as many priests as possible to the foreign mission field.

Our Society has done just that. But there is a very real obstacle now hampering our efforts. Our present Seminary is too small to accommodate the increasing number of young men who wish to devote their lives to the missions. WE MUST BUILD. WILL YOU HELP?

SEND YOUR DONATION TODAY!

Make Cheques and Money Orders payable to SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

Scarboro Bluffs - - Ontario

CHINA

Page Thirty-One



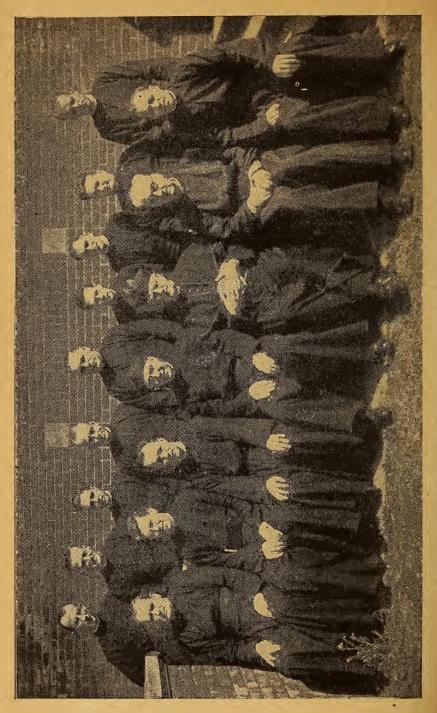
"The Meeting of East and West"

China's Cardinal Tien giving Holy Communion to members of His Majesty's Royal Navy.



WATCH EXPIRY DATE ON YELLOW LABEL AND RENEW PROMPTLY





Page Two



66 A DETECTIVE for Christ" may seem to be an irreverent expression to use but it is very expressive of the duties a foreign mis-

sioner often performs.

In China, these days, the priest often finds himself without teachers, catechists or any kind of trained help. He may have no records of the Catholics under his care—he may not even know their names or where they live. Like Perry Mason hunting for a witness to save his client, the missioner sets out to find a certain Catholic. He probably does not know anything about him but has merely heard that years ago in a certain village there lived a Catholic family. The priest finds the village and begins to question the villagers. Most of the latter have never even heard of the Catholic Church so it takes a lot of time and patience to find out any information. Finally, however, an old chap recalls that some twenty years ago a foreigner visited the village and then another old fellow tells where the foreigner

stayed and in that house you find that everyone is a pagan and no one knows what you are talking about.

A Clue!

The missioner is about to despair when ah!-he finds a clue! On the dirty mud wall in the kitchen is pasted a tiny picture of the Immaculate Heart of Mary! Now the trail is hot! The priest starts a methodical, careful questionaire about everyone that lives or ever lived in this house—and so, if he is lucky, he finds out that the party he is searching for is living in a village fifty miles away.

A few weeks ago I found myself returning to Lanchi from two weeks of this 'detective work'. I had succeeded in finding forty-two Catholic families, baptizing fourteen small children and marrying seven couples. Dozens of Catholics had approached the Sacraments for the first time in ten years. I should have been contented. But I wasn't! I was anything but happy, walking along a country

path about thirty li (10 miles) from Lanchi and feeling very sorry for myself. Thinking about the great need for money for catechists to instruct the children, angry at the weather which had soaked me to the skin at least five times during that trip, I could see another rain storm approaching. And I was disgusted at myself for being in such humour.

Finally, in an attempt to be pleasant, I turned to my boy who was trotting along behind me with my baggage and asked him, "Do you know where Wang the Farmer lives?"

He said, "You mean the old fellow who walks into Lanchi every Sunday for Mass and Holy Communion? He lives right ahead of us—is in fact the elder of this village", the boy told me.

And so we decided to spend the night with Wang the farmer. I had always wanted to see this old fellow in his own home. I was curious about him. Ever since my arrival in Lanchi, I had noticed his devotion, his stately manner, his happygo-lucky personality curbed with gracious dignity. Now I had a chance to satisfy my curiosity.

An Evening with Wang

We were treated as if I were a Manchu Prince. The dinner we enjoyed that evening was the very best available, topped off with finest and most expensive of China's wines—Shao Hsin Chiu.

Later the whole family gathered for night prayers, retired, and I was left alone with Wang. I still felt in need of something relaxing and so I asked the old man to tell me all about himself. He was delighted and talked a long time. This is what he told me.

He is now sixty-three years old and as tough as granite. People consider him a patriarch—he is supreme lord over his household—which consists of his wife, his sons, their wives and children, his unmarried daughters—all living with the old man in his ancestral home. He has always been a farmer—as his ancestors before him. He was a member of a large family but now only he is left -the survival of the fittest. As a child he studied only a little — the ancient classics under the village schoolmaster. Till the age of ten he spent most of the time watching the buffalo—a job for little girls—unworthy of a he-child. Finally he was allowed to accompany the men to the fields and hereafter his days of boyhood were passed, sometimes sifting the good earth with his hands, sometimes riding behind the buffalo on a flat tin, running along with his father as he ploughed in knee-deep mud. Every day he learned something new about farming. Every day was a happy day.

In the years to follow he learned the art of rice-planting, of recognizing good earth on sight and of ways to improve it if it was not good. He learned to love the earth—to glory in his own healthy young body as he toiled from dawn till dark. He was always proud of being

a farmer.

(Continued on page 24)

C H I N A

Established 1919
EDITOR: F. T. O'GRADY

Circulation Mgr.: J. L. BEAL

Subscription Rates:
\$1.00 a year \$20.00 for life
\$2.00 for 3 years Single copy 15 cents.

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Out., and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Out. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August.

Address all communications to RT. REV. J. E. McRAE Superior General, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.



Vol. XXVIII

No. 6



Diary of a Returning Missionary Sister

SR. ST. ANGELA

YESTERDAY noon we docked in Shanghai and here we are in Lishui. In our wildest dreams we never thought it possible, but it is true. We are back

Dec. 21st home and the whole town is ringing with excitement. Father Venadam has every-

thing so nicely fixed up for us and he certainly gave us a warm welcome. It was his wish that we be

in Lishui for Christmas.

To begin at the beginning—while still on the Fairland, Father Moriarty sent us a wire saying that on Saturday we were to fly to Kinhwa. Because of bad weather we did not disembark until Friday afternoon. Father Moriarty got on a small motorboat and came out to meet the boat. He was permitted to board and was a great help to us. Father McGoey and Father Mc-Quaid met us at the Customs and helped us through with our bags. Father McGoey has a new truck and we and our baggage piled in. Rickshaws are far too expensive now. We stayed overnight at the Sisters of Charity who had everything ready for us, It was bitterly cold in Shanghai and we went to bed with all our clothes on. Mass was at 4.45 a.m. as our plane was to leave at six.

Father said the Mass—our first in thirty-four days. We then went by truck to the airfield. Sisters Mary Angela and M. Vianney remained behind as our baggage had not yet arrived and had still to go through Customs. Captain Ryan did his best to get it off on Friday but all the deck cargo had first to be removed and the Chinese are not inclined to hurry.

At the airfield we had to wait four hours as it was snowing and the pilot needed a higher ceiling. We took off at 10.15 a.m. in a huge army plane and startled the people of Kinhwa at 11.30 when we came down on their Japanese-built airstrip. Colonel Fischer, to whom Father Moriarty appealed for plane transportation, was with us on the trip. He fitted us out with big furlined flying coats and buckled us in for the take-off. He would not take any money either. At Kinhwa we waited for a truck which Father Venadam had ordered for us. Our Priests are exceptions in their thoughtfulness. They even had blankets ready and we were grateful for them on We enjoyed our ride the truck. home (five hours) and there was not even a flat tire, which in China is really a miracle. Father Moriarty said the Rosary and we sang the

Salve and Christmas hymns. As soon as we reached the Mission the church bells went a-ringing and firecrackers by the hundreds were set off. The Christians came from all directions and we were swamped. It was already after seven and we had Benediction and then a lovely dinner, prepared by Father Venadam himself. We toured the Convent which is all right but stripped of everything.

We were up early, exploring our Convent and having a look at the

Sunday,

Dec. 22nd

neighbourhood by daylight. The mountains
appear so very close
and the river seems so
narrow. We are closer

to it than the Motherhouse is to the Ottawa. From our back verandah we get a good view of our neighbours' poor huts and of our own neglected grounds. It is very cold and a white frost covers the tiled roofs and ground. Father Venadam said Mass at seven. We tried so hard to be recollected, but the sight of the Church was a terrible distraction. Our once lovely and well cared-for Church is now little better than a barn. The main altar has been badly battered and the table of it is chewed by Japanese horses. During both invasions the Japanese used the church as a stable, and the Sanctuary as a kitchen. Pews were used for firewood and even parts of the altars also. There is not a pane of glass in any of the windows, and they are boarded up with old lumber to keep out the rain and wind. Nothing remains of our lovely French statues: and the Stations, only the 3rd is left. The Sacristy was bombed, the altar railing taken away.

Father Venadam has six new beds ready — no mattresses — but good

Monday,
Dec. 23rd

Chinese comforters,
and Father McGoey
gave us the blankets
off his bed in Shanghai, so we are well
cared for. We have been very busy

meeting our old friends. Yesterday morning Sister M. Catherine and I went on a sick call, and as we went along the streets old familiar faces came out to greet us—they followed us and by the time we reached the sick house we had quite a procession. Poor people, they were never so wretched. They certainly suffered plenty under the Japanese.

This is our Venerable Mother Youville's Feast. We celebrated it by caring for the many patients who came for treatment, and by visiting others in their homes. It is very cold. We have a fire in the dining room. This morning, between patients, we washed our clothes and they are spread on the backs of the chairs to dry. We have only four chairs in the house. They make quite a quartette—all battered, rungless, and one, the best, has a chicken-wire seat. A cupboard and table complete the furniture. Our stove, the peanut we call it because of its size, helps to keep us warm. Beds are the only other furniture. Our mattresses are not in yet, but says Sr. Mary Catherine "The boards get softer every night". Poor as it is, our convent is our home and we love every square inch of it.

The boys are decorating and so far have 12 large paper angels hovering above and around the altar. Two of the angels are hugging teddybears and two are blowing horns. Sick calls and patients again today.

Christmas Greetings are sent out over the miles to all of you. We are

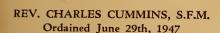
having a really grand day. There was a great crowd at Mass. Sister M. Genevieve was organist and Sister

Martin and I, the choir. Our pagan friends crowded around the organ and pushed in so close that at times, Sister could not keep her hands free enough to play, and our singing was often drowned by their comments

(Continued on page 22)

Page Six

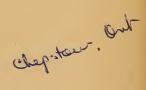
The harvest is indeed ripe and the Lord has sent two more workers into His vineyard. Our Society rejoices on the occasion of the Ordination of these new priests.







Our Lady of the Missions, pray for us



REV. JOSEPH ERNEWEIN, S.F.M. Ordained June 13th, 1947

Your Future



Most of us do not write many letters and when we do they are usually not to a Sminary Rector applying for admission to a society or seminary. Many a letter we receive begins with "Father, I don't know just what I should write in making application for entrance to your society . . ." You may be in a similar position with exam results having appeared and your future vocation being under consideration. In that case you may be interested in the following sample letter of one in your position.

Page Eight China

Begins Today!

Rev. Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. Reverend and dear Father:

For some time I have been seriously considering applying for entrance to your Society. I think that I have the necessary qualifications but would like some more information to help me decide.

I live in St. Parish, have finished my High School work and have good health. I believe that I should devote my life to foreign mission work as a missionary priest if God has given me a vocation. My help is not needed at home for the support of my parents or family. I would appreciate your sending me an application form for use if I decide to apply.

Thanking you for your consideration, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Patrick

On receipt of such a letter we reply immediately with the necessary information. From the answers to the questions on the application form we can determine quite easily if an applicant is qualified for admission. There is absolutely no obligation upon anyone who makes application and later decides to devote himself to some work other than ours.



Monsignor

Fraser

Writes

Catholic Mission, Kinhwa, Che. China, March 15th, 1947.

THANKS to Fr. Van Antwerp, to Sister Alexandrine and to you, we had Benediction with a monstrance for the first time in Kinhwa for five years. During the war our two monstrances were looted. The Christians are delighted with the monstrance; they think it is very beautiful and are pleased that they can now see the Sacred Host; not like before when we gave Benediction with the ciborium. I shall write Sr. Alexandrine and the Rev. Benefactor. Fr. Turner brought it to me along with the other things you sent, many, many thanks.

Remembrance to Mrs. Fairley, thank her for all she is doing for the Chinese Missions and for her kindness in sending my letters to Sr. St. Joseph. I often wonder if the sister has any news as to the prospects of a Canadian-English speaking

missionary community.

I received yours of Feb. 10th with stamps enclosed. They are fine—just what I wanted. The little pagan scholars will be delighted. The Atlas will be very useful in following present day politics. It is quite up to date. "Thanks".

All our troubles are now over with regard to travel between Kinhwa and

March 27, before yesterday, regular daily trains began to run, arriving in Shanghai the same day.

I had a sick call to Chingdza, a tiny village four miles from here; a young farmer, with mother, wife and three little daughters, lay deathly sick. The whole place was the picture of poverty. The dying man lay in a dark corner of tumble-down cell. After administering the Sacraments which he received with great fervor, I sat for a few moments. They presented us with four hardboiled eggs. I invited the rickshaw men and catechist to join us-one egg for each. I then visited the home of the sick man's brother whose wife is a fervent Christian having been trained in the Faith at our Convent before the war. She suggested that there might be some chance of curing the patient if he were removed to a city hospital. That, of course, would entail expense on my part. Considering, however, the pity of the case, and the tragedy of losing their father and sole support, I consented. But in vain. After a week's hospitalization and injections, he died.

Page Ten

His old mother who came to see me was knocked down by a bicycle and is still lame. She has cried herself dumb. The widow is dazed; does not know what to do. She had to sell her shack and little patch of land to meet expenses of her husband's sickness and funeral. For the past two weeks I have had two of the little girls with me, board free, learning prayers and taking instructions in Christian Doctrine. They knew nothing when they came but now go to Confession and Communion. The rest of the family intend to come for Easter. I will then see what can be done in the emer-

gency. The other day a Catholic widow and children came to church. They are about the poorest family I have ever met. All in rags and no prospect of help. There are eight little children. I have two of the little girls and one little boy studying Catechism. The boy is thirteen years of age but is no bigger than a child of four, caused by starvation and malnutrition. A ragged pagan woman came along with them. The little boy with her is partially paralized. At home she says she has two little girls minding neighbors' cows for their rice and two other younger ones. The father is dead. Poverty, dire poverty, is the general run of things here. We are doing a little to alleviate the misery, but oh, so little in this overwhelming sea of misery.

Last Sunday was a gala day at the Kinhwa Mission church. Thirty-

April 17,
1947

four of my Catechism class were confirmed. It was the culmination of three months of intensive instruction by

which these boys and girls, baptized

in infancy, but totally ignorant of the truths of religion were brought to a stage in which they not only could give an account of the principal Christian doctrines but knew much that older people are often not aware of; besides most of them were daily communicants for weeks before Confirmation. Fr. Venedam, the Pro-Prefect, performed the ceremony. He, Frs. Clement and Murphy came by jeep from Lishui. They also crowded into the car and trailer nine chanters belonging to Fr. Venadam's newly formed choir. We borrowed a small organ. I sang the Mass and Fr. Venadam played. The Christians never saw such beautiful ceremonies nor heard such exquisite music. The church was crowded, many coming from great distances.

Fr. Clement gave me a few dozen rosary beads. I was glad to get them for distribution among the newly confirmed; they were delighted; none of them ever had beads in their hands before. I notice, with the beads, they seem to pray with greater fervour. Fr. Venadam gave them little plain crosses as souvenirs of their Confirmation which they prize very much. I baptized a girl fourteen, she made her first Communion and Confirmation the same day. On March 31st, I baptized four persons, one of whom, a young woman, was married right after to a Catholic man. She made her first Communion at the Mass following and last Sunday was Confirmed.

My cook lost the beads I gave him the day before. He was very sad

Saint
Anthony

Anthony

about it. "Pray to St.
Anthony" I said. He
did and the next day
the milkman brought
the beads. The pagan

boy who delivers the milk found

[&]quot;What was that explosion over on Si's farm?"

[&]quot;He fed his chickens some 'lay or bust' feed and one of them was a rooster,"

them on the street! A penny is not much to lose, but two of my little ones regretted its loss, as they used it to play a certain game. They hunted for it high and low. "Go into the church and say a prayer to St. Anthony". They did, and as soon as they came out they picked up the coin. This was the first experience they had of St. Anthony's efficacy in finding things. It made a great impression on them and their companions. I gave the name of Anthony Mary to one of the boys I baptized. Being a very poor boy, an orphan, he will need the Saint's help to get along in the world. They are all wearing "Agnus Deis". instructed them well on the meaning. When I can get scapulars and scapular medals I will enroll them. I only have one scapular and a few medals. I wonder, could you get me two pieces of lace for the sleeves of my alb; they are worn out. But don't go to any trouble, I can do without them.

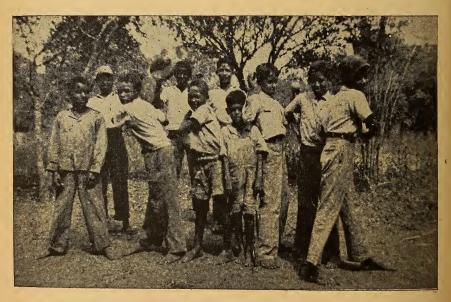
Thirty years ago I was a missionary in Taichowfu. An old woman there still remembers me. She wrote

me recently to ask my prayers; she is seventy-eight and feels she soon will be called to a better life. She thanks me for all I did for her family; how when her husband was dying, I procured his baptism and financed his funeral, took her son free into boarding school; then sent him to the seminary. His name was "She ming"—"bright as snow". He was a gentle child but later felt it was not his vocation to become a priest.

I got another consoling letter written in Latin in a beautiful hand

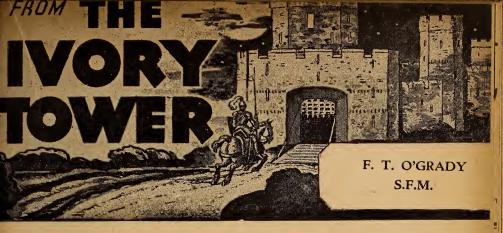
Need for Sisters from one of my former pupils whom I sent to the seminary some ten years ago. I will enclose it and you can

translate it. The new parish priest of Tungyang writes, "It is too bad you cannot have the Chinese Sisters return to Kinhwa, as I have several girls here whom I could send. They did marvellous work in the past if their Tungyang graduates are any criterion. Eighteen girls from here studied under their direction and not one loss of Faith. Three mar-



Baseball enthusiasts in rural section of the Dominican Republic.

Page Twelve



THE Marian Congress at Ottawa was a spectacle never to be forgotten. Close to ½ of a million people were crowded into Canada's capital to honour Mary and pray for Peace. When such numbers can be gathered for such a lofty ideal the event is bound to be crowned with many blessings and anyone who had the privilege of attending went home satisfied that it was the finest thing of its kind he ever hoped to see.

Such a profession of faith could not but be most impressive to anybody be he Atheist, Jewish or non-Catholic, and a great deal of prejudice would be overcome. Of course there were the small number of expected fanatics who tried to use such an occasion to foster their own ambitions but they made no new friends. On the whole, the Congress was a magnificent public demonstration of faith in the power of prayer, especially prayer directed towards the Mother of God.

Church and State

As was fitting, there was the most cordial understanding between government officials and ecclesiastical dignitaries. From Prime Minister right down to the last traffic policeman, the most gracious and obliging attitude was maintained from beginning to end. Members of the cabinet, provincial premiers, the mayor of Ottawa, all were on hand to

honour the delegates of the various countries who had come so far as pilgrims to pray for peace. There were 10 Cardinals, over 100 archbishops and bishops and a proportional number of priests, brothers, sisters and 150,000 laypeople who had left their home parishes to travel (some from Cuba, California, Vancouver, France) to Ottawa. It was estimated that 50,000 came from Montreal alone on the last day of the congress. Every town within 300 miles sent its pilgrims. When one reads of the astronomical figures relating to the supplies consumed one can easily believe (1 million soft drinks on Saturday) that Ottawa's normal population of 175,000 was doubled on the last day of the Congress.

Cardinal Legate

His Eminence James Cardinal McGuigan, of Toronto, represented the Holy Father and in the discharge of ceremonial functions he was accompanied by a papal mission which came to Ottawa from Rome. The same honours were paid to the Cardinal Legate as there would be if the Holy Father himself were present. In his message to the congress, Cardinal McGuigan said: "This Congress is, first and foremost, a great act of divine worship. It is God and God alone whom we worship in all the religious events of this Marian

Congress. Every honour, every tribute paid to Mary is done because she is the Mother of Jesus Christ, the Divine Son of God. Devotion to Mary is till today, as it has even been, a mighty witness which maintains belief in the Divinity of Christ."

Thus once again prophecy was fulfilled when so many nations gathered to proclaim Mary blessed. And the strengthened faith of the pilgrims as they returned to their homes was a part of their reward for their efforts to honour her. His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan commented on the special devotion to Mary which Canadians have always had and a proof of this is to be found in the great number of Canadian churches dedicated to her. Certainly the way in which they organized and took part in this Marian Congress is ample to convince even the most skeptical.

Message Direct from Pope

His Holiness the Pope spoke in a special message broadcast during the Congress and the theme of his talk was liberty. "What is more necessary and desirable in our times than liberty and the right use of liberty, for the glory of God and the advancement and safeguarding of the true Faith? Liberty, that special gift from heaven by which man freely submits to the sovereignty and the law of God and thus becomes the architect of his own nobility and happiness and the preserver and custodian of universal order. Liberty rightly considered is not unbridled power which dares all, nor is it impunity in error or wrongdoing . . . Wherefore true liberty has its beginning with Mary who was the freest of all, since she was the holiest of all."

It was significant to Canadians who take their liberty pretty much for granted that His Holiness chose such a theme. It made us conscious of the many blessings we have received

in the past and more anxious than ever that a lasting peace might come to the weary world.

The pope's radio address came after the gospel of a pontifical Mass being offered at the cathedral in Ottawa and it was a most impressive sight when everyone there from Cardinals to choir boys knelt for the Apostolic Benediction. Huge throngs had gathered for the Mass and the greater number were actually outside the church. Loudspeakers made it possible for everybody to hear the voice of the pope.

Giant Repository Main Rallying
Point

At Lansdowne Park in Ottawa South there was a magnificently designed repository, an open-air sanctuary capable of seating about 75,000 people. The altar was 550 feet long and surmounted by a tower rising 155 feet in the air. The tower itself was made up of pillars in the form of large superimposed M's (for Mary). Within this open tower there was a large crown on which was mounted a cross. ornament a 9-foot illuminated globe supported a 27-foot statue of the Blessed Virgin. When one saw this at night, with the cardinals and archbishops and bishops and the diplomatic corps and state officials all seated on the elevated rows on either side of the main altar, and then some 75,000 of the faithful out in front of the altar, it was a sight unsurpassed in colour and magnificence. Photographers and even artists worked furiously getting their visual record of the event.

Religious Exhibition

In five buildings at Lansdowne park were housed a series of booths erected by the different religious Orders, Congregations and Societies showing the type of work they were engaged in. Pamphlets and leaflets were handed out giving the history of the institutions concerned and detailing their progress and hopes

for the future. Anybody who had wondered what Sisters did to pass the time away would get his eyes opened. Miniature class-rooms, hospital beds, mission fields and countless other activities were portrayed by mannekins, tiny models, moving pictures, museum pieces and always on hand were members of the different organizations to explain and answer any questions. The diversity of work done more than explained the necessity of such a great number of groups within the Church. It would have taken about three weeks to satisfy the visitors who lingered in front of these booths and each one was an education in itself. This wonderful opportunity for explaining the work which is going on in the Church was used to full advantage and large numbers of non-Catholics were on hand to view these exhibits.

Our Lady of the Cape

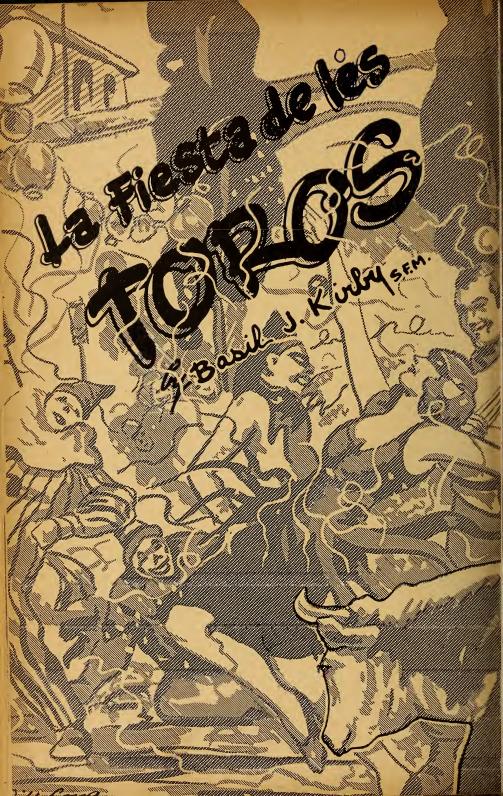
One of the more striking features of the Congress was a pilgrimage the whole way from Cap-de-la-Madeleine, below Three Rivers where the Oblate Fathers have a well-known shrine honouring the Blessed Virgin. For the Congress the statue was mounted on a float and brought to Ottawa. The journey took some five weeks as people actually walked the whole distance. Every night the statue stopped at some parish and outdoor devotions were held whenever possible. It was a revival unprecedented. When the statue would arrive at a town, the officials would meet it and escort Our Lady of the Cape to their parish church. The statue finally was established in a Peace Chapel, just north of the Giant Repository and Mass was offered every half-hour night and day. This chapel was filled with some 5,000 people almost all the time. On the last night there were about 3,000 people waiting outside at all times to get in, hear Mass and venerate the Statue.

Archbishop Vachon

It was the occasion of the centenary of the erection of the Ottawa diocese and the archbishop began planning a year ago for a ceremony which would have a twofold purpose: besides the marking of an anniversary, he wanted something which would be a distinct contribution towards world peace. The Marian Congress was the result. During his trip to Rome, he received the approval of the Pope and encouraged by this the organization began. Invitations to eminent ecclesiastics were sent out, the priests of the diocese were told of the prospects and the work began. The architects who designed the main repository deserve credit for the imagination combined with simplicity of their work. To the archbishop who was confident that such an undertaking could and would succeed no matter what the difficulties one must bow in admiration.

Archbishop Vachon wrote several letters to the local newspapers pointing out the wonderful co-operation he received from non-Catholics as well as the members of his own flock and truly it was a sample of what might be hoped for on an international level. If the leaders of the world in politics could work together the way State and Church did in Ottawa peace would come quickly.

The people of Ottawa were very proud of their archbishop who is not only an eminent churchman but a noted scientist as well. A graduate of Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he is a director of the National Research Council and of the Fisheries Research Board, in connection with which he directed the activity of the St. Lawrence Biological Station. And now this same man is the one to whom the greatest credit must go for the splendid demonstration of faith which the Marian Congress was.



I N DIFFERENT countries there are various methods adopted to raise money for charitable purposes but the most colorful and the one providing the greatest amount of enjoyment that I have ever heard of is in the Dominican Republic. It goes hand in hand with parochial and national religious feasts held in different parts of the country. It is sometimes called the feast of the bulls.

It is on the occasion of the Feast of Our Lady of Altagracia that this event takes place in Monte Plate

where I have been stationed.

Commisarios

Some two or even three months before the feast takes place, perhaps forty commisarios divide the district which is an area of some thirty miles square (that is about 1,000 square miles!) and each one is responsible for his sector. A commisario is a man who belongs to the parish and is a recognized authority to collect these young bulls for the church. From year to year these men become known by all the people and all parishioners co-operate to help their parish church on this big feast. The commisario is authorized by the pastor to collect alms and bulls. These are donated to the church in an unique way. A party is held and it is announced that it is in order for all to contribute by promising to give a young bull in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Perhaps four or five people give in their names as willing to make this sacrifice for their parish church and then the party celebrates their generosity.

Gather Bulls Prior to Feast

During the last week before the feast a tour takes place and all the commisarios having compared notes, it is planned so as to visit every centre where bulls have been donated. They are all collected and driven on from place to place; with a party being held each night at each centre.

Many people join in this tour and the parties increase in size until two nights before the feast they have a really super-duper party. The pastor is present this last night and all join in the singing of the Salve (The Hail Holy Queen, sung as a hymn to the Blessed Virgin). Confessions are heard in preparation for the Mass next morning and then the singing and dancing gets under way, lasting far on into the night. By now the tour is within five or six miles of the parish church so the padre simply rides home for the night, as no sleep is possible during the celebration.

Morning of the Feast

Next day very early the pastor rides out with his Mass-kit. Confessions are heard, then Holy Mass is The altar is covered by a shelter which is open to the view of all and the people attend in large numbers. After the Mass there will be many Baptisms and several Marriages. Finally the big procession gets under way and all set out for the town. There might be some seventy-five horsemen in the lead, followed by the bulls which are driven along by a host of pedestrians. At the head of the procession rides the pastor carrying the papal flag and by his side the head-commisario carrying the national flag. All the other commisarios ride along carrying the banner of his district and these are all religious banners, mostly various representations of patroness: Our Lady of Altagracia.

Arrival at Town Marked by Ceremony

A large delegation rides out of town at an appointed hour waving flags and with a brass band in the background. All the commisarios dismount when approaching these delegates and slowly waving their own banners they come nearer to the delegates from town. Three times as they approach, all stop and

do a kind of salute, much like a genuflection. Finally as they actually come together at the third salute, all genuflect and they cross flags, that is, the town delegates cross flags with commisarios. The leading delegate crosses his flag with papal flag of the pastor. Everyone kneels now and they recite the Apostles' Creed three times. Afterwards all stand and the pastor leads them in several cheers. "VIVA LA ALTAGRACIA"; "VIVA LA FE CATOLICA (the Catholic Faith); "VIVA EL ARZOBISPO" (His Grace the Archbishop).

Procession Into Town

Imagine the color of this procession as all the horsemen remount and waving their flags they ride along, followed by the brass band, the bulls and the pedestrians. Songs are sung, mostly hymns, and a grand time is being had by all. They go along to the parish church where the pastor rides up on the steps, turns his mount and addresses his people. From the saddle he makes his speech of welcome, tells them briefly about the feast to be celebrated next day and its significance and then leads them in more VIVAS! Afterwards the bulls are led around the main streets and finally into a pasture at the edge of the town. This is the last official function of this day from the purely religious viewpoint but the FIESTA continues all day and most of the night.

Auction of Bulls

On the Feast of the Blessed Virgin, called ALTAGRACIA, very large

numbers of people attend the parish church. Remember that normally many live some twenty-five to thirty miles away and are usually quite unable to come such distances as it is necessary for the vast majority to Mass for them takes place in their own little missions, a campo as they call them there; and this only once a month at most when the priest can get out to them. However, on this big feast, they try their best to get into the town and celebrate the feast with their fellow-parishioners. If all could attend there would be as many as twenty-five thousand people but even with ten percent of these you have quite a crowd. The parish church overflows, there are large numbers of Communions and after Mass more Baptisms and Weddings. In the afternoon of the same day the auction is held.

All the bulls are gathered in the town square and the bidding begins. It is the custom in that country to auction them off in one group, that is, the buyer gets the whole herd. Last year they brought seventeen dollars a head. All the proceeds go to the parish church. After this comes the final giant procession wherein almost every man, woman and child take part and walk through all the main streets of the town in honour of the Blessed Virgin and carrying a large picture of Our Lady of Altagracia. This is the last official act of Fiesta, but the townspeople celebrate the rest of the day and night with the usual parties.



When making your will remember the foreign missions! Money is urgently needed for our new seminary and to reconstruct mission stations in China.

Page Eighteen China



OUR LADY OF FATIMA, by Wm. Thos. Walsh. Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto. 251 pp. \$2.75.

The number of books outlining blueprints for world peace is ever increasing and at an equal rate grows a universal pessimism. No natural remedy will be entirely effective because the root of our trouble is not merely natural. This book by Dr. Walsh reminds us of the supernatural cure as revealed by the Blessed Virgin herself in Portugal in 1917.

The recent Marian Congress in Ottawa served to highlight the essential role reserved for the Mother of God in the redemption of mankind and the spontaneous demonstration of faith by the 200,000 pilgrims is reassuring. Success is possible if

every individual does his part; the alternative is frightening to contemplate.

Any book which might serve to make us know and love Our Lady of Fatima is worthwhile. This par ticular book is highly recommended both for its message and for the charm with which the message is conveyed. Well documented, the account is far from dull-reading yet it is not a historical novel, but an exact record of our century's most important apparition.

For those who have read Monsignor McGrath's pamphlet and who would like a more complete account, we refer you to Dr. Walsh's book.

PARDON AND PEACE, by Alfred Wilson. Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto. 257 pp. \$3.00.

This book is about Confession. It will answer the questions of converts and settle many perplexities for those born in the Faith. In non-technical yet exact and frequently humourous language this wonderful Sacrament is explained by a priest who has had ample opportunity to witness the wonderful effects of this example of God's love and mercy.

A world of unrest such as ours is, needs some supernatural guarantee that our faults will not be an everlasting impediment to happiness. Millions have turned to a pseudopsychiatry or astrology for some sort

of assurance that everything will be alright. Sins, however, cannot be explained away; they must be washed away and in this book Christ's plan is clearly outlined. The voice of one's conscience can be stilled only by divine pardon. After that comes the peace which the world cannot give.

This book is recommended not merely for great sinners but also for more perfect souls who wish to use every means for their spiritual advancement, and Penance or Confession is not the least of these.





TYPHOON, by G. McKernan S.F.M.

M Y WORK as regional inspector for Relief Work took me down the coast where the damage caused by the Typhoon had been greatest. The coastal plain of Fukien is very narrow, with high forbidding mountains rising abruptly almost in a continuous straight line about two miles inland. The muddy rivers that had carried down the silt from the interior of the province had done their work well and the people all along the coast were adding to the arable land, by building dykes or sea walls across the mouths of the bays and inlets. Two years after a dyke has been built and the land drained, the soil produces good rice. The average dyke is about two miles long, with an average width and height of fifteen feet. They are usually built of mud with long granite slabs cut from the mountain sides used for facing. It takes a long time to build a dyke, lacking any kind of machinery the local people carry the mud in little basketfuls, and when they have a twenty foot section done, they bring up the heavy stone slabs and place them on the seaward side of the dyke. There were over 150 dykes in the region where the typhoon struck and of that number 142 were completely destroyed.

When the typhoon struck, the water helped along by an eighty mile an hour gale carried these granite slabs weighing up to two tons and carried them half a mile inland. Most of the dykes were completely obliterated, and I found it difficult to find any traces of some of them. Houses, trees and what had been a good rice crop until the typhoon came, suffered a like fate. To-day the scenes of misery and destruction in Coastal Fukien are a dreadful sight. Thousands of people are homeless, and what is worse for them, have nothing to eat. Unless the dykes are rebuilt this spring, there will be no food for them this summer. Whole families have turned out to work on the dykes. Mothers and fathers and children as long as they are old or big enough to carry a scoopful of mud have responded to the 'all hands on deck' call. It is the intention of UNRRA to give these people a little food for working on the dykes, and our committee is taking special steps to give the children a little schooling, some extra food, some clothing and medical care. Many of the children badly undernourished, scabies, sore eyes, and running sores evident signs of malnutrition are very common.

Mobile dispensaries, with nurses and Native Sisters visiting the children, and treating them are now in operation. We hope that we will be able to keep on doing this work for the children at least until the land has been reclaimed and the larder is filled up again. Temporary shacks are being set up near the dyke sites along the coast, so that the people will be handy to work. In one village, we intend to set up a village of tents for the people, UNRRA has been approached for the tents and we hope to be able to make good use of them for a few months at any rate.

LONGEST ROAD

I T WAS one of those hot sticky nights that are so common in these parts of the world when I arrived at Yuchee. The town of Yuchee was not a walled city, but lay in a large plain that was dotted orchards. The valley just reeked with lemon groves, orange trees seemed to grow wild and bananas did grow wild. I did not recognize the trees in the wellkept orchards, they were the trees nearest the house always, which meant that they were the ones that were treasured most by the farmer, who planted them around the house where he could keep an eve on them. The Mission house had its orchard, which in this valley seems to be the thing to do. The old Spanish Father had been in China for 47 years and 42 of those had been spent in Yuchee. The city is off the beaten path a little and so he does not get many visitors. From Foochow, I had come down the coast travelling on foot or, by sedan chair along an old imperial road. It was three feet wide and made of granite slabs. Along the roadside were many markers and high cumbersome archways; it stopped at Yuchee.

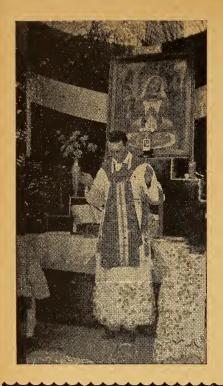
After supper, as it was so warm inside, Fr. and I sat out under the trees and ate mangoes and lichee nuts. He was just aching to tell stories and eventually when I men-

tioned the good condition of the granite road, he told me this tale. During the Chin Dynasty, around the time of the great Kublai Kahn, the Emperor sent his couriers throughout the land to enforce the paying of tribute to the 'Imperial Palace'. The official whose job it was to enforce the tribute throughout Fukien province, stopped at Yuchee and was invited to a banquet, during which he was given some Lichee nuts and he thought them delicious. he returned to the Imperial court he took with him a small bag of lichee nuts as a gift for the Emperor. Two years later (news travelled slow in those days) the emperor issued a special mandate that a road be built from Yuchee to Peking. The local officials hastened to comply with the Emperor's orders and immediately conscripted thousands of people to build the road. No one knew just why the road was to be built, or the reason for the speed in building the road, but 'theirs not to reason why'.

With the completion of the road, which I am told shattered all existing records, the news leaked out. The emperor demanded that every fall some bags of handpicked Lichee nuts be sent by carrier to Peking. The country was scoured for strong men to be called up as carriers, and it became an annual event. The carriers would line up, and the townsfolk would all gather around and at a given signal would set off firecrackers and yell encouragement as the husky carriers started their two thousand mile trek with the Emperor's dessert.

The old road still exists, and because of the many years of good care it received is still in good condition. Of course the Lichee nuts are no longer transported by the road, but are now shipped by boat. In the old days there were too many Pirates to ship them by boat, but in this modern day and age, things are

different, or are they?



Outdoor Mass at Azua in the Dominican Republic exactly one year ago when terrific earthquake made church unfit for use. Father W. Allen, of North Bay, Ontario, is the celebrant.

Diary of a Returning Missionary Sister

(Continued from page 6)

and chatter as well as by the noise of fire crackers at the church door. This morning Father said his two Masses. Before the last one he baptized six children. After the morning service the photographer was on hand, and we waited just an hour while he tried to get order enough for a picture.

Our dinner was very good. A woman had given us a Mushori duck and Father Venadam donated four chickens. Our cake was the gift of a gentleman in New Orleans. Besides,

we had tomato soup, jello and chocolate bars, all saved from Canada. Cooking dinner was a picnic in itself. Lacking pots and pans, we had recourse to our wash basins. One must learn to improvise in China.

To-day we were asked to visit the Christian mother of three of our

Dec. 28th
1946

former pupils. Their home is 15 li (five miles) up and over the mountains. Sister M.

Genevieve and I went.
The woman is dying. Father Vena-

Page Twenty-Two

dam was already there giving her the last rites. She recognized us,

but was unable to speak.

Our walk out did not seem to tire us, but when we reached the first mountain on the homeward trip, our feet began to whimper. The cobblestone paths were not made for good Canadian shoes, and up there, on that mountain, we both decided to get a pair of Chinese home-made cloth shoes. Our two years at home softened us up too much, but we shall soon get our Chinese feet back. On reaching home, Sisters M. Catherine and St. Martin had a nice dinner of sweet potatoes and pork ready, and a good fire.

Christians and catechumens filled the church and over-flowed into the

Sunday,
Dec. 29th

convent after Mass.
Fr. Moriarty is not even noticed now that the Sisters are here.
As soon as we enter the

As soon as we enter the church the children start calling "MO MO MO MO" and nobody can silence them. Poor people, they are happy to have the Sisters back and their appreciation is shown by their gifts of potatoes, eggs, peanuts, red candles and long life (macaroni).

We made our retreat today and had a quiet, prayerful closing of the

Tuesday,
Dec. 31st

year. After the last meditation there was a rushed sick call on which another baby was baptized. We also

found a very sick man who asked to be baptized. His young sister is an ex-pupil and has been encouraging him; now it is for us to instruct him. God is certainly giving us many consolations in our work. Happy New Year! We assisted at three Masses this morning. It is not

Wednesday,
Jan. 1st

a holy day over here, nor do the Chinese celebrate New Year's yet. All day, though, people

have been coming to help us honour the date; they know it has a meaning for us. It is pretty cold; no snow but plenty of frost. Sister M. Catherine hugs her little fire night and day. We have a fire in the dining room and we do hate to leave it for bed. However we manage to keep warm; we wear our sweaters, nightingales, woolen bonnets and heavy homemade woolen socks in bed. It takes courage to dip into the wash basin in the mornings but all do it, I know.

Sister M. Genevieve's Feast Day. She and Sister M. Martin went to

Friday,
Jan. 3rd

visit our Christian patients in the mountains. They were back for a late dinner at which we had our last

which we had our last package of Jello brought from Canada. Sister M. Catherine washed the altar-cloth; we have only one so we had to do a quick job of it. A Christian lent us his charcoal iron. It will take some time to get the church in order but we will do a little each day. The boy said today: "Even God is happy to see the Sisters back". Our chapel is beginning to take shape too. We varnished our priedieux this afternoon and we will have the tabernacle lined tomorrow. Father Moriarty is lending us his Mass kit so that we may have Mass very soon, and the Blessed Sacrament reserved.

One morning she took compassion on him, pressed a dollar into his hand and whispered, "Never despair."

Next time she saw him he stopped her and handed her nine dollars.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

[¶] A religious and charitable woman noticed a very down-and-out sort of man standing at the corner of the street near her residence.

[&]quot;It means, ma'am," said the man, "that 'Never Despair' won at 8 to 1."

At the age of eighteen his parents arranged a marriage for him and Wang soon found himself the father of sons and daughters. One by one his brothers moved away and his sisters married into other families and finally when his parents died, Wang inherited the ancestral farm.

The years went by. His family increased. He had his misfortunes. Bandits raided the village once. He lost nearly everything but the house. Two years of extra hard work and his fortunes were restored to normal. The recent Japanese invasion did not bother him at all. Japanese soldiers took a few pigs from him but that was the extent of his loss. The present inflation in China does not bother him. He lives on the barter system. Taxes are high, but that is normal in China. At least he is not taxed for the next year's crops as he used to be under the warlords regime.

One fact was clear—his life had been one of terrific physical hardship and he had loved every moment of it. All his life, about the only change he had from his daily backbreaking toil, was to lift onto his shoulders a hundred and fifty pounds of rice and trot thirty li into Lanchi for market day.

But he did have a change in his life. Some twelve years ago he met Fr. Lawrence Li, a Chinese priest now in Chuchow. From this Father, he learned the truths of Christianity and needed no coaxing to become a Catholic. From the very first he knew he had found for what his heart had been craving. His entire family came into the Church with him. They are an example to my other Christians.

The next day I continued my journey to Lanchi in a much better mood. With the story of Wang the farmer fresh in my mind, for me to complain of physical hardship—even just to myself—would be a mockery of God's bountiful Goodness.

Monsignor Fraser Writes

(Continued from page 12)

ried Catholics; the others are married to pagans but are good Catholics and really have the Faith. Two have died. Try your very utmost (to get the Sisters). 'Tis one of the most fruitful and deserving means of spreading the Faith'. Later he wrote that many of these former pupils of Kinhwa came to his chapel for Easter, walking long distances. Fr. Kelly, the new parish priest of Pukiang

writes March 25th, "If you can get the Sisters back in Kinhwa, let me know. There are a lot of girls here that have to study the doctrine and I hope to be able to send them there if you get the Sisters." So now you and my friends have something to pray for; That the Sisters soon come to occupy their dilapidated unoccupied convent school.

"My dear," she drawled, "I think we've been overheard."

[¶] A young lady cornered a friend at a cocktail party and immediately launched into a long anecdote on her favorite subject: herself. Becoming bored, the friend pointed to a yawning man at the other end of the room.



Father Jim sincerely hopes you are all having a whale of a time on your

The Old
Swimming
Hole

holidays. It's quite a while since he had his friends with him at the swimming spot but he doesn't forget. The boys had a shack built and we thought

it was quite the thing. However, the firemen saw it and really I must say they took a very dim view of it! They said it was a fire-trap and right away they tore it down! We were pretty mad but on the other hand I'm sure the firemen knew what they were talking about and who knows, maybe they saved our lives. Beware of fire dangers and remember that if you go camping always make sure the fire is put out with both sand and water.

Down in Santo Domingo the children have much hotter weather and they love to swim to keep cool. In China there are not so many places where it's safe so you here in Canada have the best of that too. Make sure you obey your parents' warnings because when you do what they say you can never go wrong.

This month of July is the month of the Precious Blood so in memory

Precious
Blood

of Our Lord's Passion I hope you will receive Holy Communion whenever possible. Never forget a prayer for vocations to the mission of Our Lord's Passion I hope you will receive Holy Communion whenever possible.

sions. As you know, last year we had the biggest class at our novitiate ever: 23 boys in all. With the help of your prayers this can be repeated and then the fruits of Our Lord's Passion will have a better chance of saving the world. After all that is the reason for His death, isn't it? So pray for vocations to the foreign mission field to spread the faith and make the Precious Blood more effective for salvation.

Do you know the difference between a holyday and a holiday? One

Holidays
and
Holydays

is a religious feast and the other a civil or government day of celebration. For example, July 1st in Canada is a holiday because it's the anni-

versary of Confederation. That was the date in 1867 when all the provinces grouped themselves into the country we know today as Canada. That's a holiday; but you don't have to go to Mass July 1st do you? That's because it's not a holyday. December the 8th, the feast day of the Immaculate Conception is a holyday but not a holiday. That is a day when you must go to Mass but your Dad has to work just the same because the government did not tell all the stores and offices to close. Christmas day is both a holyday and a holiday. Nobody has to work and you must all attend Mass.

(Continued on page 29)



This month I want to introduce some new friends to you. They do not speak English but they do speak in Spanish and perhaps some of you who can speak that wonderful language will be pen-pals to them. They live in one of our parishes on the West side of the Island of Santo Domingo where 25 of our priests are stationed. You know where Cuba is? Well the next island to the right has two countries: to the West you will find Haiti and to the right Santo Domingo, also called the Dominican Republic. Well San Jose de Ocoa (Saint Joseph of Ocoa) is their home parish and this is their letter:-

> San Jose de Ocoa 3 de Junio de 1947.

Al Pequeno Jardin de Santa Teresita:
Movidas por el interes que nos
mostro nuestro celoso Parraco, al
confiarnos su deseo de prestar
nuestra ayuda para bautizar a ninos
paganos, nos hemos interesados en
conseguir esta pequena suma lo mas
pronto posible para que con ello y
nuestras oraciones tan solo un alma

Siempre ofrecemos nuestra ayuda si no con dinero con nuestras oraciones.

conozca a Nuestro Senor.

Sullo Dana Encarnacion Lesbia Encarnacion.

Now what did you make of that? In case you missed some of the words, here is a translation: Moved by the interest shown by our zealous pastor explaining how we can help baptize pagan children, we are interested in acquiring a small sum as soon as possible and send it along with our prayers so that a soul will come to know Our Lord.

We will always offer our assistance if not with money then with

prayers.

Sullo Dana and Lesbia Encarnacion.

Now isn't that wonderful! Way down south there are Catholic boys and girls doing just the same as you have been doing here for years. All praying and working for the conversion of pagan children who have not the same opportunity of getting to heaven. I'm sure the Rose Garden is honoured in having these children and God Bless them as we welcome them.



QUICKIE QUIZ WINNER

The lucky winner of the draw this month among those sending in correct answers was, Mary Kahue, 11 yrs., of 227 Grand Ave. E., Chatham, Ont. The quiz: What big Feast comes in June. The answer: The Feast of the Sacred Heart.





QUICKIE QUIZ

What Saint propagated the devotion of the nine first Fridays.





Dear Fr. Jim:

I have filled my mite box at last and am glad it will soon travel to China to help the children there.

> Eleanor Federovich, Fork River, Man.

Thanks a million, Eleanor, your gift will do much to help the pagan children learn about God.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am enclosing the contents of my mite box which my sister Denise and the other members of my family helped me to collect . . . also here are the names of five new Buds.



Lucille Dion, 372 N. John St., Fort William, Ont.

Many thanks to you and all your family, Lucille. Your gift will help bring the light of faith to the eyes of pagan children. Thanks too for the new members.

Dear Fr. Jim:

We painted a set of pin-cushions ourselves and sold them on tickets. The money we received for them we are now sending to you for China's Children. We wish to join the Rose Garden.



Celine and Marie Power, Branch, Nfld. Welcome to our Rose Garden, Celine and Marie. It is wonderful the ideas our Buds have for helping the Missionaries to save souls. Many, many thanks to both of you.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am sending this gift to you to help the boys and girls of China in getting to Heaven. It is from my mite box.



Anthony Van Hee. R.R. 1,

Windham Centre, Ont.

You may be sure that China's Children will be grateful to you Anthony for your lovely gift. Thank you very much and God bless you. Dear Fr. Jim:

Here is my gift that I saved for the little pagan boys and girls. I am six years old and am in Grade I.



William Lewin, 207 Quinpool Rd., Halifax, N.S.

I enjoyed reading your letter very much William, and golly, what a lot of sacrifices you must have made to send such a grand gift. Thank you very much and may our Blessed Mother watch over you.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am very pleased to send you this small offering and hope that it will

CHINA

Page Twenty-Seven

be of some help in the Missionaries' work. I am very happy to belong to the Rose Garden.



Laurea Guindon, 110 Churchill St., Kingston, Ont.

Such a lovely letter, Laurea, and please rest assured that no donation is too small. I wish you every success in your examinations.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am sending you these stamps and also a small donation to help the missions in China. I enjoy reading your page very much.



Rosemary Olsen, Adamson Rd., Erindale, Ont.

God bless you Rosemary. You will make the pagan children very happy through your gift. Thank you, and write soon.

Dear Fr. Jim:

My brothers and sisters helped me save this gift I am sending to you. I'm going to work this summer and hope to be able to help the Chinese Children a lot more.



Lucien St. Denis, Dazois, Que., Via Kippiwa.

My sincere thanks to all of you, Lucien, and I hope that you will enjoy the work that you are going to do. I hope to hear from you again soon.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am so happy to send you the contents of my mite box to help the little pagan children. I am also mailing you some stamps.



Badger, Nfld. Neil McDonald,

Thank you very much, Neil, for your lovely gift and letter. I know that our Blessed Lord will reward you with many graces and blessings for your missionary work.

Dear Fr. Jim:

There are 1,000 stamps in this box. I do not know if they will be

MARGARET JARRETT

Margaret is from Montreal, and this month we honour her as our Bud of the Month; good for you Margaret! By her prayers and sacrifices she has helped bring the faith to some little girl or boy who lives on the other side of the world. Margaret lives at 1225 Island Street and is only 11 years old. We are in her debt; St. Theresa bless her.

of any help or not. I have twelve pen-pals and it takes all my time after school to write to them. Each night I say a prayer for all the Missionaries.



Lauretta Leger, Green Valley, Ont.

Gosh, Lauretta, I was so happy when I saw all those stamps and realized how much they would help our Missionaries win the pagan boys and girls over to God. Now that the summer holidays are here you will have more time to write to all your pen-pals. Thanks ever so much for the stamps and for your prayers too.

Page Twenty-Eight

The Little Flower Rose Garden

(Continued from page 25)

Now what I'm getting at is this: Summertime is holiday time but all too often it's not very holy. Even on Sundays many people make excuses and miss Mass. I hope no Buds will make this mistake. Also, Father Jim wants you to try your utmost to keep your First Fridays going through the summer; don't miss any. You know about all the wonderful indulgences don't you? Any prayerbook has the explanation. Have a good holiday; and make it as holy as possible.

New Members and Pen Pals

HARRICOTT, ST. MARY'S BAY, NFLD.
Byrne, Annie, 15, John 9; Chaytor,
Marie, 12; Evoy, Hanna, 15; Evoy,
Marion, 14; Gregory, Eddie, 12; Gregory,
Marie, 14; Gregory, Roseann, 11; Gregory,
Una, 13; Lyver, Margaret, 9; Wade,
John, 12; Wade, Margaret, 14; Wade,
Walter 9 Walter, 9.

NORRIS ARM, NFLD. Dwyer, Frances, 14; Pauline, 16.

HALF WAY POINT, BAY OF ISLANDS, NFLD. Donohue, Sheila, 10; Greene, George, 10, Mary, 12, Ronald, 13, Sadie, 16, Rita, 9; Jones, Una, 13.

SEARSTON, NEWFOUNDLAND Murphy, Joseph, 13. GREAT CODROFF, VIA DOYLE'S, NEWFOUNDLAND Downey, James, 12, Lucy, 9.

SWEET BAY, BONAVISTA BAY, NFLD. Clancy, Michael P., 15; Legge, Mary

SAINT JOHN, NEWFOUNDLAND Butler, Bernard, 11, Dermot, 8, Gerald, 9, 91 New Gower Street; Clark, Carmel, 10, Joan, 8, Mary, 12, 181 Campbell Ave.; Gizzard, Sheila, 15, 26 Signal Hill.

RENEWS, NEWFOUNDLAND Conway, Assumpta, 9; Harte, Dorothy, 9; McCarthy, Johnnie, 9; McCarthy, Maureen, 9; Pittman, Laurane, 11; Ben-nett, Bernadette, 9; Berrigan, Ethnea, 11. 15; Walsh, Michael, 14, Calvert, New-foundland,

CARBONEAS, NEWFOUNDLAND Butt, James, 15, Crowdy Street.

CONCEPTION BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND Seward, Frances, 10, North River Con-ception Bay.

CURLING EAST, NEWFOUNDLAND
Ballom, John, 6; Byrne, Harold, 10;
Byrne, Rosaleen, 11; Cantwell, Ellen, 9;
Kevin, 7; Marie, 8; George, Lornea, 9,
Josephine, 9; Furlong, Aidan, 6; Kathryn,
9; Farrell, Marlyn, 6; Hall, Dorothy, 11,
Joyce, 9; Hutchings, Joan, 6; Leggo,
David, 5; Leggo, Eric, 8; Leggo, Gerald,
7; Martin, Charles, 5; MacDonald, Helen,
6; O'Brien, Daniel, 8; O'Brien, Eileen, 8;
Elaine, 8; Helen, 6; John, 10; Maureen,
8; Thomas, 12; Pike, Carrolann, 7; Pike,
Ernest, 9; Rowsell, Alphonsus, 8; Staples,
David, 8; Helen, 8; Josepr, 5; Staples,
Margaret, 12; Staples, Marie, 13; Staples,
Sylvester, 12; Staples, Sylvia, 7; Tracey,
Frank, 8. Frank, 8.

GRAND FALLS, NEWFOUNDLAND
Jesseau, Kevin, 12, 49 Botwood St.;
Lindhall, Signe, 16, Cabot Road; Maddox,
Monica, 24 Sulva Rd.; Manuel, Ann, 11,
2 Hill Road; McCarthy, Noreen, 14;
Sheila, 13, 17 Queen Street; McDonald,
Cecilia, 16, 8 First Avenue; Power, Clara,
18, 17 Carmelite Road; Rose, Mary, 14;
Regina, 10, 9 Sulva Road; Dwyer, Zita,
15, Junction Road; Griffin, Mary, 15, 9
Riverview Rd.; Griffin, Barbara, 15, 49
Junction Rd.

VINTON, QUE. Grace, Art, 6, Vinton, Que.

WINDSOR, ONT.
Benjamin, Shirley, 13, 1352 Labadie Rd.;
Codyre, Ellen, 12; Jerry, 7; Josephine, 8;
Martin, 13; Theresa, 9; Thomas, 15, 1382
Centre Ave.; Whalen, Jacqueline, 13, 1363
Westminster Ave.; McGuigan, Shirley, 12,
899 Jos. Janisse St.; Whalen, Arlene, 12,
1763 Westminster Ave.

SHALLOP COVE, ST. GEORGES, NEWFOUNDLAND White, Frederick, 6; White, Matilda,; White, Theresa, 13; Booke, Christina, 11.

ST. JOSEPH'S, SALMONIER, ST. MARY'S BAY, NFLD. Marrie, Mary, 14; Nolan, Marie, 16.

MARY'S BAY, NFLD.

MARY'S BAY, NFLD.

Marrie, Mary, 14; Nolan, Marie, 16.

TWEED, ONT.

Badour, Bernice, 13; Badour, Edward, 12; Basley, Joe, 11; Beare, Bobby, 8; Basley, Jean, 13; Basley, Jim, 14; Brashee, Paul, 13; Breen, Ann, 11; Burns, Jackie, 9; Cassidy, Bert, 9, Billie, 10, Bobby, 8, Donald, 11, Ronald, 8, Raymond, 12, Doris, 10; Donna, Champagne, 11; Courneyea, Francis, 11, George, 13, Irene, 9, Joseph Augustine, 14, Lawrence, 14, Maurice, 12, Nelson, 15, Pat, 8, Raymond, 11, Sheila, 9, Theresa, 10; Cronin, James, 11; Davis, Dorothy, 11; Demarsh, Andre, 8, Edna, 10; Dion, Thelma, 13, Donald, 10, Eileen, 11, Carmel, 10; Feeney, Thomas, 14, Bob, 11, Gerald, 10; Fobert, Jeanette, 11; Gehan, Betty Jane, 12; Generaux, Gerald, 9, Marjorie, 12, Barbara, 13, Shirley, 10; Geraldi, Ray, 12; Gilby, Paula, 14; Goulah, Leo, 11, Audrey, 13; Haley, Tommy, 10, Anna Marie, 13, Don, 15; La Londe, Norma, 9; Langevin, Pat, 8, Marlene, 10, Clayton, 12; Frances, Langevin, 10; Letendre, Rose Mary, 11, Raymond, 9, Morris, 13, Lois, 10; Lesage, Mary, 12, Barbara, 8, Donald, 11, Morine, 7, Pat, 10; Leveck, Eileen, 14; Lucas, Gerrard, 14; Londe, Mary Lou La, 13; Meraw, Lorna, 12; Long, Carol Ann, 7; O'Ceara, Helen, 12; Rashotte, Clare, 13, Cleon, 15, Buddy, Gene, 12; Rivers, Vera, 13, Helen, 9, Sheila, 11, Joseph, 9, Francis, 10; Shanque, Cecilia, 14; Thompson, Fred, 10, Joanne, 13; Tweed, Shirley, 12, Zanice, 9; Turprise, Jeannine, 13; Turpin, Armand, 12; Vanmier, Lowell, 8; Valle, Mare, Lange, 13; Whalen, Maurice, 12; Williams, Joseph, 13; Wood, Shirley, 10, Jimmy, 9, Donald, 12; all Tweed, Ontario.



London unit of the Mission league of the Little Flower.

Items of Interest

Prayers for the Dead

For Denis Lawlor, St. Johns, Nfld.

For Mrs. Elizabeth Cooke, Brantford, Ont.

For Ernest Paul Thieme, Dartmouth, N.S.

For Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa, Ont.

Thanksgivings

For favour received with promise to publish. Leonard J. Laverty, R.R. No. 1, Sebringville, Ont.

To St. Jude for a temporal favour received. Agnes Dawzy, Toronto, Ont.

For a favour received through the intercession of Blessed Martin de Porres. Mrs. M. K. Gies, Ottawa, Ont.

Two Ordained

We are happy indeed to welcome two more priests to the ranks of our Society who are now prepared to begin their work in foreign missions. Congratulations to Father Cummins and Ernewein; may their glorious work be most fruitful.

Departure for China

Six of our veteran missioners are awaiting shipping space to go once again to their mission fields whence war drove them out. Fathers D. Stringer, C. Murphy, A. MacIntosh, A. McRae, E. Lyons and M. Maloney will be leaving in September for the Far East. Bon Voyage!

Condolences

The priests, students and friends of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society extend their most sincere sympathy to Rev. Joseph Moriarty, S.F.M., who is in Santo Domingo, and members of his family on the sad occasion of the death of his mother Mrs. J. Moriarty, deceased June 21, 1947. May her soul rest in peace.

Page Thirty

CHINA



Pictured above is the extension to our Navitiate at St. Mary's, Ontario. Increasing numbers of vocations to the foreign missions makes it imperative for us to build a much larger seminary. From such humble beginnings in 1917, our Society has grown to such a size that we must be able to house over 100 students!

Pray and Save for the Missions!





Make Cheques and Money Orders payable to
SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
Scarboro Bluffs - - Ontario

WANTED:—Prayers for the missions!

Any prayer, long or short, will help the work of spreading the faith in pagan lands.

WANTED:—Vocations to the missions!

Boys and girls in good health who are anxious to foster the work of Christ are urgently requested to make contact with the nearest society in this work.

WANTED:—Funds to educate young men for the missionary priesthood; to build seminaries and reconstruct mission stations destroyed by war.

Information concerning any of these needs will be gratefully supplied by

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSIONS

Scarboro Bluffs - - - ONTARIO





Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

SEPTEMBER, 1947





Beating the Heat Wave!

The aftermath of war in the Pacific has been frightful! Since 1937 the destruction of homes and property has been such that bathing facilities as primitive as the one pictured here are considered luxurious.

PLEASE PRAY FOR THE MISSIONS AND SUPPORT THEM IN EVERY WAY.

Page Two China



BEGGAR BOY OF LANCAI

MY HAROLD J. MURPHYSEM

IS earliest memories are of the wicker hut on the outskirts of Lanchi. It really wasn't a hut—just the top wicker part of a sampan. Some boatman had decided to make a new one and discarded his old one along the shore of the river. "The old lady" had spotted it and dragged it to a higher piece of land near the ruins of a glass factory. She stole some bamboo poles and managed to erect the wicker covering into something like a hut. Together that night, the two of them, "the old lady" and the boy sneaked into a farmer's barn and carried away enough straw to cover the ground which served as a floor in their new home.

At that they were satisfied. They had shelter from the sun in the day-time and straw to sleep on at night. But sometimes the little lad would envy the nice packed mud floors of other people—for when the rainy season came around, their home was a pool of water and it is very difficult to sleep on soggy straw.

At first, when he was very small, he didn't do any begging himself. He would just go along with "the old lady" and look pathetic as she held out a bowl to people passing by—sometimes he would whine and

cry but only when the "old lady" told him to do so. This she did when she saw a good prospect coming along the path—perhaps a stupid farmer who had just sold his water buffalo and dressed in his best blue cotton was strolling along looking for an opportunity to gain some 'face'. Or perhaps an official from the local government dressed in best silks, sporting a cane, face expressionless, staring straight ahead like Buddha. He also would hardly overlook an opportunity to gain 'face'.

In time the boy became quite proficient in whining—in looking dirty and pathetic—in cursing those who refused to help him.

Apprenticeship

As long as he kept with the old lady, people did not bother him. However soon he was able to start out on his own—with his own bowl—and then he found out that he had to learn a new game—how to dodge kicks and blows—how to hide when chased—how to squirm from the grasp of some angry citizen who objected to some particularly foul curse. In the summer-time it was easy as he wore no clothing, but in winter his rags were often the means

of his getting caught and thrashed severely—tattered rags are easy to grasp.

But somehow the boy and the old lady managed to keep alive. Many a day they went hungry—and often they spent weary, back-breaking hours picking weeds from abandoned lots hoping to find a few from which some kind of nourishment could be extracted in the iin can in which they cooked their meals.

The old lady was kind to him—in her way. She was very old—over seventy she said. She had often told him that she was his grandmother, that his father had gone away to the war and had never returned and his mother disappeared during the Japanese invasion—and he had had no other relatives, none whatsoever—and so now they had to beg to live.

And thus he lived till he was eleven years old—a skinny scrawny kid in rags—matted hair hanging over his eyes—a dirty skin disease eating out the back of his head—his stomach bloated like a ball—full of worms—his legs like toothpicks!

He looked just like that when I first saw him on the streets several months ago here in Lanhi. He didn't pay much attention to the fair-skinned, round-eyed, foreign devil—for he was afraid of me. I noticed him though, but just noticed him as a particularly pathetic specimen of a street beggar. As a rule I do not pay any attention to beggars, there are so many of them, but I always find it difficult not to pay particular attention to beggar boys—the contrast between their boyhood and mine is too great.

Baptized Orphan

Later I saw him several times on the streets and one day I mentioned him to a prominent local Catholic. And this gentleman amazed me by telling me that the lad was a Catholic—had been baptized at birth and that his parents were both Catholics. His mother had been an exemplary devout one. The old grand-

mother was a pagan.

He has been with me ever since and even in these few short months, the boy has undergone a remarkable change, physically, mentally and morally. It took a lot of worm medicine and nearly half a pound of epsom salts to produce the beginning of the physical change. It took many hours of painstaking patient coaxing to convince him that a little study and obedience was necessary. Catechism, prayers and stories from the Bible and the lives of the Saints have turned him into a fine little Catholic boy. He recently received his first Holy Communion and now is learning to serve Mass.

But we could do nothing with him until we had looked after his grandmother. It was only after I had managed to get her a position as housekeeper to a widower in a nearby country village—it was only then that he was content to submit to this new life of order, cleanliness and

good food.

Ten years of living like an animal—a wild animal—had not destroyed in him his sense of loyalty.

CHINA

Established 1919

Editor: F. T. O'GRADY, S.F.M. Circulation Mgr.: J. L. BEAL, S.F.M.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
\$1.00 a year \$20.00 for life
\$2.00 for 3 years Single copy 15 cents.

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarboro
Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.,
and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized

as second class mail by the Post Office Dept.,
Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to
June; bi-monthly July-August.

Address all communications to
RT. REV. J. E. McRAE
Superior General, Scarboro Foreign

Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.



Vol. XXVIII

No. 6



Monsignor

Fraser

Writes

THINGS are quiet here despite the civil war up north. We got a little start the other day when the local magistrate notified us that big

A Faithful Family bells must be silenced so that the people will not mistake them for air-raid alarms. "So", we said, "they intend

to prepare for enemy planes arriving." But there is not much danger here. The regulation was undoubtedly made for the whole of China and there are places up north where aircraft are buzzing about and even strafing. A young man from Suenping called to see me. His whole family is Catholic but they are the only Catholics in that subprefecture or county which has several thousand inhabitants. It lies between here and Lishui. The youth had walked 40 miles on a sore foot. Poverty is not strong enough to express the destitution of these people. His mother was educated in our girls' school under the sisters (when we had sisters) many years ago, and he himself studied in my school. They have persevered through all these years and the hardships of war without benefit of priests and sacraments. This little nucleus of 5 Catholics may be the seed from which will spring up a flourishing Christian community.

A big strong farmer, the mainstay

of his family, was carried to my door in a chair. He was in an awful state. While working in the fields he had trodden on a thorn; the

Injured wound had penetrated had come

wound had festered, had penetrated the foot and had come out on the instep. He had no medical

care and worse still, a quack doctor cut a piece of the flesh out of the wound. He stayed with me for several months and daily he visited the hospital. It was in this man's home that I used to hold religious services when in that section of the country. At my house he limped around until crutches were made. Eventually he was completely cured, to the joy of his entire family. The man benefited spiritually during this time: he never heard so many sermons in his life and was able to receive Holy Communion daily; in his distant village he would only see a priest once or twice a year.

An elderly man from Father Morrissey's parish asked me for a job. He said nobody wanted him as he could not carry heavy loads. He was

Grey Sisters Care for, Patient set to chopping wood and other odd jobs. He told me his wife had to do the work of their vegetable garden as his son had been

laid up for many months. The son

was also brought along and although he was sent to one dispensary after another, no good was accomplished until Father Venadam got a jeep to take him down to the sisters at Lishui. These Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario, cured him in a few weeks; now he is back in his garden.

When off duty soldiers often come strolling through the grounds. We have no gateman nor watchdog so that anyone can enter freely. Three soldiers, all

Chinese Soldiers
Visit Mission

pagans, came in the other day for a 'looksee'. We went

into the church and I genuflected. The Chinese are very obliging; they also genuflected. One of them was an officer, a captain over 60 men. The rudiments of doctrine were explained to them and the admonition of St. John the Baptist was taught them: "Do violence to no man; neither calumniate any man; and be content with your pay." They were pleased when I told them they were brave to be so patriotic and ready to lay down their lives for their country.

A couple of weeks ago two officers of the military police came in dressed spic and span. One was a Catholic. They told about a crowd on Main street all in a panic screaming and

Haunted House shouting. The local paper related the story as a diabolical manifestation. The occupant of the house was seized by

the throat and throttled by an invisible hand! Another person entered and suffered the same fate: nearly choked to death he spat blood. The other members of the household moved immediately and now nobody will live there. It seems that some years ago a suicide took place in that house, and during the Japanese occupation a man and wife were murdered. The victim had been

employed by the Japanese and had plenty of money. The killer asked him for a loan and when he was refused he murdered the man and his wife. The Japanese caught the criminal and executed him.

The children of my catechism class had a thrill recently. UNRRA donated a herd of cattle and sheep to Kinwah district. The cows came

U.N.R.R.A. Cattle and Sheep from Australia. The kiddies were all excited as they had never seen such big animals nor could they imagine such a quantity of milk from

one animal. The cows here give only about 1 quart of milk each day. But the sheep, and especially the lambs took their attention. They had never seen such animals in their lives, although they had often heard the priest mentioning them: 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep.' The nearest they got to the idea of a sheep was a goat. They have all seen goats and in their language the name for these is 'mountain-sheep'. But now they know why Our Lord, the Lamb of God, chose this animal as His emblem. With their own eyes they saw how sweet and gentle were the lambs; how they knelt to their mother and thus taught filial piety; how they bent their knees before lying down as all good children (and grown-ups too) ought to do before going to sleep.

The big news here has been the enthronization of Bishop Deymier as first archbishop of Hangchow with the other bishops of Chekiang pro-

New Archbishop of Hangchow suffragans. It was performed by the new internuncio to

China Archbishop Riberi. I was present at the ceremony which took place on Pentecost Sunday. The Governor of the province invited the (Continued on page 23)

FIVE years ago, in late August, 1942, I was crossing the Atlantic in a liner commissioned to carry Canadian troops overseas. The voyage lasted some twelve days and the incident reported here occurred approximately on the fifth day out. The previous night I had been playing chess with Father "Mac" our padre when he invited me to attend his Mass early the next day, hinting that the circumstances were rather special.

This altar was a gift of the shipbuilders to this particular crew.

Our entrance was greeted by hurried activity on the part of the na-

Calvary Beneath the Waves

tives who tumbled from their bunks and attired in various fashions began to range themselves before their altar. Father "Mac" start-

ed vesting for Mass and I knelt at the bottom of the altar thumbing

Faith



trange

A soldier tells of Mass beneath the Atlantic waves. . .

Crew. Natives of Goa

The next morning promptly at 6, I reported to Father "Mac" and together with a native crewman we went down into the bowels of the ship some four or five decks below, through a maze of sleeping quarters and

corridors. Finally we reached our destination and entered a very large steel compartment (room) wherein were quartered possibly fifty native crewmen. Except for a handful of British officers and sailors, the crew was entirely from the island of Goa and of Portuguese descent and all Catholics. They had a triple tier of bunks around the walls of the compartment somewhat like railway berths. At the end of this room, opposite the entrance and hidden by a curtain, stood a burnished steel altar, with a statue of St. Francis Xavier above it, their patron saint.

through my missal, mechanically lining up the responses, fearing my rusty Latin might be the cause of some mistake. At this point a native approached Father "Mac" and requested permission to serve the The padre agreed and signalled to me to retreat towards the rear of the room. I was just as pleased, being a bit out of practice,

and Mass began.

No books were in evidence among the natives but all were armed with their precious rosaries. The acolyte and congregation all answered the priest in Latin and one could not help being tremendously impressed by the live faith of these people. I forgot for a moment that we were at sea in submarine waters and thought that if God willed that we should meet our end then and there, there could be no better occasion, no more favourable circumstances to be plunged into the next world. It

seemed perfectly safe, gathered there at the foot of this altar in the bowels of the throbbing ship carrying several thousand sleeping passengers.

Practically all the natives received Holy Communion. After Mass, the same chap who had served the Mass and who was cabin steward for Father "Mac", guided us back to our quarters. It was he who had first invited the padre to offer Mass in their chapel. Before leaving our chaplain for breakfast, I expressed my thanks to him and told him how impressed I had been by what I had just witnessed. Subsequently other officers, both Catholic and non-Catholic, were asked to share this ex-

perience. The same effect was always produced, of respect and admiration for those devout crewmen.

Shortly after the African landings in that invasion scheme, the same

Sad Sequel

ship was torpedoed on its return to England for more troops. It had safely disembarked its precious cargo of human

lives and with just the crew aboard, it sank in the Mediterranean. With her went down a large number of the men I've described above. To-day I like to think they had had the privilege of Holy Mass in their private chapel shortly before meeting their Maker.

Join Jeaching Staff at Scarboro





Rev. Thomas McQuaid, S.F.M., and Rev. John Gault, S.F.M., have been recalled from the missions to teach on the faculty of philosophy at Scarboro. Father McQuaid has been in China since he was Ordained in 1939. Father Gault studied at Laval and Ottawa Universities after Ordination in 1940 and has just completed three years on the missions in Santo Domingo.

Apostolic Courage in Modern

T. FRANCIS DE SALES once deflated an ambitious person by declaring that: "One soul is a sufficiently large diocese". The Most Reverend Bishop William P. B. Cobben of Finland is an example of what can be done with so very little. In his case, he has more than one soul, in fact there are in all some 3,000 Catholics in his charge, yet at the end of the War he was left with only 7 priests and 11 Sisters to help

In this magazine we have been telling you of our missions in China and Santo Domingo yet we cannot resist telling the story of a heroic man of God who is labouring in the Lord's vineyard in Northern Europe. The work of the Church continues night and day all over the world and from time to time it is good for us to know of a person so devoted to his work that honours mean nothing and the glory of God is all. Finland is not often in the news, particularly in ecclesiastical periodicals, simply because of the small numbers, yet the work being done is an encouragement and ideal for all of us to strive for.

A Volunteer for Christ

As a young man, Bishop Cobben (rhymes with Tobin), studied at Louvain University in Belgium. A native of Holland, the student was popular with his fellow seminarians especially for his sense of humour, a well developed characteristic. The professors were well pleased with the brilliant young man who had such a clear mind and a great facility with languages. To-day the bishop speaks and preaches in 7 languages. On his first visit to America he brought an English dictionary aboard ship and by the time he landed in New York he was able to get along in this new tongue. But this is getting ahead of our story.

The Vicar Apostolic of Finland visited Louvain when young William Cobben was there and after describing the pitiful state of the Church in that country, he called for volunteers who would study and be Ordained for that territory. Strange to say, at first there were none. Feeling very badly about this, our hero did some very earnest praying and two days later approached the rector of Louvain. Permission was refused, but once determined, to him this meant merely a delay. Eventually a release from his own bishop was obtained and with the consent of his rector and his parents the seminarian prepared for a priesthood to be spent in Finland.

A Christmas Present

Less than ten years of a priesthood in such a rugged ministry as

... take up the armor of God . . . and the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, that is the word of God. . .

> .—St. Paul to the Ephesians.

Finland has been, saw a man who looked very much older than he really was. To-day he is in his early forties yet appears some 15 years older. But one Christmas Eve, the pastor received a telegram which so shook him that it caused a sleepless night. The word came that he had been chosen the first Bishop of Finland! Historically one recalls that since the days of the Reformation that country had been lost to the Church and only a few missionaries had braved the persecutions and prejudice to attempt individual conversions. Nothing on any scale had been thought worthwhile and with pressing needs elsewhere, poor Finland had been somewhat neglected. As always a few heroic individuals had continued and from the candle of faith they kept alight, Orthodoxy continued. But now the Church had judged the time opportune to honour this little group with a Bishop of their own; Finland was no longer to be considered mission territory but was about to be erected as a diocese, and Father William Cobben. the Holland boy who had volunteered as a seminarian, was the new bishop. This new post, fraught with such terrifying responsibility was settled upon a young priest Ordained less than ten years.

9 Priests and 21 Sisters

Finland has been the scene of glorious work and discouraging results. In time the numbers of Catholics will increase beyond their present 3,000, but one must remember that at the most flourishing moment under the direction of Bishop Cob-

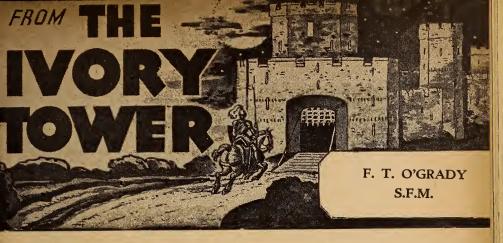
ben, this diocese had only 9 priests and 21 Sisters. These latter are American volunteers, members of the Order of the Precious Blood, and their help has been invaluable. The courage they displayed during the war with Russia and later under German occupation was an inspiration to all. Their charity was such that at one time the Bishop had to forbid their giving any more of their food or clothing lest they perish themselves!

Bishop Cobben was also guilty of such love of God and he arrived in America without even the rudimentary habiliment of a member of the hierarchy. His modesty prevented disclosure of this in any of his letters but friends in this continent saw for themselves upon his arrival. His love for the poor of his diocese was such that his clothing had been long since given away and he appeared as a very poor missionary priest and not as one might expect of a successor of the apostles.

Spiritual Progress

Despite the handicaps of near destitution, this heroic bishop reports that the efforts of his handful of priests and Sisters are bearing abundant fruit. Conversions from the professional classes, teachers, government workers and others who have an opportunity of witnessing such charity and zeal are rapidly increasing in number. The clearcut beliefs of the Church expressed in the teaching and example of these modern saints are having their infallible effect. The greatest credit of all must go to Bishop Cobben.

When making your will remember the foreign missions! Money is urgently needed for our new seminary and to reconstruct mission stations in China.



A S the number of books increases, the role of critic is enhanced in importance. In 1947 more and more paper is available and publishers are flooding the market with their wares. The art of advertising is now such that the blurb of the jacket of a book begins with a superlative and goes on in crescendo fashion to the ludicrous.

Publishing for Mass Sales

Some six months ago there was a hue and cry on the part of the smaller publishing houses that the largest firms had almost cornered the paper market. The result was simply this: plenty of paper was available for the best-sellers; little or no paper was available for the best books. If you wanted a really good book printed, unless it were of such a nature that it could sell 100,000 copies, you went broke paying for the paper. To break even the pubblished book would have to sell for \$6.00 or more per copy! The trend has been to produce easily sold books, thus cutting down on the cost per unit. The result has been to restrict the types of books published; prosy sex abounds and refined poetry is almost defunct.

The Discerning Eye

Propaganda as used by advertising agencies knows no limits. The old criterion of good taste has fallen by the wayside. It is said that in time of war, truth is the first casualty. Our conclusion must be that publishers are at war perpetually. Hence our need for independent observers called critics or book reviewers, who will take the time necessary to read the current books carefully and who will make an impartial though qualified judgment. With such a function taken care of, the general level of literature will be kept at a decent level.

Australia an Example

Since 1933 there has been no critic in all of Australia with any wellknown reputation. There are minor critics and book reviewers yet no individual has established himself as a man of absolute integrity and solid judgment. Previous to that date, A. G. Stephens, writing regularly for a weekly magazine read nationally, was respected in his judgments and teared by most publishers from down under. There was no questioning the man's integrity and though not infallible, his criticism was a decided curb to sensational advertising. His absence has left a serious hiatus and in no small measure explains a decline in literary standards of the past few years in his native land.

"On Judging Books"

This title on a recent volume by Francis Hackett, well-known American critic, introduces a book which has a number of discussions relative

to the function of criticism. His general argument that a critic must judge as a "whole man" would warm the cockles of J. Maritain's heart. It is a minority view, strange to say. Mr. Hackett maintains that a critic must be a well developed person intellectually, neither a crank nor gullible, and he must look at the book in question impartially, make his judgment without fear of author, publisher or anyone else. The more common view, unfortunately, is that you must read the book "with great sympathy", and "attempt to see the author's viewpoint" and finally say nothing rather than offend.

The Grammar of Sympathy

Etymology tells us that sympathy means "to suffer with". This is all very well, to suffer with the author, but what about the reader? If the book will likely sell 100,000 copies, where is the bulk of the suffering to be? Better have the author and publisher suffer than 100,000 other innocents who must pay for their agony.

Suppose you are the reviewer for such a book as Koestler's "Thieves in the Night". A cursory examination reveals that it is a novel about the Palestine problem. The author does not throw any bouquets to the British; nor to the Arabs. Now this is a free country (they say) and Mr. Koestler is writing a novel. Besides there never was any obligation on him as an American citizen to see the problem from any angle other than the Jewish. But what of you as a reviewer? Are you bound to say that the book is a fine effort, wellwritten, spicy with a Freudian sex angle and dramatic in its descriptions? If you do say this much can you then stop? Or must you add that the whole tone is Zionist with an utter contempt for the Arabs and their historical rights, to say nothing of the absolute disregard of even the possibility of British sincerity?

Page Twelve

One reviewer might say that he thought Koestler's effort contemptuous of the Arabs and an attack on the British; another might say that it "places the plight of the Jews in a sympathetic light". What is the role of the reviewer or critic anyway?

Truth is an Absolute

No author may distort the facts and then claim to be exempt from any restraint simply because he is writing a novel. A recent example of this may be found in "The Robe". Mr. Douglas has written an interesting novel and his historical background is the period following the death of Christ. Although most people liked this book very much, one might well ask if even a novel is justified in portraying people and events contrary to the information we have from the Bible. To cite only one example, the explanation of the miracle of the loaves and fishes is such as to make all deceased scripture scholars roll over in their graves! He supposes that the people had brought lunches as to a picnic and everything is explained quite naturally! A person unfamiliar with the gospel narrative might think these were the facts but to anybody else with only the capacity to read plain English, the miraculous element is so striking that "explaining it away" is entirely illegitimate. The



All Aboard!



Pressing Sugar-Cane

In the Orient, the most abundant commodity is manpower. Sadly today it is being wasted materially and spiritually—materially because of the lack of modern methods; spiritually because of the lack of missionaries.

book critic is bound to point out such a distortion.

Critic Must be Competent

Herbert Spencer is a risky person to quote but it is certainly safe to repeat him when he wrote: "A man's knowledge must be in order; if it is not then the more of it he has, the greater will be his confusion." The application of this rule is roundly violated by Clifton Fadiman, of INFORMATION PLEASE. This gentleman reviews books on English literature, American history, almost any kind of poetry and is only too happy to express his opinion on the ramifications of atomic energy. Theology, philosophy are not subjects where Mr. Fadiman might be ill at ease either. Such erudition as he displays on the radio might be very discouraging for the rest of us ordinary mortals were we to forget that

the little card in his hand has all the answers before the program begins. Now periodically, Mr. Fadiman admits this and we appreciate this gentlemanly act. BUT, when he reviews books for the Saturday Review of Literature, he has no compunction and claims more infallibility than the Pope. Critics of this sort do the trade no good. No man should be expected to judge technical books in more than one or two fields.

Child Prodigies as Authors

An Australian youngster of 16 has written a novel which is a best seller. Its story of a young English girl visiting the lands of the Anzacs. Its just what you might expect of a child of 16 and as such, if you want to read it you may well enjoy it. But to proclaim to the whole world that a genius has arisen and then

(Continued on page 22)

IT is Monday afternoon, July 14th, 1947, in the city of Trujillo, in the Dominican Republic. The Scarboro Fathers are arriving from distant parts of the archdiocese to make their annual Retreat. The scene presented to our eyes is one of great beauty. We are on a hill overlooking the blue Carribean Sea and the verdure of trees and shrubbery which

very easy for us to follow his instructions with interest and profit.

What is a Retreat anyway? A Retreat is for priests what a Mission is for the laity: a time of prayer, sermons and silence; it is a period of 5 or 6 days spent in prayerful meditation. It is an opportunity to refuel spiritually. From one end of the year to the other, the priest must

Quiet Moments

grow between the new College of St. Dominic and the water's edge. All is calm as we are removed from the busy noise of city streets and this college will be empty of its students until re-opening time this Fall.

worry about the spiritual condition of his charges whilst during these few days he thinks exclusively of his own spiritual condition. During the year, he must advise others, preach, hear confessions and direct souls and

Apart

The college consists of two large buildings, one housing the Chapel, classrooms, dining room and office; the other contains the reception room, recreation facilities and sleeping accommodation. The comment of everyone was the same: "What an ideal spot for a Retreat". Accessible to town yet remote from interruption and noise and still with that magnificent view of trees and ocean. Here we would be away from the hubbub and distractions of the world which are forever intruding themselves in one's daily Mass and prayers and the beauty of the scene would perpetually remind us of the existence of God.

Father Murphy Retreat Master

A Redemptorist priest from Puerto Rico, veteran of many years service in this part of the world, Father Murphy, conducted our Retreat in most capable fashion. His experience and deep spiritual life made it there is a danger that he might forget the dangers to himself. A Retreat takes care of this danger, hence its value. This concentration on the needs of his own soul is not only necessary for his personal sanctification but is reflected in his dealings with his parishioners. The strengthening of resolutions, the renewal of devotion, even the hearing of the eternal truths expressed by some other person, with the other person's viewpoint is a help towards holiness.

Pius XI and Retreat Movement

The late Holy Father expressed keen interest in the Retreat Movement, not only for the clergy but especially for the laity. His interest showed itself particularly in the encyclical issued on this very question. Thanks to his encouragement, increasingly large numbers of laypeople, working men and women, business folk, storekeepers, doctors, lawyers and people of all classes are

making closed retreats. And everyone who has made such a retreat is convinced of the tremendous advantages after such a spiritual tonic. This is exactly the effect a retreat has on tired missioners too. And we look forward eagerly to this annual tonic.

Appreciation for the Familiar

All in all, a Retreat is an opportunity for getting away from the things of this world and getting closer to the things of God. In our daily ministrations of the Sacraments, there is danger of forgetting the holiness of our religion. The beauty of the liturgy may lose its effect simply through familiarity. An example of what true appreciation can be was given us by Father Murphy in his story of a convert leper. The Redemptorist Fathers

have charge of a leper colony on one of the islands down here. One leper, who was not a Catholic, upon seeing the regular visits of the priest and watching his great kindness to the unfortunate patients asked to be instructed and was soon received in the Church. Afterwards this statement was made: "Father, I thank God for having made me a leper, because if I had not been sent here, I would likely never have known of the true faith".

Satan on Vacation

It has been said that the first job for the devil is to make us forget his existence. If he can do this, his influence will grow simply because nobody is on guard against him. If a great deal of activity is taking place, we are apt to forget him entirely and (Continued on page 22)

Cultivating rice in Okinawa-Gunto.





Rev. Allan McRae, S.F.M.



Rev. Michael Carey, S.F.M.

CHINA

Rev. Desmond Stringer, S.F.M.



Father MacIntosh has been stationed at our Mission in Vancouver; Father Murphy at the Motherhouse at Scarboro. All readers of CHINA are familiar with the work of Father Stringer who was editor with Father Sharkey and later carried full responsibility for this publication.



Rev. Edward Lyons, S.F.M.

The latest band of veteran missionaries to return to China are pictured on these two pages. Fathers Lyons and McRae served with the armed forces. Father Carey was interned by the Japanese and is home from the Orient less than a year. All six will go first to Lishui.

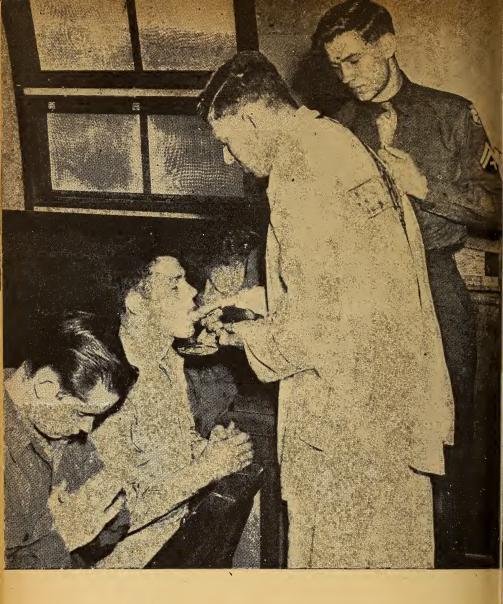
BOUND

Rev. Charles Murphy, S.F.M.



Rev. Alexander Macintosh, S.F.M





War

OR

PEACE

Page Eighteen China

... it's all the same!

Canada or China, United States or Santo Domingo . . . it's all the same!

White or black, yellow or brown . . . it's all the same!

The work of the priest . . . it's always the same!

St. Peter needed priests!

1,000 years later, Pope Innocent needed priests!

1,000 years later, Pope Pius needs priests!

WHAT OF YOUR VOCATION?

ad **Jesum**

Praesidium of Our Lady of the Remedies in Azua, R.D., which was officially formed and began functioning the 2nd of June, 1946. It has the honor of being the first Praesidium of the Legion of Mary to have been formed in the Dominican Republic. Since its formation it has been the most active apostolic group

those with whom the active members are working. In one year the number attending Mass and receiving the Sacraments has more than doubled, all of which proves that an active Legion of Mary will be the sure, speedy and easy salvation of this country, because the Legion of Mary has within its system the power to do in a positive way for the fallen faith of a country, what a persecution can do in a negative way. It can be the instrument of Mary for instilling in the hearts of men the world over the effective fulfillment



in the Parish. The thirteen active members are very much interested and enthused in their Legion work and are doing untold good in the work of winning the people back to the proper and true practice of their faith. Their assignments have consisted in visiting the homes of those Catholics who are failing in the essentials of their Faith, the Mass and the Sacraments. They have, also, the all important help of a large group of auxiliary members whose prayers obtain the grace of conviction for

of Her heavenly counsels given to the modern world in the apparitions of Lourdes and Fatima.

Two other Praesidia have been recently formed in the Parishes of Bani, under the direction of Fr. John Fullerton, S.F.M. and in Monte Plata, under the direction of Fr. Basil Kirby, S.F.M.

Per

Mariam



THE PERENNIAL PHILOSOPHY, by Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers, 312 pp. \$3.00.

Mr. Huxley is one of the ablest English prose writers. His subjects are on the serious side, even spiritual many times. Consequently he is read by thousands of people who rank him with Spinoza, Luther, Buddha or even St. Paul. His omnivorous reading has taken him through the sacred writing of the Jews, the Indians and a large part of the Christian writers. The result is a lack of discrimination and an ultimate jumble.

Individual passages from Huxley might lead one to believe him a most sincere man searching for his God. A careful reading of the whole confirms the original suspicion that he has a long way to go! If knowledge must lead the will before action can take place, the striving of this man is yet not directed towards any defi-

nite goal.

This particular book has been hailed with all the verve and anxiety that his publisher could summon. The volume is nicely bound and well printed but the anthology lacks unity to such an extent that it cannot be recommended for the general reader. Saints and sages of all time are gathered here to lead mankind out of its spiritual morass. The quotations are linked by Huxley's commentary and the conclusion one is forced to is that the title of the book should rather be: "The Anatomy of Confusion".

Chapter XII: "Time and Eternity',

has quite a defence of the Quaker thought on slavery, then some nonsense about St. Peter Claver. The latter, according to Huxley, was heroically charitable, but because he was a Jesuit, was not allowed to think slavery might have any essential evil aspects. As a corollary he goes on to speak of cruelty to animals . . . Surely these belong in entirely different categories.

On the same page Huxley quotes Ashvaghosha, St. John of the Cross, Pelagius and St. Augustine! Confusion makes strange bedfellows!

Says Huxley: "We are bewildered and morally squalid individuals and ... the members, creators and victims of national societies whose behaviour is to a great extent insane and criminal."

In the introduction the author tells us: "As the individual grows up, his knowledge becomes more conceptual and systematic in form, and its factual, utilitarian content is enormously increased." The book leads one to suspect that Huxley is an individual who has not yet grown up.



commission the young lady to write another, this time about an American girl in similar circumstances . . . this is too much. Maybe I'm getting old, but from a novel, I expect something novel, some originality, some skillful delineation of character, some artful contrivance of a plot, possibly a noble theme. When none of these appear, I resent the critic who persuaded me to read the book; and the publisher who printed the thing is not guiltless either. Integrity should enter somewhere along here.

The Decline of Criticism

Some believe that criticism is in a decline simply because letters generally are in the doldrums. A better thesis might have it the other way round! If critics gird themselves, judge impartially and fearlessly, the standard of books is bound to rise. Let each critic become an expert in his chosen field and then refuse to

discuss officially or write about books outside his sphere. He will gain the respect of his readers, of the publishers, of the authors and will be doing a real service to the world of letters. There is a decline of integrity to-day and the individual critic may feel that he can do little to stem the rising flood. We have already mentioned Mr. A. G. Stephens a solitary voice who kept writing honest opinions until time justified his judgment and the parties concerned began to take notice.



Quiet Moments apart (Continued from page 15)

then he can get in some of his best Satan was the organizer of the original fifth column, an unseen menace in our spiritual lives, a subtle draining off of value to our good deeds by spoiling the proper motive. When personal gain is the driving power for our activities instead of love of God, the work loses its merit. On a Retreat, everyone is properly on guard and the devil might just as well take a holiday. The Retreatmaster helps in his sermons to encourage the development of virtue and warns against threats to spiritual advancement. Occasions of sin are discussed and every possibility of defection is pointed out. One concludes such a Retreat renewed in strength spiritually.

Return to Mission Posts

The silence of such a holy time is eventually ended and the missioners prepare for the return to their stations. After comparing experiences since last we met and expressing our gratitude to Father Murphy and the good Sisters of St. Dominic who took such good care of the spiritual and material food requirements, we depart, some for the West side and slightly cooler parishes in the hills of Ocoa, others for the heat of low-lying parishes to the East. All feel refreshed and will not soon forget the Priests Retreat of 1947.



Rev. A. Venadam, S.F.M., and Confirmation class at Lishui, July 1947.

Monsignor Fraser Writes (Continued from page 6)

internuncio and the bishops to a dinner. I was seated between the Anglican bishop and the president of the National University. The whole affair was very nice. Archbishop Deymier is one of the 20 archbishops newly appointed in China. Previously this country only had Vicars Apostolic but now they have their own hierarchy.

In the afternoon of Pentecost Sunday I accompanied the internuncio (he is not only an Apostolic Delegate but also an Ambassador)

Problems of a R.R. Conductor

to Kashing, half way to Shanghai. The train had no locomotive but

4 motor driven coaches. In Kashing we visited the Vincentian seminary; also the Cabrini sisters. If their

sisters are driven out of north China by the communists they may have a few sisters to help us in Kinwah. They asked me to send them some vocations; a number of girls in my mission wish to be nuns. When travelling on trains here an amusing feature is the patience of the conductors with the soldiers who refuse to pay fare or move to the coach reserved for the military. The argument pro and con will last for half an hour or more. "I have no money" "Well if everyone said that how could we run a railroad?"-"I am a government employee"-"So am I"-"This seat is not occupied"—"No but a passenger might come in at any time and claim his reserved seat". As a matter of fact a youth had been occupying the seat and had just left it for a few moments. Deeming that the argument had gone on long enough and that the disputants were getting too hot, I whispered to the youth: "Show him your ticket". It worked like a charm. The soldier at once left the seat and sat in the vestibule... In another quarrel with a soldier the whole train crew gathered around with police and about 10 guards. The soldier would not budge. Suddenly a policeman said: "Eject him!" And they hustled him into the military coach. On the trains here the conductor is always accompanied by a couple of policemen or armed guards.

The students of Kinwah University and many other colleges went on strike. They packed their baggage and set out for Nanking the capital.

Strike Inspired by Communists

They got as far as Hangchow without much trouble. There the authorities

sought to stop them so they com-

mandeered a railway coach, piled the baggage inside and began to shove the coach to Shanghai. They got as far as Lingbing, some 20 miles when they had to quit. The officials had simply pulled up about a mile of track! The government has stated that the strike was communist inspired.

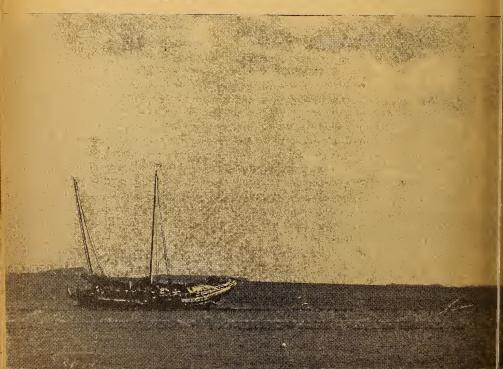
Father Moriarty is very kind; he is taking care of all the country missions leaving me free to do the city work. Lately he brought some

Fathers Moriarty and McGoey

canned provisions in his jeep. That day he had travelled 300

miles. Father McGoey is doing wonderful work in Shanghai. We depend on him for many things and he has kept us supplied with all the necessities. When the new group of priests arrive, I hope to have an assistant with me.

Chinese fishing boat near island where St. Francis Xavier died.





Back to school for another year! The summer is over and once again

School
Daze

you meet the boys and girls many of whom you have not seen since last June. You notice that they have grown taller

they have grown taller and many are a little heavier but then again so are you! Its easy to see the changes in others but hard to see it in ourselves. Father Jim wants to give you an example of this. Suppose you were to stand in front of a mirror and take a good look at yourself. You see a picture of a certain height and width. Now height and width are two dimensions and the picture is flat. Its not like a statue which has three dimensions, is it? You know how you can walk around a statue and see it from every side. If you walk behind a picture or mirror, you don't see anything! So statues give you a different point of view than does a picture.

The moral of the example is this: when you see yourself you see a

Paintings and Statues picture; when others see you they see a statue. That is they can move around you and see you from different sides and very often they know you

better than you know yourself! Now God has been watching you all summer and he has seen you from every side. Not only the way your friends see you as a statue but He sees you INSIDE and OUTSIDE! All the things which make you what you are, your character, your thoughts and feelings, your hopes and disappointments, your successes and your failures. Superman has X-ray eyes but God can see right into your mind! If you had a good summer, He knows it better than you do. I hope that as you begin your school year He is happy about the way you spent your vacation.

Many schools begin the school year with a Retreat. Do you know

School and Retreat what that is? Its like a Mission in your church only its held only for the students of your school. For 2 or 3 days all the boys and girls listen to sermons and instructions

by their priest who encourages them to start the year right. Many times the students organize a Daily Mass Crusade. Then for the months ahead they plan things so that they attend Holy Mass EVERY MORNING. This is a wonderful idea but it can't always be worked. In some schools, they divide the month and each class attends Mass and receives Holy Communion every morning for one week. Father Jim has heard of schools where the students prayed so hard

(Continued on top of page 29)



Dear Buds-

The Good Old Summer Time has ended and now you are ready to get back to work again. The heat is all over and most of the swimming season but school does not mean the end of fun! Gee whizz with all these friends to play with and foot ball just around the corner you are going to be so busy you won't have time to think about your troubles. I hope you all had a real good time on your vacation but now I also hope you have made a few resolutions for the new school year. For instance, there is the question of homework. Let's face it: if you don't want that worried feeling next May you had better settle down right now to doing your work every night. Then early to bed to keep your health and make you strong. If there is one thing teachers can't stand it's a boy or girl who doesn't get the homework done and yet is sleepy in class! That proves they stayed awake too late at night and even then were too lazy to do their work. You know it's all part of your training and if an athlete breaks training he never becomes the champ! Father Jim wants all of you to be champion Buds and first of all this means the ability to OBEY, just like soldiers, when your parents want you to study and then go to bed. *HAPPY DREAMS!* .

Father Jim also hopes the parents and teachers of all our Buds had a good summer so that now renewed in strength they can do another wonderful job in 1947-48. Don't forget, Buds, to say prayers often for both parents and teachers. They need them and will be grateful to you for them.

Some of our Buds helped get new subscriptions to CHINA magazine this summer. Now that was wonderful work and I'm sure our Lord, the first Missionary, will bless them for their work. Congratulations to all who helped the missions in this way during the past summer.

From Iroquois Falls, Ont., came a letter from the pupils of Grades IV and V at St. Anne's School, which says in part—"We have read the CHINA and we have found it very interesting. We would like our enclosed gift to be sent to the missions in China" . . . Joy, Marlene and Mary Anne Cardinal, 513 Ritson Rd. N., Oshawa, also sent a contribution to help the Missionaries . . . I wish it were possible to publish every letter I receive, but I do want you to know that I thank every one of you and I assure you that you will all be remembered in our Masses and prayers.

All our Buds join with me in sending greetings to Frances Flanagan, 247 Montreal St., Kingston, Ont., who will be FOUR years old this month. Frances is one of our youngest Buds and when she was at the Marian Congress she promised our Blessed Lady that she would be a good girl. She is sending some stamps too so that a little pagan girl will be able to learn about our Lord and His Blessed Mother. I'm sure that Frances says "Happy Birthday" to all Buds celebrating birthdays this month.

Your friend always,

Father Jim.



Dear Fr. Jim:

I am fourteen and am a sophomore at High School. I am trying to get some of my friends to join your club. I think it is wonderful to have pen-pals all over the world. I wonder if some of the Buds would write to me as I would like very much to correspond with them.



Marilyn Kern, 2904 Espy Ave., Pittsburgh (16), Pa., U.S.A.

Welcome to our Garden, Marilyn, and I'm certain you will soon be receiving many letters from Buds who would like to have another penpal "in the States" as we say up here.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Just a note enclosing a small donation for the Missionaries in China which my brother gave me for this purpose.



Robert MacNeil, St. Andrew's, Nfld.

God bless you Robert and your brother too for your kind gift to help in the saving of souls in far-off China.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Enclosed you will find my gift for the Missionaries who are doing such a wonderful job in China and other distant places. I have been a member of the Rose Garden for three years and I have enjoyed myself very much. . . . I leave Grade VIII for High School in the Fall and I am so happy that I passed.



Sybil Costley, 39 Metcalfe St., St. John, N.B.

Congratulations on passing, Sybil, and thanks a million for your lovely gift and kind words. May God bless you.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Enclosed please find my gift which I have saved in my mite box for the children of China.



Hazel Hartlin, 76 Gerrish St., Halifax, N.S.

God bless you for the sacrifices your gift represents, Hazel, and which will bring happiness to some child in China.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Here is a small present that I saved in my mite box to send some poor little pagan children in China to prayer school. . . . Are cheque stamps alright to include when sending stamps?



Ann Manuel, 2 Hill Road, Grand Falls, Nfld.

Page Twenty-Seven

Gosh, Ann, you say a 'small' present—do you know that your wonderful gift will enable five pagan children to go to Prayer School for a year's instruction necessary before Baptism? And what a wonderful day that will be. I know that our Blessed Lord will reward you with many graces and blessings. . . . Sorry, Ann, but we can't use cheque stamps.



Dear Fr. Jim:

My girl friends and I held a bazaar and we are sending you the proceeds. We wish it to be used for the purchase of Rosaries for some poor children of China.



Paulette Le Blanc, 161 Bingham Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Paulette attends St. John's School, Buds, and can you see that twinkle in her eyes? Thank you very much, Girls and may God bless you.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Enclosed you will find one dollar for the renewal of my CHINA subscription as I do not want to miss any copy . . . I am also sending some stamps.



Lucille C. Robinson, 3 Argyle St., Halifax, N.S.

Many thanks for your renewal, Lucille, and for your kind words about CHINA. Be sure to tell your friends about it so that they too can join in the fun with our Buds.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Greetings to you and all the Buds, big and little. I hope you are all enjoying a nice vacation. . . . John and I hope that the enclosed donation will be a little help to the Missions. We say the prayer each night for the Missionaries.



Teresa Mae McDonald, 4469 Wilson Ave., Montreal, Que.

Hello again, Teresa and John, it's good to hear from you. I am sure our Blessed Lord will reward both of you for your generosity. Thank you very much and I hope that you have had lots of fun during your holidays.



Dear Fr. Jim:

Here is a picture of us... you can put it in the cellar to scare away the mice if you wish! We will soon be sending you another gift for the missions.



Yvette and Audrey Breau, Duke St., Chatham, N.B.

No, Buds, it isn't 'trick photography', but a picture of twins who have a wonderful sense of humour as you can see by their letter. Thanks for the newsy letter, Yvette and Audrey, and I am glad to hear that everyone is fine now.

Little Flower Rose Garden

(Continued from page 25)

that converts were made in the neighborhood simply because these people noticed all the children going to Mass every morning and they got interested in what was going on! Now if your class picked a month, or a week and everyone attended Mass and received Holy Communion for the Missions don't you think that would be very pleasing to God? I'm sure it would; and the graces He would shower down on the pagan children of China, as well as the little boys and girls in Santo Domingo would work wonders. If your class organizes a Crusade of this kind, be sure and let me know as I would want to tell the story of your love for God and souls.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am sending you the contents of my mite box at last and hope that it will be of some help . . . we all enjoy reading the CHINA at home.



Ruby McNulty, Spruce Hedge, Ont.

Thanks for everything Ruby, and it's never too late to help a little pagan boy or girl learn about God. Say 'hello' to the others at home for me.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am sending you the pennies I saved in my mite box and also my subscription to CHINA. I have been going to write you for a long time, but have been very busy.



Rita Kearn, Enterprise, Ont.

I hope you will forgive me Rita, for not answering your letter sooner. How did the exams go? Please write and tell me. Thanks a million for your gift and may God bless you.

Quickie Quiz Winner

Kathleen Young, 13 yrs., R.R. 1, Peterboro, Ont., won the draw among those sending in correct answers to our Quiz: What Saint propagated the devotion of the nine first Fridays. Answer: Saint Margaret Mary. Congratulations, Kathleen. I hope you like your prize.



Mary lives at 24 Galt St., Hespeler, Ont., Buds, and by her untiring efforts has done much to help our missionaries in their quest for souls. On behalf of China's Children and all the members of the Rose Garden, I thank you, Mary, and pray God to bless you and all your loved ones.

OUR COVER

Sacred Heart Church at Lishui in June 1947. Note Father Venadam, S.F.M, on scaffolding.



Priests and novices at St. Mary's, 1946-1947.

Items of Interest

Condolences

The priests, students and friends of the Scarboro Foreign Missions extend their most sincere sympathy to Rev. John Fullerton, S.F.M. and members of his family on the sad occasion of the death of his father, Mr. J. V. Fullerton. May his soul rest in peace.

Thank You

Rev. T. Morrisey, S.F.M., of Tungyang, China, wants to thank all his friends of Buchans, Nfld., and elsewhere who contributed so generously towards the rebuilding of his Mission station destroyed during the Japanese invasion.

R.I.P.

public.

Welcome Home

The prayers of the readers of CHINA are requested for the repose of the soul of Rt. Rev. Michael Cline, D.P., pastor of Holy Name parish, Toronto, who died June 28 in St. Michael's hospital.

Rev. P. Moore, S.F.M. and Rev. M. R. McSween, S.F.M., have re-

turned for a well deserved rest after

their labours in the Dominican Re-

Also for the late Dr. Arthur O'Leary, former pastor of St. Joseph's parish, Toronto.

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CHINA



PLEASE SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION NOW. THE NEED FOR MISSIONARIES GROWS GREATER DAY BY DAY

Make Cheques and Money Orders payable to

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

Scarboro Bluffs - - - Ontario

CHINA

Page Thirty-One

Missions Need Help Now

PRAYERS
MISSIONARIES
FUNDS

and All must come from you—

Eucharistic Congress at Buffalo, Sept. 22-26. Centennial Anniversary of Diocese. Mission Exhibits of over 50 Orders one of leading features. Don't forget the booth erected by the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.







The ferryman wants

his money before the

river is crossed

Friends of the Missions, this old Chinese proverb speaks for itself. The problems in China and in Santo Domingo are such that plans never develop beyond the blueprint stage unless money is available. We ask your help both spiritual and financial.

Make Cheques and Money Orders payable to SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

Scarboro Bluffs

Ontario



W HUGH MCGETTIGAN S.EM.

THE most famous symbol connected with the Chinese people is the dragon. From the earliest histories we read stories of this fabulous animal and it has never lacked for popularity. This grotesque creature, a reptilian monster with the head of a horse and all the assets of a bogeyman, has been for the Chinese people a being to honour and reverence for its power and wisdom. Its supreme office function is that of rainmaker, and for a people who depend almost entirely on agriculture that is indeed a position of high trust.

The fabulous creature's natural habitat is the bottom of cool lakes and deep wells. He slumbers until he

Original Deep Sea Monster hears the roll of thunder! Then like the martial strain to the old charger, the dragon is

awakened and whipped into a frenzy of activity. Off through the sky he dashes, darting among the clouds and lashing them with his tail till they shed tears of rain.

There are times when rain is very badly needed and there is no thunder

Artificial
Thunder

to warn the dragon of his duties. Then the people make up this lack with their drums and firecrackers. Often

these subterfuges are unavailing as the dragon is sleeping with "one ear

against a rock and his tail in the other." No noise, even the heaviest of thunder, can awaken him then. The only plan left is to carry his image or effigy through the fields, all the while hoping the heat will awaken him to see how the dry fields and burnt crops need his intervention. Besides, it is believed, if the sight of the crops do not recall him to his duties, the discomfort of the hot dry atmosphere will force him to work.

Sometimes the dragon refuses to help his devotees. The rain does not

Promises and Threats

come even though all the ritual is carried out. This dragon fellow seems to "show character" for having been so unceremoniously dragged from

comfortable dwelling. Then the people entreat, beg, promise, cajole, plead and supplicate. If none of these work, if his ruffled scales are still not soothed, they turn to threats and curses. If rain does not soon follow they insult the dragon by abandoning his effigy in the fields to dry and crack and burn along with the earth and crops. know how to show him!

Locally there has been a drought this year. Not a drop of rain for six

Drought at Dolu

weeks. The canals and gradually becreeks came trickles. Finally dried up ensome tirely. Those that did

not dry up were watched day and night lest some fields get more than their share of drainage. It was the first time in a generation that the people of this valley had to conserve water. . . . As the hot days melted into weeks the people began to show such concern that each time a vagrant cloud passed overhead the raindrums would be beaten furiously in hopes of awakening the dragon. Finally it was decided that the situation warranted the expense of a procession.

Tien fei (Heavenly Princess) one of the lesser dieties, represents

Tien fei-Local goddess

the dragon on such occasions at Dolu. To make it a big affair and worthy of her and of him whose deputy she was, the people gave Tien fei a coat

of paint and promised a banquet. All she had to do was to awaken the dragon. The first days of the procession the people carried her statue through the fields beseeching and promising—all done most politely. Nothing happened. Either she was not on speaking terms with the dragon, or perhaps she did not like the quality of the paint! Whatever the reason, she let them down. After all their hard work and expenses there was no rain. . . . It is now some weeks after the procession and the idol is still reposing in one of the fields. By next ploughing time some of her devotees will probably sneak her back into the temple!

OUR COVER

Pagan temple in Korea. Fertile field for conversions.

CHINA

Established 1919

Editor: F. T. O'GRADY, S.F.M. Circulation Mgr.: J. L. BEAL, S.F.M.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$20.00 for life Single copy 15 cents. \$1.00 a year \$2.00 for 3 years

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarbore Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August.

> Address all communications to RT. REV. J. E. McRAE Superior General, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.

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Vol. XXVIII

No. 7



Monsignor

Jraser

Writes

Catholic Mission, Kinwah, Che, China.

July 11th

Last week two sisters came from Lishui to treat the sick and distribute medicine. We announced their coming in the local newspaper. They stayed for three days and in that time they treated over a thousand cases! People came from far and near with every disease under the sun. Most of them were walking cases, but some were carried in chairs or litters. I counted at one time more than 200 in the grounds.

Open Air Clinic

We took out all the benches in the church, and they sat patiently in the shade of the trees for hours until their turn came. The sisters worked very hard-twelve hours each day without rest. When one was taking lunch the other was treating the patients. They gave injections, pulled teeth, applied remedies and treated every ailment without exception and all absolutely gratis. Their visit has greatly enhanced the reputation of the Church. Nor was their work without spiritual benefit; 25 persons, principally infants in danger of death were baptized. A nurse from Hangchow Catholic Hospital, who used to be a pupil in our school,

happened to be here and helped the sisters somewhat.

1,173 Cases

I assisted in keeping order (though they were really very orderly) and in administering Baptism. Imagine treating such a number of patients (1,173 cases by actual count) in three days! Was that not a record?

Feather for Urgency

Not long I told you about a youth who came to me a pagan and whom I instructed, baptized and had him make his First Communion and Confirmation. Later he was sent to Lishui to have his foot cured and then returned home to Tungyang to support his parents. Well we heard the other days that he had been killed in a dispute over cutting firewood in the mountains. His father who was working for me at the time got the letter. A feather had been attached to signify "extremely urgent" so the old man rushed off immediately to see what had happened. The letter said the youth's body had not been found.

Last Sunday an elderly lady come to church with her 15-year-old adopted daughter. They had walked 12 miles up and down over the hills and along the rough paths zigzagging through the rice fields. They had risen at 3 a.m. It was moonlight. There was not a soul around yet they said they were not afraid. The girl took something to eat but the mother came fasting as she wished to receive Holy Communion. However, halfway here, she felt faint and ate a bun. I invited them to stay until next day so as to be able to receive then; they did. The girl was trained in the Faith last spring and received her First Communion and Confirmation. She is now a little shepherdess having the care of 10 goats and kids. Though Monday was sweltering, 95 in the shade, they could not be induced to stay any longer; the girl feared something might happen to the flock.

July 14th

Please thank the donors of the huge bunch of medals and scapulars which arrived safely. (I remembered those benefactors at Mass the next day.) The children are very proud of their new scapulars and beautiful medals. They are being distributed and the Christians prize them highly. I gave some to Father Ly who used to be my curate and built the Little Flower church but now is pastor at Chu Chow, an important parish in the Hangchow diocese. He wrote me a few days ago saving that the Christians, especially the children, were always begging for them.

Family of Converts

A woman who had not been to the sacraments for 25 years came along with her two sons, 12 and 10 years old, whom I had baptized in infancy. She also brought her pagan husband, to whom she was married without dispensation. She made her peace with God. The dispensation was obtained and they were married. The man also wants to be a Christian. The boys have been with me for a week preparing for their First Con-

fession and Communion. They had grown up without learning about spiritual things. Their mother received Holy Communion this morning. Thus a whole family has been snatched from Satan.

Schools Show Worth

The day before yesterday a man came looking around. I thought him a pagan but 20 years ago he had attended the Catholic school here for 3 years, at that time under the incumbency of Father Quang. He is now married and has a son of 9 and a daughter 3. He promises henceforth to come to church and prepare for baptism. Thus the seed sown long ago begins to bear fruit. There are many others in this district, perhaps hundreds who at one time or other have attended our schools. They are now married and in different walks of life. May the Good Shepherd guide them all back to the true Fold.

August 9th

Yesterday a bright pagan boy accompanied by a Eurasian boy came to see me. They wanted stamps. I gave them some which had been enclosed in Sr. St. John's letter. The pagan boy was delighted and promised to come to church tomorrow, Sunday. I gave him a short catechism and pointed out the Hail Mary asking him to study it, that he would hear it often recited by the Christians in saying the rosary.

The beautiful sacred pictures sent June 4th arrived safely from Sr. Mary of Good Counsel. Tell her I will pray for the intentions mentioned. The pictures were in great demand.

The last two days we had visitors, a Dominican priest and three Dominican Sisters. They were on their way to the next province. Their mother house is St. Mary of the Springs in Columbus, Ohio.

The Grey Sisters on the Missions

by

Leonard J. Hudswell

S.F.M.

THE Church has such vigor that with each century one sees new and quite novel solutions for new problems. The achievements of modern science, of medicine in particular, are being put to profitable use by the Grey Sisters in this section. In some places, with their medical kits, the good Sisters are the only ones who can make contact with the pagan population. In return, the natives cannot actually pay for the services rendered but, always polite, they offer tea and cigarettes! Although many of the native women smoke the water-pipe and cigarettes, as yet I have not caught any of the Sisters indulging!

Dispensary at Lungchuan

Sisters are always busy. Thev rise very early, and before Mass has ended, the sick begin to gather at the dispensary. All manner of men arrive: rich and poor, well dressed and ragged, women with children and the old men. These latter are

often due to leave the world and take the journey to the other side of the mountain to see the old king who will judge them (the local version of

judgement day).

With their pagan mentality and absolute fear of death, these old folk will do anything to postpone such a hopeless experience. They know nothing of a God of love, hence the utility of a catechist who can explain the true doctrine when they are in such a receptive mood. The catechist here is a well-instructed Christian who is trained to explain the Faith. He gets to know the patients at the dispensary, especially those who must make many visits, and gradually he suggests the advisibility of medicine for the soul as well as for the body. The rural poor make the best listeners and from them comes the largest number of conversions. God's grace has its effects most quickly with them. As Abraham Lincoln put it: "God must

(Continued on page 24)



Dragon-Boat Festival in Artificial Lake in Peking

THIS festival is the nearest approach to an annual regatta that the Chinese possess. It is held on the fifth day of the fifth moon, and is known as Tuan Yang, but the preceding days shadow forth the feast day as well.

It took its origin in the search for the body of a virtuous minister of state, Ch'u Yuan (332-295 B.C.), whose remonstrances were unheeded by his unworthy sovereign, whose only reward was degradation and dismissal. He committed suicide by drowning himself in the Mi-lo River, an affluent on the south-east side of the Tungt'ing Lake, in the province of Hunan, and on the first anniversary of his death, the ceremony of looking for his body was begun; it has been continued on succeeding anniversaries ever since, and has resulted in this festival, observed in all parts of the country where there are streams, rivers, lakes, sea or any suitable water. Little packages of boiled rice, done up in bamboo leaves, are eaten at this time, as such offerings were cast into the

river by the fisherman who tried to recover the body.

The dragon-boats are long narrow boats from fifty to one hundred feet in length, broad enough to seat two men abreast. The craft is propelled rapidly with paddles, accompanied by the sound of a drum and gongs which are placed in the centre of the boat. Impromptu races are got up, not unattended with accidents at times, as the boats are slight and dangerous when paddled by well-nigh a hundred excited Chinese, wild with enthusiasm and sometimes also unsteady with spirits. Large crowds of spectators line every vantage ground on the banks of the river; prizes of no intrinsic value are often offered by them, which are eagerly contested for, the bare honour of winning spurring the men on in their efforts; the crews are occasionally treated by wealthy hongs on the banks. For hours and days nothing is heard but the unceasing monotonous clang of the gongs, and the boom of the deep-toned drums in the numerous boats.

[&]quot;Help your wife," advises one Home Economics Editor. "When she washes the dishes, wash the dishes with her. When she mops up the floor, mop the floor with her."



THE new Canadian stamp commemorating our citizenship has acquired a special value. Stamp collectors tell me that the 4 cent issue shows a young man with his arm raised and this arm has only 4 fingers on its hand. Whatever about the philatelic discussion, it seems symbolic of today's citizen; only four fingers on the right hand.

That 3,000 Mile Border

On every national holiday our speakers repeat that wonderful fact of peace and harmony between Canada and the United States: of the only war between our countries (which we gently point out as a Canadian victory and which American textbooks call a U.S. win when they mention it at all); of the longest undefended border in the world. The only indication of an international boundary is the Customs and Immigration building. In practise this means that Canada imports merchandise and the United States imports people!

Unfavourable Balance of Trade

European history long ago taught us the meaning of the balance of power. And in exchange we were always taught that England's superiority commercially was simply a favourable balance of trade. Now what is going on here? Every year 20.000 young Canadians are going to live across our Southern border, there to renounce allegiance to every foreign potentate and power and become American citizens. In return what do we get? Nothing! And the people leaving Canada are doing so simply because of greater opportunity. Things are good in Canada. As compared with any other country in the world . . . except one: the United States. There is no particular dislike of our country; simply that things are distinctly better all round elsewhere.

Government Employees in Ottawa

There was a time when "working in the government" was a phrase in Ottawa which implied the acme of security plus a good living. Such days are gone forever as the mentality of young Canadians evolves. The young man and young woman of today wants opportunity, not security. If there is a risk in opportunity as such, this risk is willingly taken rather than stagnate in a job where there is no chance for promotion. A recent press statement of the Civil Service Commission in Ottawa announced that it was unable to fill positions in government service because of the lack of suitable applicants with the required training and knowledge. It is not that they

CHINA

do not exist; it is simply that they recognize greater opportunity outside of this country.

Lower Taxes and Higher Income

The American government, like every other government, has been trying many schemes to re-adjust the general population to the pre-war standards of living. One of the notable attempts under discussion is a general lowering of taxes for the middle class wage earner; the actual drop contemplated is one of 20%. If this reduction is put into operation. Canadians will be paying 66% more on incomes of \$3,000 than Americans; and almost 90% more on incomes of \$7,500. Note this range of between \$3,000 and \$7,500: it is the range of men in their

citizens every year; young people in the best years of their lives, who will raise families which are a complete loss to this country and we are being left with an increasingly higher number of old people plus immigrants from Europe who are starting at the bottom of the scale in health, wealth and all too often in education. Canada at the moment is a training ground for Uncle Sam, a preparatory educational system, one which costs Canada everything and Uncle Sam not a penny.

Canadian Sense of Conservation

In an article which annoyed most Canadians some 4 months ago, an American pointed out how conservative we are. What we have we hold, and rather than risk what we have,

In New York, an Italian was being examined in court after applying for citizenship.

He answered correctly questions as to the name of the President and capital of the United States. Then came this:

"Could you become president of the United States?"

"No," was the reply.

"Why not?" persisted the official.

"You pleasa excuse," begged the Italian. "I very busy right now sella de peanuts."

twenties and thirties, the junior leaders of our country who are being kept junior. Well, junior is ready for long pants and if he can't get them here he goes elsewhere.

Cream of Our Citizens Leaving

Before entering any country there are certain educational requirements. The reputation of education in this country is such that a young Canadian can go anywhere in the world and get along quite nicely as far training is concerned. Our doctors, lawyers, engineers, and tradesmen have the "know how" and the personality to back it up. Uncle Sam is glad to get them and who can They recognize the blame him. opportunity and who can blame them. What is the difference? Canada is losing 20,000 young we prefer to make no progress. We like to complain and yet refuse to take steps to alter the situation. The climax of this absurd viewpoint may be seen in our Royal Commissions which we appoint to solve preferably insoluble problems! What good ever came out of 90% of these boards of inquiry? When they advocate a solution the nation rises in arms and expresses resentment at such practical steps!

Battle for Brains

The mental wealth which is pouring through that sieve we laughingly refer to as our border is of untold value. Yet strangely we are making no attempt to stop this drain. A few Canadians who want to live here all their lives and want to make this country worthy of their children



Father George Courtright, S.F.M., blessing El Soco river at Seibo in the Dominican Republic. The occasion was the beginning of construction of an aqueduct. Former Governor Ramirez wears white suit.

are becoming increasingly alarmed. They want to do something about it and are studying every possible solution. It is silly for us to be exporting brains. In this atomic world brains are certainly needed. The problems of the world are such that if Canada is to make the proper contribution we need every bright young man and woman we have. Could it be that the older people in Canada, those who actually have control of things at the moment, could it be that they can't stand the competition of younger ideas? If this is the answer I fear the result. It seems likely that the young people have not got any intense patriotism, are going to be quite willing to leave Canada to the old folks and go where industry, idealism, energy and originality are appreciated.

If a correct spirit of patriotism were established in this country it seems proper to suppose that the young Canadians themselves would determine the real nature of the problem and work out a solution. But if in the meantime the strong lure of lower income taxes and higher wages is dangled before their view, what can one expect. The young folk want a new deal and they want it now; do they get it here or do they leave us for a land of better promise?

Scholarships

One step which should be taken immediately is to foster the number and value of scholarships. should be done by Canadian industry because they stand to benefit. If research is made to pay, we will gain by making it attractive since the country as a whole and the particular company paying the bill especially will gain the value of the inventions and discoveries which come to light. Our government would do well to sponsor scholarships which would take Canadian students to Europe and South America, there to learn what others think of us and what we

(Concluded on next page)

can do about it. Surplus profits which are taxed so heavily should be used to pay for such ventures. A young man or woman returning home after a few years outside our borders would appreciate our difficulties and would also know what is required to solve them. Other young people should be sent to the United States at a salary sufficiently high to prevent their thinking of becoming citizens over there. And there should be the guarantee of an excellent job at a good salary when they come home. The ideas they bring back would be worthwhile for country.

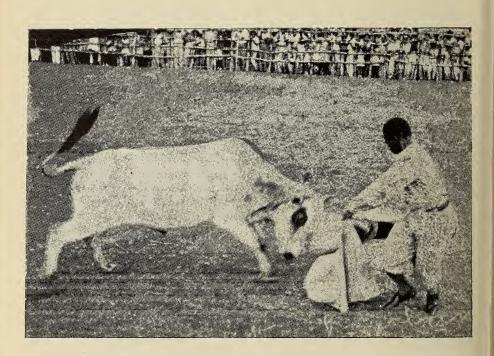
Publicity Campaign

There are excellent qualities to be found in this country which cannot

be found elsewhere. Every Canadian should know what they are and how they make us different. One hears comments from former Canadians which are very flattering. They did not realize these things when they lived here, nor do we now. Such knowledge would develop a better understanding and love for Canada by Canadians. Surely this is all to the good.

Those Five Fingers

If the stamp referred to is defective, the government will recall it. As a symbol, let's say that it represents the loosened grip which this country has on its citizens. Let's do more than recall the stamp. Let's develop opportunities so obvious that this parade to the south will stop.



Bull-fight in Santo Domingo

The occasion of the bull-fight is the feast day celebrations following the feast of the Holy Cross, May 3, at El Seibo. The fights are held in a "barrera" or fenced-in enclosure about forty yards square.

Page Twelve China



"I have known you so long, doctor," said the patient at the end of his visit, "I do not intend to insult you by paying your bill. But I have ar-ranged a handsome legacy for you in my will."

"That's very kind," the doctor replied. "Now please allow me to look at that prescription again. There is a slight alteration I would like to make

Juryman: "I beg to be excused, your honor. I owe a man \$10, and as he is leaving for a long trip abroad, I want to catch him before he gets on the train and pay him the \$10. It may be my last chance."

Judge: "You are excused. I don't want anybody on the jury who can

lie like that.

Hold-up Man: "Your money or your life!"

Author: "Take my life. Just out. Clothbound. A best seller. Written by myself-all for \$1.50."

Judge-Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?

Witness-I ought to, Your Honor; my husband is a golfer.

"Oh, captain," said a lady on a liner, "my husband is peculiarly subject to sea-sickness. Could you tell me what he ought to do in case of an attack?"

"It ain't necessary to tell him, ma'am," said the captain. "He'll do it."

The Sage-"There are two sides to

every question?"

The Fool—"Yes, and there are two sides to a sheet of fly-paper, but it makes a big difference to the fly which side he chooses."

The Doctor-"And if he loses consciousness again, give him a teaspoonful of that brandy."

The Patient's Wife-"While he's un-

conscious? Oh, doctor, he'd never forgive me."

Dear Old Lady-"Captain, would you please help me find my stateroom?'

Captain-"Have you forgotten what

number it is, madam?"

D.O.L.—"Yes, but I'll know it if I see it again; there was a lighthouse just outside the window."

An eccentric old gentleman left a legacy to three of his friends on condition that each put 5 pounds (\$25) into his coffin. The first, a Dundonian, placed five sovereigns in the casket; the second, a Glaswegian, put in a fivepound note; and the third, an Aberdonian, deposited a cheque for fifteen pounds and took out the change.

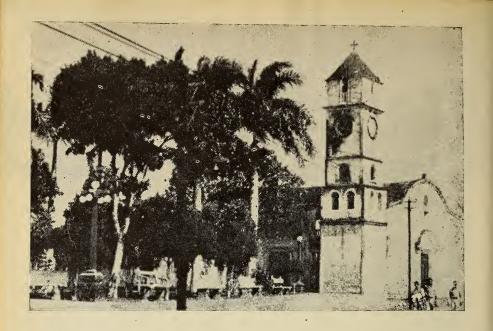
The following was a verdict by a jury in a lawsuit against a railway com-

pany:

"If the train had run as it should have been run, if the bell had rung as it should have been rang, if the whistle had blown as it should have been blown—both of which it did neither— the cow would not have been injured when she was killed.

A modest Scotchman, in speaking of his family, said: "The Douglas family is a verra verra auld Scotch family. The line rins awa' back into antiquity. We dinna ken hoo far back it rins, but it's a lang, lang way back, and the history of the Douglas family is recorded in five volumes. In aboot the middle of the third volume, in a marginal note, we read-"Aboot this time the world was created".

An American and Jewish traveller were in the same railway carriage. "I wanna tell, and let it soak in," said the former, "the village where I hail from hasn't a Jew. Get me?" "Yes," replied the Jew, "that's why the place you came from is a village."



Church of Santa Cruz del Seibo. It is approximately 250 years old. Although badly damaged by the earthquake a year ago, it is now completely restored.

The parish includes this town of almost 4,000 people as well as 19 mission stations in the outlying country. In all there are some 54,500 souls to be looked after . . . by two priests!

Rev. Basil Kirby, S.F.M., pastor.

Rev. George Courtright, S.F.M., assistant.

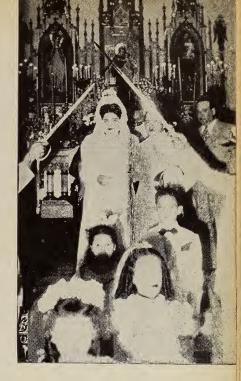
Page Fourteen China

Wedding, June 1st, 1947, at Seibo.

The bride made her home in Seibo.

The groom is a Navy officer from the capital.

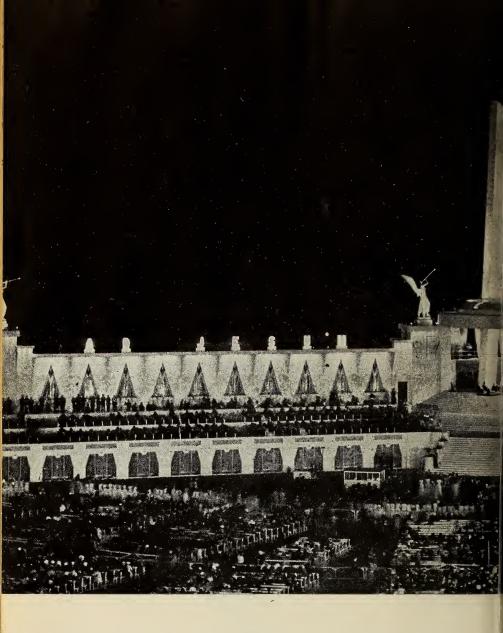
The best man a high-ranking officer in the Dominican navy.



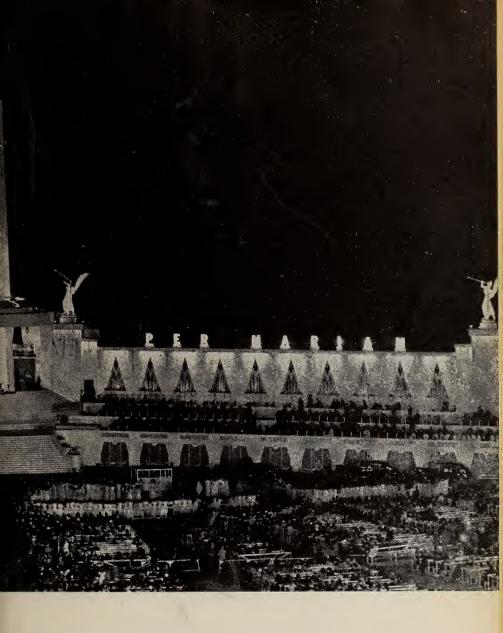


REV. JOHN GAULT, S.F.M.,

officiates at marriage ceremony.



October, Month of the Rosary, Month of Our Lady of Fatima, Month with the feasts of St. Theresa, patroness of missions, Mission Sunday and Christ the King, should be an occasion for a special effort to help spread the faith.



The readers of CHINA are asked to join in a crusade of daily prayer during this month: the ROSARY RECITED DAILY for the welfare of the missions. As She did at Ottawa, the Mother of God will hear our plea.



REFUGEES FROM WAR

If Britain wins her wars on the playing fields of Eton, one might well expect the complete training of the missionary to include football. Yet while bodies are being built up for future trials, the picture of Chinese refugees is a grim reminder of what may be ahead.

Page Eighteen China



The Second String Quarterback

THE coach was deciding on the first string team for the High School. Most of the men would be just a shade better than the second team. They would be able to block little better, carry a bit more weight, have a year or so more experience. He had had no problems deciding on the right man for every position but that of quarterback. Two lads had tried out for that spot. They appeared to be about equal in ability but one could do what the coach called "long-range thinking." By the time his team got possession of the ball he had determined pretty well in advance what plays he should call. The other lad would be second string because he did his thinking a little too late.

By this time of the year you young men in High School who will be graduating at the end of the scholastic year should likewise be doing some "long-range thinking." Otherwise when the day comes you'll be doing your thinking a little too late. Now is the time for you to start planning on what you want to do when you graduate. Like the first string quarterback who has several plays he can pick from, you have several careers you may choose to follow. But don't wait until its too late. Start thinking now and if you feel you may have a vocation to the foreign mission priesthood write to us for information on that point. It doesn't mean you have committed yourself to anything. It only means you're smart enough to avoid being a second string quarterback about your life and future. Who knows, but you may win a position on the first string team of Christ's missioners.



MY DADDY IS A TEACHER.

I WANT TO BE A PRIEST.

WILL YOU PRAY

FOR ME?



Panning for Gold

Quotations from Dr. Wu, Chinese Envoy to the Vatican

Regarding the problem of the East and the West, of which Kipling wrote: "East is East, and West is West; and never the twain shall meet," Dr. Wu, Chinese convert and recently appointed envoy to the Vatican by the Chinese government wrote the following: "As to the problem of East and West, I have found they are thoroughly interpenetrated with each other . . . But I don't abolish the distinctive features of each. I think it's within limits to assert that on the whole the East has more of the feminine, and the West more of the masculine qualities. The hope of the future depends on their mating, and the mating season is even now on! This is the time of times, this is the age mankind has been waiting and preparing for, for over a million years."

Shortly before he became a convert to Catholicism and when he was troubled with many doubts, Dr. Wu, recently appointed Chinese Envoy to

the Vatican had the following to write:

"... we had better wean ourselves from the overweening habit of looking at God as if He were our gate-keeper or our steward, so that whenever anything is amiss in the house we would vent our anger upon Him, and dismiss Him summarily from our employ. Nor is He our family doctor to be held responsible for the illness or death of our children. Nor is He our bodyguard whose duty it is to keep us safe from the hands of kidnappers. Least of all is He our matchmaker, whose chief business is to make happy matches for us."

After his conversion to the faith, Dr. Wu, Chinese Envoy to the Vatican had the following to say regarding his conversion:

"I... have been waiting for my Lord and my Friend. But it was not He who was late, it was I who waited in a wrong place. Who has not felt as St. Augustine did,' Oh, too late have I loved thee, beauty ever ancient and ever new'?"



WINDOWS WESTWARD, by Rev. Stephen C. Gulovich, Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto. 208 pp. \$3.00.

This book is concerned with the Uniates, those Roman Catholics who are not different from any other Roman Catholics in belief or practice, in Creed or Code of conduct but whose liturgy is not in the Latin language. They are called Uniates because they are in Union with the Pope hence perfectly orthodox, yet because their Mass is offered in a language other than Latin too many of us have the idea that they are not

quite acceptable.

Father Gulovich is the chancellor of the Byzantine-Slavonic diocese of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He was born and educated in that same state, later studying in Czechoslovakia and Italy. For several years now he has been lecturing to his fellow-American explaining the difference between the Eastern Churches, loyal to the Holy See, and the so-called Orthodox Church, which is schismatic. This last word implies a separation from Rome, even though the Sacraments they have and use are all valid. Lately this Orthodox Church as it is known, is being taken over

by Stalin and is suffering from the usual disadvantages.

There are 160,000 persons who conform to the Byzantine-Slavonic rite within the Roman Catholic Church. Periodically one hears the question: Why perpetuate these rites (there are almost a score) which are used by a relatively small number of people? The answer was given long ago by Pope Urban VIII in a pronouncement directed to these Catholics, "In you I place my hope of converting the East." From this we see that this rite is not a quaint relic of church history but a means whereby the great schism of East and West can be healed. In the natural order Kipling may have been right but in the supernatural, East and West can and must meet at Christ's altar.

This book is recommended to all who realize that there is diversity as well as unity within the Church. One small criticism might be made: the excellent bibliography and index could have been printed in smaller type in a dozen pages instead of the fifty-two used.

Last Will and Testament of John Doe.

"I leave, bequeath and devise to the Scarboro Foreign

Missions

Such a bequest will help reconstruct the damages of war in mission lands and train young men to spread the Faith.

TALES OF XAVIER, by Bishop James E. Walsh, M.M., Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto. 184 pp. \$2.50.

No one is better qualified to write of the life of the intrepid missioner, St. Francis Xavier, than Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll, himself a missioner of wide experience and ability. Written as an historical novel, the tales have been enriched with imaginative detail by the author who spent years amid scenes and people familiar to Xavier.

The life of the saint is recorded in chronological order, beginning with one of his first adventurous trips as a child to beneath the chair of a visiting Bishop and closing with his death on the Island of Sancian, where incidentally the author-Bishop himself was consecrated. In the College of Saint Barbara, of the University of Paris, Francis heard for the first time Ignatius Loyola quoting the wards of Christ "What doth it profit . . ." Francis Xavier was a brilliant young man, heading for a great worldly career, but the prayers of Peter Favre and the influence of Ignatius, founder of the

Jesuits, were not lost. Years later they used to say that while Xavier worked many miracles and Ignatius only one, yet that one was greater than all Xavier's, for that one was Xavier himself.

Francis threw in his lot with Loyola and the newly-formed Company of Jesus. Soon he embarked upon his fabulous missionary career, filled with adventures for Chirst. "His face was set toward the East. The call had come to start out on the long march to that new world of teeming millions, exotic manners, and fabled wealth, suddenly become accessible to the adventurous spirits of freebooting Europe; the young priest was ready." (p. 43). The story of that young priest, the tale of Xavier, winning thousands of souls, travelling across foreign lands and new seas, being spent in the service of Christ, until his own soul had flown to God, is long to be remembered.

R. J. Pelow, S.F.M.

Prayer for Seminarians

JESUS, Eternal High Priest, I offer Thee, through Thy Immaculate Mother Mary, Thy own Precious Blood, in all the Masses throughout the world, as a petition for graces for all seminarians, Thy future priests. Give them humility, meekness, prudence, and a burning zeal for souls. Fill their hearts with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to know and love the Church, that they may always and everywhere speak, act, and think with her, the glorious Spouse of Christ. Teach them generosity and detachment from the miserable things of this world; but above all, teach them to know Thee and to love Thee, the one and only Eternal Priest. Do Thou, Good Shepherd of Souls, hear this my prayer for saintly priests. Amen.

With Ecclesiastical Approbation.

love the common people; He made so many of us."

Mornings at Dispensary; Afternoons for Sick-Calls

By 11.30 a.m. the Sisters have cared for some three to four hundred patients! And this is almost a daily experience. How tired they must be even by noontime. More people will attempt to enter the compound or enclosure in the afternoon but only the most serious cases or those who have just arrived from a great distance will be seen. The routine for afternoons calls for visiting and so through rain or heat or cold the Sisters set out.

A relative or servant of the sick person comes for a Sister. A young Chinese girl who can master the finer touches of the local dialect is brought along and the party sets out for the dwelling of the patient. These people are naturally polite but now there is the added incentive of free medicine and care; the exception will be for some expensive hypos. Foreign medicine has gained a good reputation and some of the local people can discuss the relative merits of American, German and English products.

The patient may be nearing the end. He is told about God who loves him and wants him to be happy. Sometimes the response is indifference but seldom hostility and usually a great interest is manifest. Those sick unto death have little to look forward to and hope is welcome. A catechist follows up with a short instruction in Christian doctrine and later still the priest will baptize if the person requests it. Generally these people receive the grace to understand and ask for baptism before they die.

they die.

Difficulties of Analogy

Yesterday Sister Mary and her Chinese girl who is adept at the local dialect, went along with the catechist to visit an old couple in their tiny hovel. He is seventy-six, has the dropsy and is going to die. It was as humourous as it was difficult to explain the doctrine to him. At least six times the catechist explained the doctrine preparing one for Baptism but the patient could not understand the point at all. This catechist is capable but comes from another town down river. The old gentleman could not follow dialect, which by the way is the only one I understand (that is if I under-

stand any!).

Sister Mary gave some medicine to the patient and the catechist began all over again. The old lady thought she had caught the gist of things so she joined in and began to preach to her husband. The trend was this: "If your clothes are soiled you are not presentable to a king. So also if your soul is dirty and covered with sin you are not presentable to God when you die." Her version was: "When you die I'll wash your clothes and lay you out nicely in the coffin so that you will be presentable to God when you go over the mountain." . . . We were getting nowhere so we left and hoped his guardian angel would take over the case. As a last resort the catechist mentioned the Old King who judges the dead (Buddhist version). The dying man said: "Don't mention him; let's talk about your God instead." One of these days, after he has passed a few examinations we will baptize him and prepare him for a Christian death. Were it not for the work of the Sisters, he would never have had a chance.



CTOBER, month of the Rosary! What a wonderful thing it would be if every Rose Bud were to offer up the Rosary every day in this month for the Missions. children and young people are doing this so if we were to join this crusade of prayer how happy the Mother of God would be. The Blessed Virgin Mary has appeared many times to people here in earth and almost every time the message is the same: Do Penance and Pray the Rosary! There can then be no question of the value and power of this famous prayer and you can see what a splendid idea the Rosary Crusade is.

Do you know where the Rosary came from? The original rosary was a long series of 150 beads. The kind of rosary we all carry around in our pocket is really a shortcut. You have probably seen monks wearing the big or long rosary wrapped around their waist like a belt! Really it's long enough to serve such a purpose. On that full rosary you will count 15 decades making in all 150 beads and these are a shortcut for the 150 psalms in the bible.

You have probably taken a look at the bible in your home and I hope most of the Rose Buds have read long portions, especially the New Testament which tells us about Our Lord. Now in the first part of the complete bible, the section called the Old Testament, one of the books is called THE BOOK OF PSALMS. It's really a collection of poetry as each psalm was a religious poem; most of them written by King David. This whole book of Psalms is sometimes called The Psalter. So the Psalter or Book of Psalms, is one of the books in the Old Testament and it contains 150 Psalms.

In the early centuries of the Church, the schools did not have many books because paper had not been invented. They used parchment which is dried sheepskin! Imagine killing a sheep for almost every page of a large book! Yet that is what they had to do so people could not afford to own many books. The answer was simply that each school owned a very few books and the students learned to memorize them!

(Continued on page 29)



QUICKIE QUIZ

What devotion is proper to the month of October?



Prize given for lucky draw from among correct answers sent in.

Page Twenty-Five

CHINA



The other day the postman said to me: "Father, you always receive so many letters—sometimes I think I should have another man to help me carry them." Well, Buds, as I walked back to my desk carrying my mail, I chuckled and said to myself: "I bet if he could peek into those letters, he would understand why Fr. Jim receives so much mail." Each letter is so very interesting-ideas our Buds have for helping our Missionaries; promises to pray every morning and night for the souls of the pagans that they may become Christians; newsy letters about school and games and church clubs-every letter proving to me what a wonderful group of good Catholic boys and girls we have in our Garden. In Heaven the Angels are busy writing all your good deeds in letters of gold and God will reward you for them.

Sometimes, too, I receive letters from grown-ups who are not Buds, but who are interested in helping the missions:—

From a family

Dear Fr.:

Please find enclosed money order for your mission work. It represents the contents of our family mite box. We all read CHINA and like it very much. Please pray for a special intention.

From an office

Dear Fr.:

The enclosed money order is the amount gathered in our mite box for your missionaries. It is not much, but is the savings of a small group in our office. Small as it is, we trust that it will help a little.

From a young lady in a hospital bed

Dear Fr.:

Please accept the enclosed sum for the Seminary Building Fund. This money was given to me for a treat and, Father, it is a real "treat" to be able to assist you, even in such a small way.

I read CHINA regularly and enjoy it very much. Please pray for me the dear God has blessed me with illness now for many months.

We thank you for your kindness and generosity in adding to our missionary funds and we ask Almighty God to shower you with blessings and graces. We ask our readers to join with us in praying for your special intentions. To our friend who writes from hospital, may I say that, in a single sentence, you have taught the meaning of "to accept the will of God," far more vividly than any sermon, no matter how eloquent, could teach it!

I should like also to acknowledge here, letters received from the following: from Beatrice Zinger, who writes for the pupils of St. Boniface School, Maryhill, Ont., enclosing a donation to enable three pagan children to attend a prayer school in China.

From Patricia Renaud of Belle River, Ont., writing on behalf of the Club which also sent a lovely gift to help our Missionaries.

Thank you very much, Buds, and may God bless you.



Dear Fr. Jim:

I received my mite box and membership card and I thank you ever so much. Enclosed please find my gift to the Foreign Missions.

Donald Hull,

18 Grant St., Halifax, N.S.

Golly, Donald, that was certainly quick work! You know Buds, Donald joined our Garden just two months ago and although he is only 8 years old, he has been saving his pennies and has already filled his mite box. Thank you, Donald, and God bless you.

Dear Fr. Jim:

It will soon be a year since Fr. Stringer visited at our school in Read. We must admit we have been tardy in sending our pennies, but we've been saving them just the same and here they are. We wish you every success and promise to pray for the Missions.



Sheila, Gerald, and Leo Byrne, Roslin, Ont.

Thanks a million, Children, for your lovely letter and gift and for your promise of prayer. Any prayer, long or short, will help the work of spreading the faith in pagan land and that is why we want all our Buds to remember their prayers for the Missions. Did you see the picture of Fr. Stringer in last month's issue? He is one of the six priests now on his way back to China.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Here is my gift to help the Missions. I hope to send you more . . . I am thirteen years old.

Marcel Belanger, Nipigon, Ont.

Merci bien, Marcel, and may God bless you for your generosity. Your gift is now on its way to help a little pagan child know and love God.

Dear Fr. Jim:

During the holidays I promised I'd try to do something to help the Missionaries, so I am sending a few stamps I collected and the savings from my mite box. . . . It is not very much but I hope it will be a little help. Leo Joseph Wall,

88 Intercolonial St., Sydney, N.S.

Indeed, Leo, your gift was most welcome and, as the saying goes, 'every little bit helps'. The Little Flower must be very pleased with sacrifices you are making. Thanks too for 'the renewals to CHINA and say 'hello' to Gregory, your mother and the rest for me.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Would you please renew the CHINA for me? I am also sending you these stamps. . . . I am playing the organ in our church every second day at Mass.



Oliva Tersigni, 46 Morris St., Guelph, Ont.

Thank you for the renewal, Oliva, and congratulations! Oliva is only 12 years old, Buds, and is in the eighth grade. Wouldn't it be nice if we could all get together and attend Mass and hear Oliva at the organ?

New Members and Pen Pals

ALDERSHOT, ONT.
Smiley, Bob, 14; Smiley, Marilyn, 11; Smiley, Matthew, 12, Box 59.
AMHERSTBURG, ONT.
Warren, Joan, 14, 404 Sandwich St.
ARISS, ONT.
Rider, Margaret, 13, Ariss P.O.
ARNPRIOR, ONT.
Smith, Shirley, 11, Box 652.
ATHERLEY, ONT.
Smith, Anna, R.R. No. 1.
Donoghue, Patsy, 9, North End K.D.
Hut.

BARRY'S BAY, ONT.
O'Mally, Ellen, 10; O'Mally, Loretta,
9; O'Mally, Phyllis, 12; O'Mally, Robert,

9; O'Mally, Phyllis, 12; O'Mally, Robert, 7.

BELLE RIVER, ONT.

Benoit, Annette, 8; Benoit, Pauline, 9; Blanchette, Margie, 12; Blouchette, Margie, 9; Chappus, Jone, 10; Chevelier, Shirley, 11; Durocher, Betty Jane, 12; Durocher, Deanna, 10; Gignac, Eanne, 10; Gignac, Raymond, 8; Lavesque, Annette, 12: Lavesque, Helen, 10; Lespronce, Shirley, 11; Parent, Betty Jane, 10; Renaud, Carol, 10; Renaud, Patricia, 12; Renaud, Theresa, 12.

BELLEVILE. ONT.

Adams, Shirley, 16, 88 South George St.; Amodeo, Virginia, 13, 161 W. Moira St.; Anton, Theresa, 7, 7174 Dufferin Ave.; Armstrong, Georgina, 7, 323 Foster Ave.; Bakes, Lawrence, 7, R.R. No. 4; Barrett, Pat. 14, 118 Pinnacle St.; Bedard, Lucille, 14, 42 Grier St.; Bedard, Yvonne, 10, 42 Grier St.; Berrigan, Maureen, 7, 61½ Alexander; Black, Mary, 15, 40 Chatham St.; Black, Patrick, 8, 40 Chatham St.; Black, Patrick, 8, 40 Chatham St.; Blaind, Barry, 14, 35 Grier St.; Bohan, John, 13, 28 Earl St.; Bourette, Reginald, 11, 90½ E. Moira St.; Bourette, 12, 14 Harriet St.; Bourke, Robert, 12, 14 Harriet St.; Bourrette, Douglas, 12, 90½ East Moira St.; Boyde, Page Twenty-Eight

Bleecker Ave.; Boyer, 15, 296 Church St.; Brennen, Robert, 16, 104½ Station St.; Brooks, Robert, 11, 163½ Pinnacle St.; Bruyea, David, 7, 250 Albert; Bruyea, Joan. 13, 250 Albert St.; Bruyea, Lillian, 12, 250 Albert St.; Bruyea, Loretta, 15, 250 Albert St.; Bruyea, Loretta, 15, 250 Albert St.; Buryea, Loretta, 15, 250 Albert St.; Burnon, Barbara, 11, 41 Pine St.; Burke, Michael, 14, 14 Harriett St.; Burley, Dale, 6, 188 Charles St.; Burley, Edward, 13, 188 Charles St.; Burley, Edward, 13, 188 Charles St.; Burney, Robert, 12, RR. No. 2; Butler, Gregory, 6, 239 Dundas St. E.; Callaghan, Donald., 6, 295 Albert St.; Campbell, Michael, 12, South Church St.; Canmon, Vivian, 13, R.R. No. 8, Victoria Ave.; Carey, Geraldine, 13, 55 Albion St.; Carey, Raymond, 14, 55 Albion St.; Carey, Raymond, 14, 55 Albion St.; Carey, Raymond, 14, 284 Dufferin Ave.; Casey, Janeen, 11, 284 Dufferin Ave.; Casey, Janeen, 11, 284 Dufferin Ave.; Casey, Janette, 11, 284 Dufferin Ave.; Chapelle, Barbara, 7, 208 Dundas; Cole, Barbara, 13, 157 Station St.; Collins, Shirley, 11, 16 Hillside St.; Cooke, Timothy, 7, 155 Pinnacle; Cowan, Michael, 8, 33 Forin; Cox, James, 13, 45 Ridley St.; Crawford, Glen, 11, 50 Forin St.; Crea, Mary, 10, 327 Dufferin Ave.; Croivi, Marilyn, 11, 270 Dufferin Ave.; Croivi, Marilyn, 11, 270 Dufferin Ave.; Cushing, Francis, 10, 271 Charles St.; Cushing, Francis, 10, 271 Charles St.; Cushing, Thomas, 11, 271 Charles St.; Cu

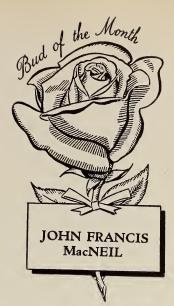


May we join your Rose Garden? Our home is in Peiping.

The Little Flower Rose Garden

(Continued from page 25)

What memories they must have developed! Why, I can't even remember "The boy stood on the burning deck." Yet boys and girls no older than you are used to learn by heart a book as big as the Book of Psalms! In church they would simply sing the Psalms. You all know the shortest of these: Landate Dominum which we sing at the end of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. But there are other psalms about 20 times longer and they would take much time to memorize. Imagine how long it would take to recite them all! All 150 Psalms might take all day! So the school children would simply recite or sing a few each day or each time they went into church. After a long time somebody thought of a great idea: instead of saying the 150 Psalms why not say 150 Hail Marys. Many of the Psalms have a reference to the Blessed Virgin in their prophecies so this prayer might be very suitable. The devotion spread and today we call it the Rosary!



Meet John Francis, Buds, who is our October Bud-of-the-Month. John lives in Glassbourn, Antigonish, N.S. and is indeed a co-missioner with our priests. He is fourteen years old and has been saving his pennies, collecting stamps, praying for the Missions and sending names of new members wishing to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I know that all our Buds join with me in congratulating you. God bless you.

NEW MEMBERS—(Continued)

NEW MEME

27 Brassey St.; De Genova, John, 14, 27
Brassey St.; Dell, Bill, 11, 42 North
Front St.; Dell, Gerald, 8, 42 North
Front; Dennis, John, 13, 66 St. Paul St.;
Deryaw, Barbara, 9, 24 East Moria;
Deryaw, Joseph, 14, 24 E. Moira St.;
Deryaw, Joseph, 14, 24 E. Moira St.;
Dominico, Shirley, 12, 217 Dundas St.;
Domovan, Francis, 13, 319 Charles St.;
Donovan, Joan, 10, R.R. No. 6, Cannifton
Rd.; Donovan, John, 12, Cannifton Rd.;
Donovan, Marlene, 12, R.R. No. 6, Cannifton
Rd.; Donovan, Neil, 11, 319 Charles
St.; Donovan, William, 7, R.R. No. 6, Cannifton
Rd.; Donovan, Charles, 15, 127 Station
St.; Doucett, Catherine, 16, 168½ Yeoman
St.; Doucett, Catherine, 16, 168½ Yeoman
St.; Doucett, Clare, 12, 46 Harriet St.;
Downes, Margaret, 9, 362 N. Charles St.;
Downes, Margaret, 9, 362 North Charles
St.; Doyle, Donald, 7, 100 South John;
Doyle, Gerald, 7, 1 Boswell St.; Doyle,
Joan, 15, 1 Boswell St.; Durkin, Marie,
China

RS—(Continued)

12, 42 Strachan St.; Dutton, Robert, 12, 15, Elmer St.
Enright, Anne, 12, 50 Catharine St.; Enright, William, 12, 50 Catherine St.; Ferguson, Carol, 7, 22 Hillcrest; Finnke, Ernie, 12, 344 Pinnacle St.; Finnegan, Lee, 13, 15 Earl Street; Flurey, Norah, 17, 10 Pine Street; Foley, Douglas, 12, 17 Green St.; Foley, Jean, 7, 80 St. Charles St.; Foley, Terry, 7, 17 Green St.; Forhan, Carolyn, 13, 182 John St. N.; Fortin, Elaine, 10, 317 Albert St.; Fortin, Yvonne, 12, 317 Albert St.; Fortin, Yvonne, 12, 317 Albert St.; Fox. Marlene, 10, 93 West Moira St.; Fox. Marlene, 10, 93 West Moira St.; Fox. Wayne, 12, 93 West Moira St.; Frox, Wayne, 12, 93 West Moira St.; Frechette, Carol, 12, 61 Grier St.; Galbraith, Greta, 13, 247 Charles St.; Galbraith, Lois, 15, 247 Charles St.; Galbraith, Rosemary, 10, 247 Charles St.; Galbraith, Rosemary, 10, 247 Charles St.; Garliand, John, 14, 51 Emily St.; Garven, Joan, 10, 108 Cedar St.; Garvin, John, 13, 108 Cedar St.;

Items of Interest

Our readers will be glad to know that Rev. Allan McRae, S.F.M., who was prevented from returning to China owing to a sudden and serious illness has now recovered.

We wish to express our sincere gratitude to the members of the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary for the gifts presented to our priests leaving for China. The number and diversity of articles was such that the departing missionaries were well equipped to begin their work on the Mission. All thanks to those responsible.

Thanksgivings

In thanksgiving to St. Theresa for a favour received.

Many thanks to J.E.T., Ottawa, for donations received in honour of St. Anthony.

New Society

A new organization was founded in Toronto on August 29th to aid the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. The purpose of this new group of lay-missionaries is to make vestments and altar linens for the Missions committed to the care of the Fathers of the Society and the procuring of sacred vessels for the sacred ceremonies of the Church in China, Santo Domingo and the various houses of "Scarboro" in Canada.

The Executive officers of this new Mission Aid Society, known as the Sacred Heart Mission Aid Society, are as follows, Honorary President, Mrs. Max Morell; President Mrs. Margaret Pocock; Vice-President, Miss K. Merryfield; Financial-Secretary, Miss Camilla Malleck.

News from Centres

BOSTON

We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Dalton and family on the occasion of the sudden death of their beloved husband and father. May his soul rest in peace.

MONTREAL

Prayers are requested for the repose of the soul of Mr. J. F. Bryant, husband of one of our loyal laymissionaries. We extend our sympathy to our good friend and benefactor.

Prayers Requested

Prayers are asked for a great favour through St. Anthony and Blessed Martin at the request of E. McC., Whitby, Ontario.

Prayers for the Dead

For Mrs. Hattie Condron, Brooklyn, N.Y.

For Mrs. Augusta Schley, formerly of St. Clements, Ontario, but recently living in Vancouver, B.C.

For Mary O'Hagan, Peter Kelly, Mary Ann Kelly, all of Ireland, and Edward Kelly, Denver, Col.

For Mrs. Bertha Boudreau, mother of Rev. B. Boudreau, S.F.M., now with the American Army in Bayaria.

Page Thirty



This lady is digging for clams on a bleak Pacific shore. Her existence is precarious at best. Yet these easy-going people worry little. The important cause for worry would be the state of their souls. Remember the foreign missions in your prayers. Be assured that the priests and students of the Scarboro Foreign Missions pray for you too.



Material salvaged from city ruins is used to reconstruct Chinese home. Schools and churches of China must also be reconstructed. Will you help?







Man knows not the day of his death, a cart knows not when it will be overturned.

During the month of November all Catholics pray for the Holy Souls. Readers of CHINA are asked to join the priests and students in praying for our deceased benefactors.

Death, Be Not Proud

Death, be not proud though some have called thee Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so, For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow, Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me, From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be, Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow, And soonest our best men with thee do go, Rest of their bones and soul's delivery. Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings and desperate men, And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell, And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well, And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then? One short sleep past, we wake eternally, And death shall be no more; Death thou shalt die.

John Donne



Paganism adds its touch to Christianity

UST why had they tied the live rooster to the top of the coffin? This was the question of the hour at my first Chinese funeral. The letter telling of the serious illness of Mr. Wang took more than a week to reach me. Although I left immediately upon receipt of the missive it was not such a surprise to find the man in his coffin when I reached his home. The 28 mile bicycle ride had taken me to a funeral and not a sick call. Lest it be an overnight visit I had packed my Mass-kit and two blankets on the parcel carrier and it was well I did.

A Chinese Household

It was a typical dwelling. As usual the problem of determining the relationship of the various inhabitants under the one roof was a real exercise for the memory. It must be mentioned that first cousins are called brothers and sisters, just as in biblical times. They had to tell me their names several times each before I could get my bearings. Everyone was a Wang, the common family name, so it was necessary to learn what we call Christian names.

The two sons of the dead man were married and their families all lived right there. The oldest son was a Christian and his two boys were baptized. However their mother and all the rest of the clan were pagans. Since grandpa had been sick the faith had been badly neglected. In excuse though, it must be stated that there had not been a regular visitation of a priest for three years. How well would Canadian families get along without any priest for the same period of time?

"Solid Comfort"

My two blankets came in handy

that night. I was offered the best bedroom in the house: a little room which served at times as a granary. The bed consisted of several good strong boards. Without undressing I wrapped myself in my blankets, stretched out and had a splendid night's sleep.

By 9 A.M. a table at the head of the coffin had been converted into an altar. In wide-eyed amazement the crowd watched me vest and offer Mass. Two old Christians had arrived from a village 5 miles away. With the Catholic man in the household they had come to confession before Mass and now all received Holy Communion. The so-called livingroom in which Mass was being offered opened on to the village street and passersby stopped to witness the strange scene. A few hens and one pig succeeded in entering before Mass ended.

Breakfast for all Before Funeral

When Mass was over one might think the funeral would take place immediately as burial was to take place in a field not far behind the house. However, it is their custom to feed all the friends of the deceased. Besides they told me the grave was not quite ready. At this breakfast they served rice, boiled chicken, Chinese cabbage and bean curd; it was quite enjoyable.

By 11 A.M. the procession got under way. One of the grandsons wanted to go ahead of everybody and scatter strips of paper along the road. This is a pagan custom to allay the spirits of the dead. It took some persuasion to prevent him but at last he gave up and instead joined the 3 piece band! To my ear, untrained to appreciate the beauties of Chinese funeral marches, there came nothing but weird noise. The three Christians walked with me ahead of the coffin reciting the rosary in their singsong fashion.

That Rooster

It was not until I stepped aside to let the carriers place the coffin at the entrance of the grave that I noticed the rooster. I say 'entrance' to the grave as the latter was dug in the side of a hill; they simply pushed the coffin into the opening and sealed all with a stone slab. Now it appeared they intended to push the live rooster into the grave with the coffin! Possibly it was supposed to provide life to deceive the devil who might be lurking about ready to pounce on the soul of the late Mr. Wang. At any rate I insisted that the rooster be removed. After this the prayers were said as usual and without further incident the funeral ended.



CHINA

Established 1919

Editor: F. T. O'GRADY, S.F.M. Circulation Mgr.: J. L. BEAL, S.F.M.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

\$1.00 a year
\$2.00 for 3 years
Single copy 15 cents.

CHINA is the official publication of the Scarbore
Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.,
and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized
as second class mail by the Post Office Dept.,
Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to
June; bi-monthly July-August.

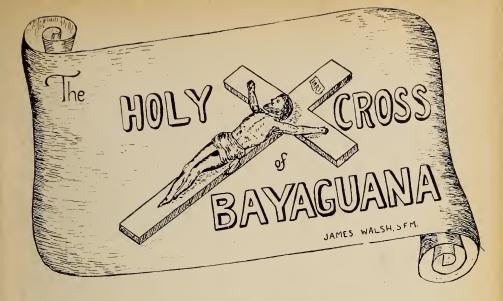
Address all communications to RT. REV. J. E. McRAE Superior General, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.



Vol. XXVIII

No. 10



Pirates Wipe Out Two Towns

For the history of the origin of Bayaguana we must go back to the early history of La Espanola, the ancient name of the Island of Santo Domingo. In the days of the Conquest and Colonization, the north coast of this island was besieged for many years by a band of adventurers. The inhabitants of the coast towns of La Espanola were the victims of their frequent and vicious attacks. They were robbed of all their belongings and suffered all kinds of atrocities at the hands of the pirates.

Among the towns which they attacked were two neighbouring ports bearing Indian names, Bayaja and Yaguana. In 1606 both towns were destroyed and the surviving inhabitants fled in panic for their lives. A mass exodus took place, and the poor people were forced to look elsewhere for a home. United in misfortune the inhabitants of these two towns, decided, after a trek of several days, to establish their new homes on a plain about 40 miles from the south coast. They combined the names of their former towns and called the newly built town Bayaguana, and as Bayaguana it has been known to this day.

New Town Becomes Capital of Province

The people were industrious and intelligent and set to work to build up what in a few years became a flourishing centre of commercial activity. It attracted many from the surrounding country and in a few years the population had doubled. Eventually it became the Capital of the Province.

They built a church of their own, and in the centuries that followed this has been replaced by a more substantial building. It too has been renovated and repaired more than once, and the latest renovation was made within the last year. Badly damaged by the earthquake of August 1946, it was repaired by order of the President of the Republic, his Excellency Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, at the expense of the Department of State, and was reopened in April of this year. It is small but solid, constructed of stone blocks, faced with cement, with a tile roof.

The early prosperity of Bayaguana did not continue. Sugar plantations were established in other places on the Island, and the more ambitious moved away in such numbers that

Bayaguana became just another village, and so it has remained for many generations. No industries of importance have been set up here for over 150 years, and the people live from day to day their quiet uneventful lives, at peace with the world.

The Legend

The Legend of Bayaguana has to do with a famous image, a crucifix, known as the "Milagroso Cristo de Bayaguana" (the Miraculous Image of Christ of Bayaguana). It is universally believed that the image is about four hundred years old, and that it was brought here in 1606 by the people of the ancient town of Yaguana. This tradition has been handed down from generation to generation, and no written history of it has ever been found until one was published about fifty years ago. It has come to be known as the Legend of Bayaguana. It is impossible to determine how much is fact and how much fiction, but here it is for what it is worth.

There lived in Yaguana a poor widow, with her only child, a girl. In extreme poverty, they eked out a bare existence by going out every day to the woods or the sea shore to gather fire wood which they sold to the townspeople. The daughter was a

pious girl and often seen on her knees alone in the woods, her arms extended in prayer, an attitude common among the people here to day. She consoled her aggrieved mother by admonishing her to place her confidence in God who would comfort her in her sorrow and help her in her loneliness. She recommended that she have faith in Christ crucified, Whose goodness was infinite and Who would not fail to hear and answer her prayer. This was the topic of their daily conversation, and the daughter was a source of much consolation to her mother. On one occasion they were collecting drift wood down at the beach, and found it necessary often to wade into the water some distance. It was then that the girl made a remarkable discovery. Imbedded in the sand under the shallow water she saw what looked like a human arm, apparently that of a boy. Terrified, and suspicious of foul play, she ran to her mother who was some distance away, screaming out the news of her weird discovery. Cautiously mother and daughter returned to the spot, and were relieved to find that it was not a human arm, but the wooden arm of an image or statue. When they drew it out of the sand, they found that it was an image of the Crucified, re-

(Continued on page 22)

Calling All Subscribers—No more postal cards

In the past we have acknowledged subscription monies received from subscribers by the use of postal cards. To reduce to a minimum our expenses connected with the circulation of "CHINA"—the cost of postal cards—printing them—and labor and time in addressing them running into hundreds of dollars—we have decided to discontinue this system beginning with the November issue. By checking the change of date, the month and year on your "China Label" will for the future be sufficient to indicate that your subscription has been received. Receipts will be mailed out only when specially requested. We ask you to renew promptly when subscription expires. Circulation Department of "China"



Monsignor

Fraser

Writes

Catholic Mission, Kinhwa, Che, China, August 23rd, 1947.

A S IT is a little cooler today, only 85 in my room, 95 outside in the shade, I thought I would write you a few lines. Many thanks for the papers and clippings about the Marian Congress in Ottawa. They were interesting; one would almost think he was present at the colossal affair. Really it is astonishing that Ottawa could have conceived and produced such a grandiose display. The Blessed Virgin must have sent her aid. I sent one paper to the Protestant Minister here and the rest to Fr. Morrissey. The latter is doing herculean work in his immense parish of Tungyang. Recently he wrote: "I annointed your workman Ping San this p.m. He was my fifth Extreme Unction in just one week. I went to Ya Keh last week for a couple of days. Got back on Wednesday p.m. and at supper time I got a letter announcing two sickcalls in Wei Shan, 14 miles away, so I started off again early Thursday by bicycle. I was really tired and over-heated when I got to the Mission. Thank God both people were living and I annointed them soon as possible after arriving; one died just two days later. The other is improving. Next morning I got two

more calls in the Wei Shan area; both old ladies of more than 80 years. Went to DaLi and Wei Shan for mass in each place and came back Monday. Then this a.m. was just packed -my "boy" had gone ahead-for Ho Chuang when Ping San's wife arrived. I went right away and gave him the last Sacraments. You know his son was killed lately by the other villagers. Am going to the country early in the morning and returning on Monday afternoon. Am doing quite a bit of medical work in the city here and have 25 new-comers on Sunday. Please God they will persevere."

Fowl Play

I told you in my last letter about the youth I had baptized being murdered. Ping San, his father, died a few days after Fr. Morrissey's visit. So now the poor widow is left alone with a boy of 14. Many heart-rending things happen in China. Recently a poor widow, newly converted to the Faith, came to tell her tale of woe. Her husband died not long ago leaving her penniless with five children. The eldest son 18 and a daughter 12 were hired out to her father-in-law to mind a flock of ducks. One evening on their return it was found that one duck was missing out of the 119. The owner flew into a rage and beat the two employees. He also threat-

ened to hang the boy from the rafters and beat him unless the duck was returned. Scared at this dreadful torture the boy fled and hid. Then the man rushed to his mother's hovel and beat her severely with a bamboo pole, and threatened to gouge all their eyes out. He demolished her tiny hut, which she had built with scraps of material after the Japanese had burned the village, and uprooted the vegetables in her garden. I hear that peace has been re-established in the family by the poor woman replacing the missing duck with another.

Pagans Also Fast

To quote the Shanghai "Evening Post", many Chinese started the vegetarian diet yesterday which marked the beginning of the Sixth Moon (this year July 18th). They will continue the diet for 24 days in honour of the god of Thunder, whose legendary birthday falls on the 24th day of the Sixth Moon. Aside from these, there are also those who will foreswear meat, fish and other nonvegetarian food for the whole month for the goddess of Mercy. Believe it or not, she has three birthdays. No one knows exactly when that popular

JESUS, Eternal High Priest, I offer Thee, through Thy Immaculate Mother Mary, Thy own Precious Blood, in all the Masses throughout the world, as a petition for graces for all seminarians, Thy future priests. Give them humility, meekness, prudence, and a burning zeal for souls. Fill their hearts with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to know and love the Church, that they may always and everywhere speak, act, and think with her, the glorious Spouse of Christ. Teach them generosity and detachment from miserable things of this world; but above all teach them to know Thee and to love Thee, the one and only Eternal Priest. Do Thou, Good Shepherd of Souls, hear this my prayer for saintly priests. Amen.

With Ecclesiastical Approbation.

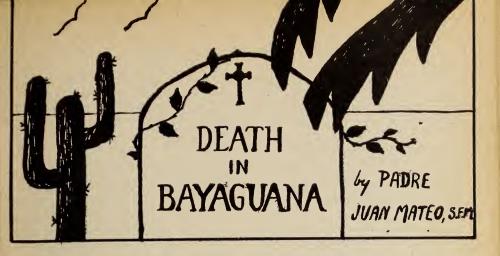
You're in the Army Now

You remember me telling you about the youth from Suen Ping walking 40 miles on a sore foot in search of work. Well, he has been conscripted into the army and is now stationed in Kinhwa. He was in today to get a letter to his superior officer to allow him to come to Mass tomorrow, Sunday. He tells me the discipline is very strict. Last night some of the recruits used some stones to hammer a few nails in the wall to hang up their clothes. An officer came along and accused them of wishing to use the stones to break the window at night to escape! He ordered them to be tied and beaten with bayonets and bamboo sticks until they cried with pain.

goddess was born. Some say it was the 2nd moon, others declare it was the Sixth Moon, while still another claims it was the Ninth Moon. To make sure that she is honoured on her birthday, her worshippers "play safe" and observe all of the three days.

In almost every place throughout the country persons may be found excluding meat, fish and other nonvegetarian dishes from their menu. In almost every restaurant, special vegetarian dishes are offered beginning in the Sixth Moon. To follow a vegetarian diet is one way of soliciting blessings from the gods and goddesses, Chinese worshippers believe. The main reason prompting the gods to grant rewards to vegetarians is (Continued on page 23)

(Continued on page 23)



NCE upon a midnight dreary the darkness which enveloped the little town of Bayaguana was pierced by chilling shrieks. I jumped up but then lay quietly back to listen. There were very low sobs which gradually grew louder until they reached their height in the same piercing shrieks. This process was repeated many times.

What was wrong? Many fantastic and some sensible explanations danced through my mind. Then the welcome voice of Fr. Joe King came from his room on the other side of our little palm board house. "The

old lady must have died."

Earlier in the evening Fr. Joe had visited a sick woman who lived in a house about fifty feet behind our

She had breathed her last and the members of her family were giving vent to their sorrow according to the best Dominican custom. The weeping and wailing which takes place on such an occasion among the natives of the West Indies could be very easily mistaken, by an Anglo-Saxon, for the sound effects of a creepy radio mystery.

One morning Padre José and I were almost finished breakfast when the cook came running in to tell us that a young woman had just died

up the street. The pastor was out in a minute with the sick-call kit. I finished my breakfast and decided to walk down to the scene of excitement (a death can really put life into a sleepy tropical village). The cook and a neighbouring woman accompanied me. While going down the street they were absorbed in ordinary gossip until we turned a corner and the wake-house came into full view. Immediately the cook's companion let go with a blood-curdling yelp and rushed to the house wailing at the top of her voice. Arriving at the door of the wake-house, she swooned into the arms of three or four men who carried her inside. Once inside, she gained consciousness with a vengeance and began to jump around and shout like all the other women in the crowded little building. It was the duty of the men to hold them when they jumped too much. What bedlam! And this continued indefinitely.

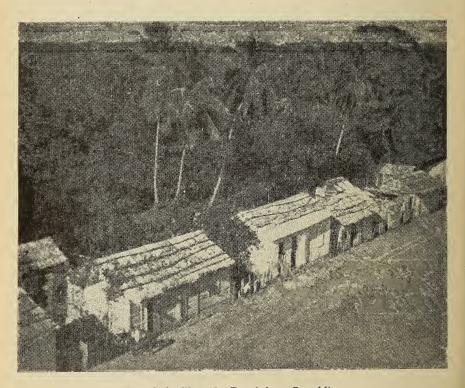
On another occasion, one of our priests baptised a sick child which died a few hours later. That night the priest paid a visit to the little home to console the mother. He found her sitting in a corner of the room quietly sobbing and grieving. However, in the same room was a professional mourner. As soon as she

saw the priest she went into her act. Within a few minutes she had worked herself into hysterics. The padre stepped up and landed two open palms on either cheek of the unsuspecting disturber of the peace. She shut up like a clam and silence returned except for the sobs of the mother.

As the Dominican Republic is a tropical country, the bodies of the dead must be buried within a twenty-four hour period. Decomposition sets in very quickly, especially if the person has been sick for any length of time. As a result, preparations for the funeral are begun as soon as it is morally certain that the person will pass away. Thus, there are cases where one returns to perfect health and thereafter can always draw inspiration from his made-to-order coffin, lying in the back yard, when he wishes to meditate on death.

In most cases, outside of the larger centres, coffins are made on the day of death. They are ordinarily very simple affairs made from rough mahogany or other common wood. On several occasions I had to hold up the funeral service because the carpenter was not able to finish the coffin on time.

In many of the towns funeral wagons are used for conducting the bodies to the church and cemetery. However, the country folk have to do it the hard way. Friends and relatives of the deceased gather together to make the journey to the nearest burial grounds. Three pieces of strong cloth, each about five feet in length, are placed under the coffin. One is placed in the middle and the other two at either extremity. Then six stalwarts take hold of the cloths and thus carry the remains for miles over rough pathways. If the distance



Rural dwellings in Dominican Republic.

is too great then the six are relieved by others.

Women very seldom attend the funeral services in the church. When the body is taken from the house they make a terrible fuss but do not follow. Generally, a funeral Mass is held at a later date when all the mourners and their friends gather in the church. Sometimes, following such a Mass, all make a visit to the . cemetery, accompanied by the priest who sings or recites the "Libera" and corresponding prayers over the grave of the deceased person. Very seldom is there a funeral Mass with the body present. Such a custom would be almost impossible in a country where the law states that the body must be buried within twenty four hours.

which had been built around a six foot cross, set in a rough concrete base. The cross had been placed there many years ago when Haley's comet instilled the fear of doomsday into the hearts of men. In later years a shelter had been built around it.

We set out for the graveyard, which was only about two hundred feet away. Several took up the burning candles which had been placed around the foot of the cross. It was a weird looking procession which wound its way to the centre of the burial grounds where a large cross had been erected that very day. Lighted candles were placed on top and on both arms of the cross. Then I proceeded with the ritual blessing. All were very much impressed and really

The dear old lady was telling her family about her trip to town.
"I met a nice young man in the train," she said, "and he offered to give me the winner of the St. Leger."
"And did he?" asked one.

The old lady beamed and shook her head.

"Naturally, I thanked him very much, but I explained that the chickens take up so much of the garden that it would be quite impossible for us to keep a horse."

The cemeteries in the Dominican Republic are State-owned and do not belong to the individual parishes. However, since the majority of the people profess the Catholic Faith, these cemeteries are given the blessing.

During my time as pastor I had only to bless one cemetery and that was under very strange circumstances. The cemetery was situated in one of the missions furthest from the parish centre. There was some difficulty and I was not able to set out before late afternoon.

The sacristan and I arrived at our destination at about nine p.m. It was a dark starless night. A group of about twenty-five persons, accompanied by two Alcaldes (officials of country districts) were awaiting us.

They were gathered in a small, thatched roof, earthen floored chapel

enjoyed themselves. It was a great event in their lives. They now possess their own consecrated ground where they can lay the remains of their beloved dead.

On the feast of All Souls, the Dominican people manifest, in a most striking manner, their great respect and love for the Faithful Departed. Almost everyone makes a visit to the local cemetery at some time during the day. The priest must spend many hours there. The people insist on having the Padre sing or recite certain prayers over the individual graves. Generally, the priest is still passing up and down between the tomb stones long after night has fallen. I know of a kindly, elderly, native priest who was kept in the cemetery until after midnight. Some

(Continued on page 25)

Jhe Curé of Reserve

HERE is a little village named Reserve half way between Sydney and Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, served by one of the most zealous pastors the Church has in the Maritimes. He is little known in central or western Canada but any student of the Cooperative Movement and every intelligent person 'down East' knows all about him. This first citizen of Nova Scotia, Father Tompkins, is a former vice-president of StFX University who resigned to take this little parish. He felt that the theory of Cooperatives was well established in his province and there was a greater need for the practise. Not every man can readily turn from the speculative, the theoretical and the ideal towards the practical, the applied knowledge, the concrete reality.

"The People Make Giants"

Twenty years ago Father Tompkins went to Reserve to live with fishermen and miners and a few farmers. They were of English and Scottish stock, hard workers but living in dismal poverty. The land and sea were rich in resources yet these people had no way of sharing that wealth. They owned nothing, were in fact the better than share-

croppers, in perpetual debt to the merchants and forced to sell their produce at the price set by the very men who rented them the gear necessary to do the work. The fate of the miners is well-known. In perpetual debt, without the standard of living to which other Canadians feel entitled, these people were freely chosen by Father Tompkins as his personal apostolate. To get close to them, to help in any way he could to further the cause of the Church, the pastor went to Reserve and today the work done by his parishioners under his direction has made a giant of this zealous priest. He is known wherever coops. are mentioned and Harvard University has seen fit to honor him with a degree.

First Attempt at Cooperatives

Into a community isolated from the main roads, having only one teacher, no newspaper, went this university man. Father Tompkins was quickly aware that economics lay at the root of all their problems hence that was his approach. The basic principles of the social sciences were taught to his people and a program was outlined whereby they might free themselves from their economic plight. The first result was the construction of a small canning factory, the fishermen building it themselves having hauled the timber with their own hands. Capital for this venture was provided by a loan of \$300 (no interest) from Fr. Tompkins and \$700 borrowed from another person interested in the project. The dimes and nickels of the fishermen themselves were added and the movement was launched. Such success was met that at the end of the first year, the \$1,000 debt was paid off!

Education for All the Family

There has always been a distinction between education and learning. One implies a formal process which may or may not be successful. The other implies not so much a process as a result. The latter was the aim of Father Tompkins. The

majority of his people were illiterate in the technical sense, yet far from unintelligent; they could and did learn. Group activity was encouraged. The educational program was a folk-school movement. Parents learned to read from their children, a village library was begun and 'heavy-reading' by other peoples' standards is now taken in stride by the Reserve inhabitants. Small groups linked together in study-club pattern developed not only their knowledge but above all a community spirit. Today people all over Cape Breton are emancipating themselves from a dark age indeed. The education they are giving themselves is the ideal to be striven for by community centres far more fortunate. Reserve is indeed a model not only for Nova Scotia but for all Canada; and the spirit behind this, although he roundly denies it, is Father Tompkins.

Taken September 20th, 1947, at close of Annual Retreat at Lishui.

Front: Hugh McGettigan, Thomas Morrissey, Ronald Reeves, John P. Conway, (Retreat Master—pastor of Hangchow), Arthur Venadam, Kenneth Turner, Craig Strang, Paulus Kam.

Rear: Armand Clement, John Kelly, Bartholemeus Fu, Edward Moriarity, Leonard Hudswell, Harold Murphy, Stephanus Mo, Paulus Huang.



The Story of Tompkinsville

Miss Mary Arnold was one time manager of a co-operative apartment house in New York. She moved to Reserve, N.S. and spent two years there. Under her guidance the first housing co-operative community in the Maritimes-Tompkinsville-was completed. Others quickly followed and there are now seven such completed communities in eastern Nova Scotia. Miss Arnold is a housing expert brought in by the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University when plans were ready for action. The ground had been well prepared by Father Tompkins and the project was an incredible success. For the complete account we can do no better than to refer you to the book written by Miss Arnold. The title is "The Story of Tompkinsville"; it is used today as a textbook for groups contemplating a similar experiment.

Thomistic Concept of Progress

St. Thomas Aquinas might well define progress as the gradual realization of man's possibilities for good. The individual and a people must follow the same rule: development physically, mentally and morally.

SHARES FOR ETERNITY

Do you want to buy some stock which will be good for eternity? Prayers and personal sacrifices are necessary for the welfare of the missions. If you are prepared to offer these, make application for the shares at your nearest church. It has been found that applications are more frequently accepted when the petitioner is on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament.

Such a program is more far-reaching than anything a mere labor union has to offer. It is not a question of labor versus capital; it is more a democratic application of principles which cannot fail to defeat the evils of communism. The common man has it within his grasp to defeat the excesses of capitalism. The system is not evil as such but like every human institution it can and frequently does go wrong. Group activity can combat such errors. Progress is being made and this can be extended indefinitely. Producer cooperation, consumer cooperation are already at work in Tompkinsville. Poverty and social injustice are not entirely eliminated but the population of Reserve know it can be done and they know how. A scholar, a priest and a gentleman of over 75 years has shown them.



BOOKS WANTED

St. Francis de Sales:

Introduction to a Devout
Life

Spiritual Conferences Letters to Persons in Religion

Letters to Persons in the World

St. Teresa's:

Way of Perfection Life and Letters

Scaramelli:

Ascetical Directory

The Score Board

YEAR	1937	1947	1957	19—
SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY	Priests 35	Priests 75	?	?
SOULS	China 1,500,000	China 1,500,000 Dominican Republic - 300,000	?	?
***************************************		2000000		00000



Bayaguana: one of our parishes in the Dominican Republic.

Inhabitants of town: roughly 1,500.

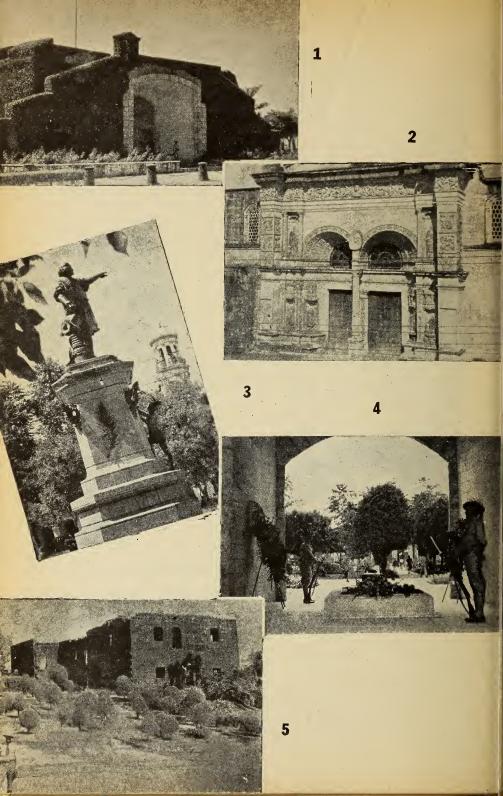
Territory extends some fifty miles from North to South and some 20 miles across.

Number of parishioners: some 20,000 country-folk besides the towns of Bayaguana and Guerra (about 3,000 together) and the sugar-plantation of San Luis. Total number of people: probably 30,000.

Number of priests: Two:

Rev. James J. Walsh, S.F.M.

Rev. Leo M. Curtin, S.F.M.



Views in Ciudad Jrujillo. Capital of the Dominican Republic

- (1) The Puerta del Conde (Count's Gate) or the Baluarte 27 de Febrero (February 27 Bastion). Marks the main land entrance to the original walled city. Dominican independence was proclaimed here on February 27, 1844.
- (2) The cathedral or basilica of Santa Maria la Menor. Construction was begun in 1514 and completed in 1540. It has the distinction of being the first in America. Its high altar is a masterpiece of carving. There are 15 chapels.
- (3) Statue to the memory of America's Discoverer. It is situated in Columbus Park, beside the cathedral. Columbus' remains are kept in a large marble monument in the nave of the basilica. This is the one that appears in all geographies.
- (4) The interior of the Puerta del Conde (See No. 1, above). The bodies of the Founders of the Republic, Duarte, Sanchez and Mella were placed here during the Centenary Celebrations in February, 1944. Called, "Altar of the Country."
- (5) The Alcazar de Colon (Castle of Columbus). Constructed around 1510 by Diego Colon, the son of the Great Discoverer. It served as his official headquarters and home. Hence its half fortress, half mansion appearance.

a Wet Day at Bayaguana - - -

By L. M. CURTIN, S.F.M.

(In this brief soliloquy one feels the frequent loneliness of the missioner.)

THIS has been a quiet day. Too quiet. I have not exchanged a dozen words with anyone all day. A woman came in this morning to see about a Mass for tomorrow, a word or two with the servants during the day, and that was all. I am alone. Fr. Walsh has gone to a "campo". When I came back from a short visit with Fathers Matte and Moore in Monte Plata yesterday, he had left. He left earlier than usual, and it. was well he did, for it started to rain, and hard, about the time he usually leaves. He must have seen it coming.

It rained nearly all afternoon yesterday and nearly all day today; sometimes a light drizzle, sometimes a heavy downpour. Last night there were only three people in church for the Rosary. Tonight only five, but they are not to be blamed. It is wet. My Spanish teacher will probably not show up tonight in all this rain. He is usually very punctual, but he knows that I would not expect him on a night like this.

This afternoon I went over to the church to read my Breviary and stayed much longer than I intended. A downpour started and kept up for nearly two hours. Two pious old ladies in the church, when it started, lit candles at one of the side altars, before the statues of Our Lady of Lourdes and St. Bernadette, and recited the rosary several times.

There are many pools of water in-

side the church so the repairs of the roof after last year's earthquake must have skipped some of the holes. When it starts to rain, someone usually closes the doors to keep the water from flowing in, but then it is very dark inside, for there are no windows in the nave of the church. When the doors are closed the only light comes through the glass in the two doors of the Sanctuary. Apparently the walls are too thick to cut windows in them now, and besides, they are not so necessary. The three large double doors, one at the front, and one at each side, provide enough light. There is never cold weather here, so they may be left open all day, except during the heavy rains, and then few are in the church.

Well, I wonder how Padre Santiago, (Father Walsh) is faring in all this rain. He was to leave the 'Campo' after Mass this morning and ride to another, two or three hours away for Mass tomorrow. It may not be raining so hard up there, and he has a good rain coat, and rides a surefooted mule, so he should make out all right. If it rains all night and tomorrow the rivers will be pretty high tomorrow evening. By then the rain may be over, and the day bright and sunny, as is so often the case after a deluge. If so, the rivers will be low again by the time he comes to them. St. Christopher will see him through, no doubt.

As two flies were enjoying a promenade on the ceiling, one said:

Page Eighteen CHINA

[&]quot;Aren't those human things silly?"
"How do you mean?" asked the other.

[&]quot;Well," said the first, "they spent a lot of money building a beautiful ceiling like this, then they go and walk on the floor."



EDMUND CAMPION, by Evelyn Waugh, Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto, 215 pp. \$2.50.

The author of Brideshead Revisited is recognized as one of the ablest novelists of our time. He was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1936 for his book here reviewed and recommended. It is a biography which may be read as easily as a novel yet which gives a guarantee of historical truth. The sources Mr. Waugh makes use of are thoroughly reliable and the notes at the end of each chapter are of benefit to the scholar. It is not claimed to be a definite biography but the narrative of those events in a man's life which strike a novelist as being important.

Father Campion died for the faith during the reign of Good Queen Bess. He was accused of treason. No evidence was offered to sustain this charge. Treasonable papers (never proved genuine) had been found in some houses where he stayed; he had dined with Cardinal Allen at Douai and walked about the garden with him after dinner; he had received financial assistance for his mission from the Pope; he was a priest who

had travelled about the country in lay attire. This was the case on which the death penalty was demanded.

This Jesuit martyr was drawn through the open streets of London upon hurdles to the place of execution, there hanged and let down alive, his privy parts cut off, his entrails taken out and burnt in his sight, then his head cut off and his body divided into four parts and disposed of at her Majesty's pleasure.

The Catholics of those days suffered mental anguish similar to the present-day victims in Eastern Europe. Many seriously considered open rebellion but this the priests never advocated. On trial Campion insisted, not for the benefit of his accusers whose minds were already decided, but for the benefit of all the Catholics of England who would hear about it, that he died for his religion, not because he was a traitor. In the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth Campion died for the freedom of religion.

When making your will remember the foreign missions! Money is urgently needed for our new seminary and to reconstruct mission stations in China:



THE COST

THE two busiest men in Shanghai today are the merry Macs. It is not hard to find them if you can move among mountains; mountains of food, clothing, medicine, piled high to the rafters of high ceilings in a warehouse or "godown" on Rue Chapsal. When you have safely navigated these man-made hazards, and have picked your way up a set of back stairs you join a line composed of two Nuns, a Russian truck-driver, a bearded bishop, a Chinese priest, a tall dark Canadian priest of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society from Lishui, advancing on a couple of desks. Behind the desks are the two Macs. They are Fr. Fred A. McGuire, a Vincentian from Brooklyn and Fr. John H. McGoey, S.F.M. of Toronto, executive secretary and associate secretary of the C.W.C.C. They are known far and wide as Father "Freddie" and Father "Jack", but mostly they are known as the "Merry Macs", the Macs who achieve the maximum.

Rev. Leo Ferrary

The C.W.C.C. is the result of the prayerful dream of a Franciscan missioner Fr. Leo Ferrary, who, in 1942, organized in Chungking the Chinese Medical Service. Its aim was to supply a fundamental need, to keep Catholic hospitals and dispensaries against heavy odds while war ravaged the land they served. Arch-

bishop Paul Yu Pin was an enthusiastic supporter of Father Ferrary. On a visit to the United States in 1942 this renowned prelate obtained the active support of the N.C.W.C. for this budding work of charity. Then, unexpectedly, the infant organization lost its leader—Fr. Ferrary died in 1944.

Paper Bandages

But war increased the already heavy burden of Catholic mission effort and the work had to go on. The wards of Catholic hospitals and over-taxed dispensaries were daily besieged with China's ever-increasing toll of war sufferers. These same hospitals were understaffed and undersupplied. Word trickled through that the sisters in their works of mercy were reduced to using paper and leaves from trees to bind wounds. When they ran out of medicine they found that boxwood tea and a prayer was all they had to offer. Something had to be done to provide a central organization for the supply of these heroic workers.

Central Welfare Committee

Archbishop Zanin, Apsotolic Delegate to China at that time, moved at once to reorganize by forming a Committee for Catholic Welfare. The work expanded so quickly that it became imperative to establish a central office in Shanghai. Frs. McGuire and McGoey were appointed to

direct this work. Since they started they have moved not only mountains of material but also mountains of ad-

ministrative obstacles.

Soon reports were coming in from every province in China. For the first time in the history of the Church in China the statistics of its work were pouring into one desk. The story it told about the extent and value of that work for China's teeming millions was one that the Catholic world should hear. So, for the this central organization would provide a clearing house for information and activity for the unification and advancement of the work in China.

The two Macs began work in a corner of the Franciscan procuration and later, when storage space became a major problem they moved to their present location, generously

provided by the Jesuits.

Scraping together \$2,300 from private sources the two Macs bought a truck. They had no funds to pay a driver so Father McCoey became at once a director, a truck-driver and stevedore, in his own words "number one coolie". The truck made history taking thousands of cases of food to every mission which could possibly be reached by road. Slowmoving sampans carried the cargoes to other missions.

Help from Jesuits

A Vincentian, Fr. Kraff volunteered to help Father McGoey on the truck. Five Jesuit scholastics newlyarrived from the United States doffed their black for overalls and took positions as "hands" aboard the truck. The scene at the warehouse on Rue

Chapsal had by now taken on the appearance of a busy commercial house. The workers looked and were togged out like ordinary labourers but from time to time one or another of them would pull a battered Breviary from a soiled back pocket and get in a little "office" on the side.

\$500,000 A Year Saved

The material handled was war surplus and UNRRA food. In the first year the Macs and their helpers distributed a hundred thousand dollars worth of supplies given by the United States Army and Navy. Later the Navy came through with seven tons of medical supplies. The Red Cross supplied utensils and food. International Relief gave four thousand comfort kits. UNRRA gave an additional 250 thousand worth of canned goods. N.C.W.C. gave a thousand dollars a week for running expenses of the central organization. When the books were balanced it was found that the use of this Catholic Central Welfare agency had saved Catholic institutions an estimated half a million dollars a year.

Centralization Means Efficiency

It is not surprising that heretofore Catholic corporal works of mercy in China have carried on quietly and alone, independantly of each other and often aloof from the many public and private agencies. Until the present moment there has been no interlocking of social services anywhere in China. There still is not; but there is a decided movement towards such coordinated effort and by joining this forward swing the Catholic Welfare Committee of China

Feeling in rather a lively mood one evening during the festive season, the men in D Hut gathered round a really raw looking recruit and started pulling his leg.

But the "rookie" remained quite calm and collected.

"Cripes man!" burst out one of the men at last. "Can't you hear what

"Sure I can," was the reply, "but I'm quite used to it. You see, in Civvy

Street, I'm an attendant in a lunatic asylum."

assumes for the Church a place of leadership in public welfare programmes. During the war many committees were created to study and solve the problems of need. On all these committees the Executive Secretary, Fr. McGuire, was invited to serve. On the head committee of them all, United Service to China Coordinating Committee, he has been proxy for Archbishop Yu Pin.

Most recently, Fr. McGoey has begun the task of setting up branch offices of the Catholic Welfare Committee in other provinces. He has just returned from Kaifeng, Honan, leaving a new provincial committee behind him with Fr. Stier, S.V.D., as executive secretary. Another branch office was opened in 1946 in Kwantung under the direction of Fr. Paul Duchesne, a Maryknoll priest and one will be formed in Peiping.

More Permanent Status for C.W.C.C.

C.W.C.C. was created opportunely. It was able to secure funds and food through sources formed to meet the war emergency. One by one those sources of supply are "folding their tents like the Arabs" and C.W.C.C. must look for other ways and means. The missions have been devastated. They must be repaired and rebuilt. What little aid they have received has only served to keep them in existence. The immediate task of the Catholic Welfare Committee must be, and is, to assist the Church in the rehabilitation of her ruined hospitals and homes for the poor.

Indeed the work of these two fathers has been Herculean. Truly, they are the Macs who move moun-

tains.

Holy Cross of Bayaguana (Continued from page 6)

splendent with light. It was probably washed in from a wreck at sea, but to the discoverers it was heaven-sent.

Miraculous Powers

The news of the discovery created a mild sensation when they showed it to their townsmen, and it soon became an object of veneration to them. It was said that a man was miraculously cured of paralysis as he venerated the image, and ever since it has been considered miraculous. Brought here over 350 years ago, it is still venerated by the faithful. The "Cristo of Bayaguana" has made the Church of St. John the Baptist of Bayaguana a national shrine, second only in the Dominican Republic, to that of Our Lady of Altagracia.

Tradition also tells us that after the death of her mother the young woman entered the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, where she was known as Sister Maria del Cristo. In the obscurity of the cloister she spent the rest of her life in meditation and prayer, and in the service of Chirst's poor.

Description of Image

The Cristo of Bayaguana is an image made of wood, of perfect proportions, with the arms fastened to the body by hinges, indicating that it was originally made to commemorate the Burial of Christ. Later a cross was made and the figure attached to it. It is not a work of art, but then no crucifix is artistic in a pleasing way, if it is to portray the sufferings of Christ.

Pilgrims Daily

Such is the Legend of the "Cristo of Bayaguana". How much is authentic we have no way of knowing, but one fact remains. It has kept alive in

the hearts of thousands, faith in the Redemption, and devotion to the Passion of Christ. Every day brings to this national shrine pilgrims representing all classes of people. Just today we had a visit from a couple, man and wife from San Pedro de Macoris, a town on the south coast of the Island about forty miles away. They came on foot, literally, for they were bare-footed, and in rags. They have the appearance of dire poverty, and asked alms to get a meal and shelter for the night. Tomorrow we may see a party from the Capital drive up in a luxurious limousine, or perhaps a party of less pretentious pilgrims, but all come in fulfillment of a promise made for favours received, or to pray for some ravour. Even allowing for the emotionalism that is to be found in some pilgrims to any shrine anywhere, it is evident that there is much genuine piety among these devotees.

Public Veneration

On the First Friday of every month we have a High Mass, requested by the local League of the Sacred Heart, and our little Church is crowded with people from the surrounding country and from the more distant towns and cities. During the last three days of Holy Week this town is host to thousands of pilgrims, and the church is crowded from early morning to late at night. On Good Friday afternoon the Image is carried in public procession through the streets of the town, and afterwards is set up for public veneration in the church.

During the rest of the year this ancient Image is kept in a niche built into the reredos, (behind the main altar). A row of steps lead up from either side to a platform directly behind the tabernacle. It is kept behind a curtain and sliding door, which are drawn aside on request.

Some legends are merely silly; others have a basis in fact and can do much good. How true this one might be is difficult to say but the fact cannot be denied that in this parish it has been a rallying point

for the faith for 400 years.

Monsignor Fraser Writes (Continued from page 8)

that they avoid slaughtering, to kill is horrible, whether the object is a mosquito or a tiger.

There are many Chinese women who are on a vegetarian diet all their lives. Women suffering from the misfortunes of this life, believe that by following a vegetarian diet the gods and goddesses will bless and reward them with a better destiny in the next life. There are also many Chinese women who go on a vegetarian diet for a period of three, six or nine years as a "meritorious service" designed to solicit blessings for their parents. There is still another group of Chinese worshippers who advocate the eating of vegetables

only on their birthdays. To avoid slaughtering on the day one comes into the world is one of the most effective ways of soliciting blessings they claim.

Strange Medical Practice

A few nights ago my sleep was disturbed by the screaming of an infant in a neighbouring house. I knew what was going on. They were administering to a sick child the method used all over China—pinching, sticking with a needle, or burning with a little firebrand. Whether or not this method has any curative qualities, I do not know, but the children seem to get better. Maybe the terrible struggle and agony the

child is thrown into throws off the disease.

Zealous Catholics

I have introduced the devotion of the Nine First Fridays and some of my Christians are very faithful to the practice. On the First Friday of August, two men and a little girl walked seven miles fasting, starting out at three a.m. by moonlight. One Sunday an old lady walked 12 miles to Mass. She started out sometime after midnight and walked three miles in pitch dark. Though all alone in the dead of night trudging over rough paths over the hills and through the valleys, she said she was not afraid. Truly some of the Chinese Christians would put to shame Catholics who live short distances and have good roads and yet miss Mass on Sundays.

This has been the hottest summer we have ever had in China—for over a month, near or over a hundred in the shade outside, and hovering around 90 in the house! You will be pleased to hear, however, that I have not had a recurrence of last year's heat sores. Someone must be pray-

ing for me.

Order of St. Dominic

A few days ago I had the pleasure entertaining two Dominican Priests and three Dominican Sisters. They were on their way to Fukien, the next province south of here, having recently arrived from America. They started out from here twice; the first time they got as far as Lungchuan, 180 miles from Kinhwa, but had to return on account of a broken bridge. They were in an open truck and must have suffered much, as the thermometer registered that day at nearly 100 in the shade. What must it have been in the sun? Stopping another day at the Mission, the Sisters busied themselves caring for the sick, while the two priests were occupied in loading five trucks with tons of supplies they brought from

America. I haven't heard whether they arrived safely at their destination, but I have received several telegrams from their mission inquiring about their whereabouts.

These Sisters wear the same habit as Sr. Alexandrine, but do not belong to the same branch of the Dominican Order. Their mother-house is in Columbus, Ohio. They have one school, St. Clare's parish, Detroit. There are 160 nuns in the motherhouse. I invited them to take charge of our Convent School here. They are going to take the matter into consideration. I thought our family was kind of a record as to religious vocations, with two priests and two sisters, and so many nephews, nieces and cousins in religion, until one of priests, Father Dominican Sheerer, told me that there were ten children in his family and all have become Priests, Brothers, or Sisters in the Dominican and Carmelite Communities!

Fair and Cooler

While I was writing the above, a thunderstorm and big wind arose and the temperature dropped to 74. What a relief! But a window upstairs was blown out and tumbled to the ground smashing the glass, and a neighbour dropped in to tell us that our encircling wall is undermined and apt to collapse on his property. Thus blessings are often accompanied with crosses; but they all come from the same kind Hand of a loving Father.





THE end of October and the beginning of November bring several important dates together. At this time of the year we have Hallowe'en, All Saints and All Souls. I'll bet most of you Buds think more often of the first one than of the other two! Maybe Father Jim is being hard on you because I'm sure you all make the Stations and say Rosaries for the Souls in Purgatory during November.

Hallowe'en means pumpkins and witches and apples and candy and masks to you but did you ever hear where the name came from, You know we use the word e'en or even before other words like Christmas. For example we say "Christmas Eve", or Christmas E'en is the older spelling. It just means "the day before Christmas". In the same way we say "Hallowe'en" or the day before "All Hallows". What does Hallows mean?

It means Saints! Hallowe'en is the day before All Saints. You know when you say Our Father you pray: "Hallowed be Thy Name". What does "hallowed" mean? It means holy or saintly. Well then: "Hallowe'en" or Eve of All Hallows is the day before the Feast of all the Holy Ones or All Saints. Hence it comes the last day of October, just before November 1st, All Saints.

Where do the witches flying around on broom handles come in? I don't know for sure but I've heard that the original idea or practise did not have witches but Souls, you know, Ghosts! You see November 2nd is All Souls day, and the Souls from Purgatory were supposed to appear on Hallowe'en and ask for prayers! Gradually the religious idea was lost and now we only have the witches and faces cut into pumpkins!

Death in Bayaguana

(Continued from page 11)

of the clergy have tried to direct the people to more rational devotion but they refuse to be led.

After the High Mass in the morning the catafalque is left in the body of the church. At about eight p.m. a solemn "Libera" is sung over it and the Novena for the Holy Souls is brought to a close. The church is crowded for this devotion.

A Dominican graveyard on the night of All Souls presents a most impressive sight. It is studded with innumerable candle flames, symbolic of many fervent prayers for the departed ones. Symbolic of the spirits of those who have gone before. Symbolic of Dominican faith in the doctrines of Purgatory and Eternal Life. Symbolic of hope beyond the grave.



Dear Fr. Jim:

Here is the contents of my mite box. It is not very much but I hope it will help. I say my prayer for the Missions every day.

Donna Maria Roberts,
Ballantyne's Cove,
Antigonish Co., N.S.

Thank you very much, Donna Maria. At least once a week I receive a letter from one of our Buds in Ballantyne's Cove. They are indeed real co-missioners with our priests. By the way, Donna Maria, would you let me know your age?

Dear Fr. Jim:

I'm glad to know that what I'm sending will help save some pagan child and I will continue to help all I can.

Diane Hannon, 13 Gibson St., Hamilton, Ont.

Yes, Diane, and the little pagan child will be very grateful to the little girl in Hamilton who helped make it possible for her to attend prayer and thus learn to know and love God.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am fourteen years old and am very anxious to become a member of the "Little Flower's Rose Garden". I attend the convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame and I like to read the CHINA very much. I would also like to correspond with some of the Buds.

Maureen Blake, 222 Grafton St., Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Calling all Buds! Here is an opportunity to add a new Pen-Pal to your list and to make Maureen welcome. I know you will enjoy yourself in our Garden, Maureen.

Dear Fr. Jim:

The enclosed sum is for the renewal of my subscription to CHINA. I enjoy reading it very much and so do Mom and Dad.

Bernard John Walsh,
Bellevue, Torbay,
Nfld.

Those are the kind of words I like to hear, Barnard, and we are going to ask you for something very special. Will you say a little prayer once a day during the month of

QUICKIE QUIZZ

What does ADVENT mean?

Prize given for lucky draw from among correct answers sent in.



November for Buds in Purgatory? Since Father Jim has been working on this magazine, many Buds have died over the years so I want you, Bernard, and all the other Buds to say a prayer for those not yet in heaven. Don't forget now.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I haven't written to you for a long time. I've been waiting until I filled my mite box. . . Part of this donation is a sum I promised if I found my wallet. I go to St. Joseph's High School in Toronto.



Doreen Glover, 27 Queen St. N., Thorold, Ont.

Hello again, Doreen, it's nice to hear from you. By the way Buds, Doreen has been writing to me since 1945 and has been very faithful in her missionary work. I know you will like St. Joseph's and will make many new friends there.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am sending one of my friend's names in as she would like to join the Rose Garden and help China's Children. Please send her a mite box.

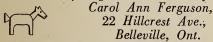


June Rose Duff, Walford Sta.,

June Rose is as sweet as her name, Buds, and is an active member of our Garden. We all welcome our new Bud, whose first name is Lucille, and promise her many happy hours.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Enclosed you will find my donation to the foreign Mission Society.



May God fill your heart with happiness, Carol Ann, for the help your gift will bring to the little pagan children and our missionaries who are caring for them. Have you a picture to send to Father Jim? I wonder what you look like???

Dear Fr. Jim:

Here is my renewal to the CHINA ... many things have happened since I last wrote to you, why I am even the sister of a priest now. I would ask you and the Buds to say a prayer for him.



Teresa Woods, South Nelson, N.B.

I know, Teresa, that all Buds rejoice with you on the occasion of the Ordination of your brother. By the way Buds, Teresa writes a very interesting letter—would you like to hear from her? Just drop her a line. Dear Fr. Jim:

I haven't written to you for a long time, I've been waiting until I filled my mite box... Part of this donation is a sum I promised if I found my wallet. I go to St. Joseph's High School in Toronto.



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June Rose Duff, Walford Sta., Ont.

June Rose is as sweet as her name, Buds, and is an active member of our Garden. And to our new Buds, we all say, "Welcome"!

Dear Fr. Jim:

Enclosed you will find my donation to the Foreign Mission Society.



Carol Ann Ferguson, 22 Hillcrest Ave., Belleville, Ont.

May God fill your heart with happiness, Carol Ann, for the help your gift will bring to the little pagan children and our Missionaries who are caring for them.

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The enclosed sum is for the renewal of my subscription to the CHINA. I enjoy reading it very much and so do Mom and Dad.

Bernard John Walsh. Bellevue, Torbay, Nfld.

Those are the kind of words I like to hear, Bernard, and we are going to keep on our toes so that our readers will continue to enjoy CHINA. Say 'hello' to Mom and Dad for me.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am enclosing the contents of my mite box to help the boys and girls of China in getting to Heaven.

Gladys Corcoran, Coot's Pond. St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.

It's a long, long way from Newfoundland to China, but because of your lovely gift, a little Chinese girl is going to learn about God. God bless you, Gladys.

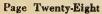
Dear Fr. Jim:

Enclosed please find contents of my mite box. . . . I hope it will help China's children.

> Johnalex MacNeil, Shenacadie, C.B. Nova Scotia.

Hi there, Johnalex! How are things in Shenacadie? And thank you very, very much for your lovely gift. Our Blessed Lord will remember all you are doing to help our Missionaries and will reward you as only He can.







Betty lives at 138 E. Mary St., Fort Wiliam, Ontario., and although in ill health she does not forget the Missions. Many thanks Betty for your donations and offering up sufferings for the Foreign Missions. May God bless you for your efforts.

New Members, and Pen Pals

HAMILTON

Agostinelle, Albert, 7, 537 Wentworth; Allan, Dolores, 16, 174 London St. S.; Anster, Lois, 8, 115 Shaw St.; Bergstrand, Linda, 6, 43 Keith Ave.; Boles, Patsy, 8, 555 Burlington St.; Bonnay, James, 9, 279 Graham S.; Borsato, Armando, 8, 494 Burlington St.; Bosa, Rosemary, 14, 547 Burlington St.; Bosacki, Donald, 9, 35 Ottawa St. S.; Butterworth, Jack, 11, Yvonne, 13, 4 Glendale Crescent; Capriotti, Rita, 9, 50 Oliver St.; Cardoni, Marie, 8, 139 Niagara; Crane, Patricia, 17, 1 South Oval St.; Cutler, Marlene, 13, 52 Lenwood Ave.; Dennis Mary, 15, 43 Belmont Ave.; Dermody, Vyvyan, 15, East Avenue S.; Dignon, Anita, 9, 129 Balmoral S.; Faulkner, Patricia, 16, 69 Houghton Ave.; Fleigal, Rudy, 10, 191 Rothsay S.; Franceschini, Ronald, 9,

Dundas St. E.; Kelly, David, 11, 8
Meyers St.; Kelly, Mary, 15, 8 Meyers
St.; Kelley, Patrick, 13, 8 Meyers St.; Kelnedy, James, 6, 57½ Isobel St.; Kennedy,
Joseph, 9, 190 George St.; Kennedy,
Marylyn, 9, 27½ Isobel St.; Kiser, Clarence, 12, 66 South Foster Ave.; Kitchen,
Robert, 14, 170 Yeoman St.; Lally, Elizabeth M., 6, 237 John St.; Lally, Thomas,
14, 237 John St.; Lee, Francis, 13, 16
Brassey St.; Lew, Thomas, 6, 57 Queen
St.; Lloyd, Dora, 12, 54 Gordon St.;
Lloyd, Joan, 9, 54 Strachan St.; Logan,
Robert, 11, 166 Foster Ave.; Logan, Rosemary, 12, 166 Foster Ave.; Logan, Rosemary, 12, 166 Foster Ave.; Logue, Marlene, 10, 160 Church St.; Lorimer, Teresa,
16, 132 Chatham St.; Lucas, Marjorie,
11, R.R. No. 2; Lucas, Marlene, 13, R.R.
No. 2; Lupenette, Arlene, 11, 35 Evans
St.; Lupenette, Ronald, 14, 35 Evans, St.;
Lupinette, Mary, 12, 50 East Moira St.;
Lupinette, Mary, 12, 50 East Moira St.;
Lynch, Bruce, 14, 24 Pine St.; Lynch,
Dick, 9, 269 William St.; Lynch, Thomas,
11, 269 William St.; Madsen, Francis, 6,
189½ Front St.; Malette, Shirley, 11, 99
West Moira St.; Malloy, Aletha, 15, 80½
Station St.; Martin, Joyce, 10, 58½ Catharine St.; Mascara, Bernard, 11, 11 Octavia St.; Masterson, Donna, 13, 63
North Front St.; Masterson, June, 11, 163
Lingham St.; Masterson, Phillis, 7, 3
Meyers St.



My name, is John Chandler Ireland and I'm going to be either a fighter or a foreign missioner. If you say a prayer for my vocation maybe I'll go to China. Don't forget!

Items of Interest

New Monsignori

Most sincere congratulations are extended to the five new monsignori of the London diocese! Monsignor Kelly of London, Mons. Langlois of Windsor, Mons. Campeau of Chatham, Monsignor Brennan of St. Peter's seminary and editor of the Catholic Record, and Mons. Dillon of Windsor are all old friends of our Society. His Excellency, the Most Rev. John Kidd, D.D., Bishop of London, officiated at the investiture ceremony and Bishop Cody preached the sermon. CHINA extends best wishes to the new prelates.

Golden Jubilee

Rt. Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, D.P., of Peterborough, Vicar General of the diocese and pastor of Immaculate Conception parish, celebrated his 50th anniversary in the priesthood in early November! We join Monsignor O'Sullivan's many friends in offering congratulations and wishing him many more happy years. Ad multos annos!

Prayers for the Dead

Mrs. John M. Reilly, Bloomfield, P.E.I.

Mrs. Charlotte Weinert, Neustadt, Ont.

Mrs. Elizabeth Donohue, sister of Mrs. Agnes McAlpine of Toronto.

In Thanksgiving

In thanksgiving to The Little Flower for favour received. A.G.B., Toronto, Ont.

Latest Addresses

Rev. A. MacIntosh, Dolu, Chekiang.

Rev. A. Venadam, Rev. E. Moriarty: Lishui, Chekiang.

Rev. L. Hudswell, Lungchuan, Chekiang.

Rev. C. Strang, Rev. A. Clement: Pihu, Chekiang.

Rev. D. Stringer, Tsingtien, Chekiang.

Rev. K. Turner, Rev. R. Reeves, Sungyang, Chekiang.

Rt. Rev. J. Fraser, Kinwha, Chekiang.

Rev. H. Murphy, Lanchi, Chekiang.

Rev. T. Morrissey, Tungyang, Chekiang.

Rev. J. Kelly, Pukiang, Chekiang.

Rev. C. Murphy, Niwu, Chekiang.

Rev. E. Lyons, Tangchi, Chekiang.

Rev. J.McGoey, 44 rue Chapsal, Shanghai.

Rev. G. McKernan, Tangchi, Chekiang.

Burse Completed

Our most cordial thanks are due to Rev. Donald McPherson pastor at Port Hood, N.S., who was responsible for the completion of a \$5,000 burse. The interest from this amount will be used in perpetuity for the education of a priest for work in the foreign missions.



Air view of Military cemetery on Pacific Island.

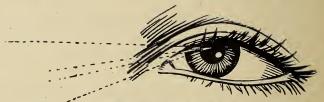
We are the Dead. Short days ago

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,

Loved and were loved, and now we lie

DURING NOVEMBER ESPECIALLY, REMEMBER THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.



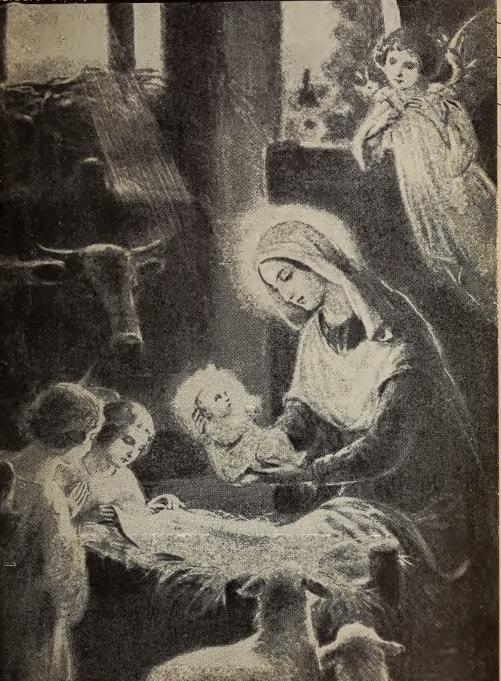


WATCH EXPIRY DATE ON YELLOW LABEL AND RENEW PROMPTLY

CHINA

carboro Bluffs, Ontario DEC

DECEMBER 1947



A Thought at Christmas

From time's beginning, with an earnest hope, People have followed stars to doom or fame, And sometimes in the murk of doubt they grope; And often walking underneath a flame.

Some conquer nations, others find new lands, With the vast constellations for their guide, And shout aloud the greatness of their hands . . . For all are stars ascendant in their pride.

How many follow Christmas, when a star Burns in their hearts the message of the Child? They note it momentarily, with a glance, And briefly they grow humble, meek and mild . . . If people would not look at Christ, askance, Then Christmas wishes might live long, go far.

Michael Harrington.



The priests and students of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society wish all their many friends a Holy and Happy Christmas



N Canada and the United States there is a deplorable lack of interest in the foreign missions resulting chiefly from the Catholic Layman's concept of missionary work as something exclusively reserved for chosen souls selected by Providence. The popular idea that missionary work is solely entrusted to priests and sisters who feel themselves called by God to such labour and therefore that layman are completely excluded is certainly false. The work must in no way be monopolized by a few chosen souls. No one is truly patriotic unless he is interested in the prosperity of his country. No one is truly Christian unless he is interested in the progress of Christianity in the world.

During the last war, the youth of our country was called upon to go overseas and sacrifice itself for a cause. Its unanimous response to that call is proof that the age of chivalry has not passed. The fire that burned in the hearts of the Crusaders inflames the breasts of our youth today. If young men and women could accept the challenge hurled at them by a worldly enemy; if they could suffer and die by the thousands to uphold their patriotic ideals, surely now they can respond to the challenge of Christ Himself—to protect and extend His Kingdom on earth. This challenge Christ voices in the plea of His missionary priests and sisters for help in the work of the foreign missions.

Youth in every age needs only an ideal to attain and a method to follow. The ideal is the spreading of the faith. Teach, baptize, all nations, Christ told His Church. You are a member of that Church. Are

you doing your part?

Hatred must now be changed for love; guns for the crucifix; the enemy is Satan and the forces of evil. The name "soldier" is changed to "missioner." Courage is essential. Have you the courage to accept the challenge?

To say that this is the work of bishops, priests and sisters is to say that the last war could have been won by generals, captains and

nurses. The common soldier "G.I. Joe" was a very necessary element. "G.I. Joe" must now become the "Lay Apostle" in mission terminology, if the ideal is to be attained. The Church needs lay apostles for overseas service. What are you going to do about it?

We need graduate Doctors who will spend one, two or three years in a mission country. Where shall we find nurses, teachers, carpenters, farmers, mechanics, even lawyers, who will join the ranks along with priests and sisters in foreign lands?

The doctor by means of his dispensary or little hospital will break down age-old prejudices and dispose thousands of people to the faith apart from the great humanitarian work he is accomplishing. Besides the hundred-fold blessing promised by Christ there is the opportunity of gaining vast experience and knowledge in the interesting study of tropical and oriental diseases, all of which will be invaluable in his later practice at home.

The nurse works in the dispensary and in the home, healing ailing bodies and stunted souls. She will be invaluable in baptizing dying infants and disposing the sick to receive instructions from the priests and sisters. It was a laywoman, Dr. Agnes McLaren whose foresight and apostolic labours were ultimately the cause of the foundation of a society of medical mission sisters, doctors, now in mission lands who by their merciful ministration to bodies are leading souls daily to the feet of Christ.

Agnes McLaren, a convert from the Presbyterian sect, became a doctor at the age of forty-one. Twenty vears later she met a missioner who had returned home for a rest after long years of service in India. From his sad story of a land where only half the children lived to be ten years old and three million babies

died every year, she gained the true meaning of the apostolic Church. The idea of the lay apostolate seized and captivated her and for the remainder of her life she strove ceaselessly to aid in the work of the foreign missions by the establishment of the medical missions. The founding of St. Catherine's hospital at Rawalpindi, India, bears testimony to her efforts. Unfortunately she did not live to see her dream of a medical mission apostolate come to fruition but she had sown the seed that others were to reap and harvest. Her successor in this work, Sister Anna Dengel, founded the society of Catholic Medical Missionaries and their work plays a large part in the struggle to attain the ideal—the spreading of the faith throughout all nations.

Have we not in Canada and the United States (upon whom in these disturbing times the foreign missions depend so much) other Agnes Mc-Larens who will accept the challenge and fill a need that becomes increasingly more pressing?

Are there not among our Catholic girls some who could join in the fight

(Continued on page 22)

CHINA

Established 1919

Editor: F. T. O'GRADY, S.F.M. Circulation Mgr.: J. L. BEAL, S.F.M.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1.00 a year

\$20.00 for life Single copy 15 cents. \$2.00 for 3 years CHINA is the official publication of the Scarbore Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., and published by Ecclesiastical authority. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Ont. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August.

> Address all communications to RT. REV. J. E. McRAE Superior General, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Searboro Bluffs, Ont.

Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.

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Vol. XXVIII

No. 12

St. Francis Xavier's Hymn of Love



O God, I love Thee for Thyself And not that I may heaven gain, Nor because those who love Thee not. Must suffer hell's eternal pain. Thou, O my Jesus! Thou didst me Upon the cross embrace; For me didst bear the nails and spear And manifold disgrace; And griefs and torments numberless. And sweat of agony; E'en death itself—and all for me Who was Thine enemy. Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ, Should I not love Thee well; Not for the sake of winning heaven, Nor of escaping hell; Not with the hope of gaining aught, Not seeking a reward; But, as Thyself hast loved me, O ever-loving Lord? E'en so, I love Thee, and will love And in Thy praise will sing; Solely because Thou are my God And my eternal King.

A December Saint: Francis Xavier

A English army officer once remarked to a certain priest that he liked best to think of St. Francis Xavier as he played games of chance with his soldier companions aboard ship during the thirteen month voyage from Portugal to Goa, India. The saint was "one of the boys" and after winning the confidence (and sometimes the money!) of his fellow passengers, he went the whole way and won their souls back for God.

A very striking example of Xaverian tactics took place during

a Portugese expedition to Aden. Francis had boarded one of the ships of the squadron where he met a soldier he had known for several years. This poor man had been addicted to almost every evil habit ever known and had been away from confession for many years. Our saint had done penance and had prayed fervently for the conversion of this very man. Now the opportunity presented itself of bringing before this conscience the notion of penitence.

During the trip they became very

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close friends. They chatted together and had their meals so that they soon became inseparable. The saint watched this wayward lad whilst he played games of chance. Together they rejoiced when he won and they mourned when luck went against him. When the poor fellow broke into foul language, as he did on many occasions, Francis seemed not to notice. This amazed the men who were with them.

When Xavier felt that the right moment had come, that the man's confidence was complete in him, he asked: "How long is it since your confession?" After a long silence the answer slowly came: "Eighteen years." However, he pleaded "not so guilty" as he said that he had sought absolution in confession and had been refused. Without pressing for the whole story, the saint thought that by now the necessary dispositions were present and assured his companion that even such scarlet blotches on the man's soul might well be made white as snow. Francis offered to hear the man's confession and as for the penance, they would divide that between them! This offer was gratefully accepted and when the ship dropped anchor the two made their way ashore to a quiet grove where the soldier made his confession with every sign of sorrow. pronounced the words of absolution Francis wandered away by himself.

Our soldier friend became curious on this point and followed. The penance had been a simple "Pater" "Ave"; now Francis was busy scourging himself! The soldier was so moved by this act of charity whereby the balance of the penance was being satisfied that he did likewise and "mixed his blood with the blood of the saint."

After giving his friend a number of rules for his future conduct, Xavier returned to Goa. The soldier

later became a religious man and a model of penitence.

This incident shows St. Francis' views on the necessity of penance. We must not be as foolish as the soldier who thought that by saying a mere Our Father and Hail Mary that his penance was completed! Thoughtless prayers or mechanically repeated prayers although numerous are insufficient. Prayers must be much more than mere recitation. Father Plus says that it is "every act that is offered up to the Divine Majesty to adore Him, give thanks to Him and implore His grace; all is offered up to Him, whether it be explicit formal prayer or the fulfilment of our daily duties!"

Just as external devotions can never make up for the very necessary interior element of prayer, so too purely interior mortification or penance are not sufficient without bodily mortification. St. Teresa of Avia says: "Prayer and ease are incompatible." And Father Faber: "I tremble when people speak much of interior mortification; it sounds so much like a confession that they are living comfortable lives." Although his sanctity enabled him to perform extraordinary penances which we are not called upon to imitate in every particular, St. Francis Xavier certainly preached and practised the ideal.





TO HEAVEN ON A MULE?

(In the article below Rev. Dr. R. Pelow, S.F.M., discusses the various modes of travel used by our missioners in the Dominican Republic.)

T T seems that everyone who visits a Latin American country for no longer than a period of one month feels himself inspired to write a book. In that treatise he favours the public with a complete explanation of the religious, economic, cultural and social condition of the country. If the visitor does not speak the language, so much the better. He is then qualified to deliver a really unbiased opinion, and we might add, unbased. Having visited our missions in the Dominican Republic for a month during the past summer and not speaking Spanish, it is quite clear that I am in a position to expound at length on any of the major problems confronting our priests there.

One of these problems concerns, not people, but animals—horses and mules, or more correctly, horses or mules. This question has been discussed frequently and for good reason by the missioners in Santo Domingo. If we had to do as much riding as they do we would also be more concerned about said problem. Some of the priests maintain that

horses should be used exclusively, others hold for mules. The latter will emphasize that mules are not donkeys, which is a point to be kept in mind.

While my remarks come from one who has strictly amateur standing, I have a sad memory upon which to present a humble opinion. It all began one fine Saturday afternoon in the middle of August-a pleasant thought in these cold December days. That morning Father John Gault, of Cornwall, Ontario, then working in Santo Domingo, accompanied me to the Cathedral in Ciudad Trujillo for the Te Deum following the taking of his oath of office by the country's President. For some time we had been trying to plan a trip to Yamasa, the most difficult of our parishes to reach, and where Father McIver, the pastor, from Seaforth, Ontario, was labouring with Father MacSween, of Ironville, Cape Breton. Finally arrangements were complete and we were to set out that afternoon.

We left the capital for a little place

CHINA

called La Bomba, which was to be the last point we could reach by automobile. From then on it would have to be travelled the hard way. When we arrived there we found Father McIver, two American Dominican Sisters, and some of the parishioners of Yamasa. The two nuns who had been teaching catechism in their parish were to return to Ciudad Trujillo by the same car in which we had come. Both of them were skilled riders and hastened to assure me that there was really nothing to fear. It was quite a shock to learn the sad truth in a very short time, although I am quite sure there

The first ten yards were not so bad. The next ten not so good. From then on it was anything but good. The parishioners of Father McIver were too kind to laugh but they must have had the urge to do so frequently. The trip was over mountains and across streams. Magnificent scenery all around, but for some reason it was difficult to appreciate after the first few yards. Going up and down the steep hills did not seem so bad since the horse walked slowly enough. But travelling along the level terrain was agony since the horse always seemed heading for the sky when I was on the way to earth.

Spanish Proverbs

1. Haz bien, y no mires a quién.—
Do good, and do not look to
whom. i.e., good is to be done
disinterestedly.

Gloria vana, florece y no grana.
 —Vain glory, flourishes but does not sow. i.e., worldly satisfactions last only a short time.

Hombre prevenido vale por dos.
 —A man prepared is worth two.
 i.e., he who works with foresight has a great advantage.

4. Ira de hermanos, ira de diablos. —Anger of brothers, anger of devils. i.e., anger between close friends or relatives is to be feared more than anger between strangers.

5. Arrimate a los buenos y seràs uno de ellos.—Place yourself beside the good and you will be one of them. i.e., it is beneficial to have good companions.

was no intention to deceive me.

The rest of the trip to Yamasa was to be made by horse. Father McIver kindly provided us with riding boots and spurs. Father Gault, an experienced rider, mounted quickly and was ready to leave. It did look easy enough. But it appears that there is a correct side and a wrong side from which to make the ascent to the saddle. Horses apparently take a dim view, so to speak, of a human mounting them from the wrong side. I was about to try the port side when they warned me to switch to the starboard, or else! After hoisting the seven league boots off the ground, the saddle and I finally got together. After a short stop at one of the campos, we reached Yamasa some three hours later. It was so good to walk again.

During the brief stay with Fathers McIver and MacSween we met a very smart little lad. Father Gault asked him for me if he knew from what country we came. The lad replied in English: "Canada." Then he was asked what was the largest city in Canada, and he replied: "Kingston." That being my own home town, I was delighted and realized how well Father Ainslie, formerly pastor of Yamasa, had instructed the lad. The lad had learned two words in Eng-

lish from the other Kingstonian, Father Ainslie.

After a couple of days the inevitable happened. We were to leave for the return journey to the capital. This time, Father McIver assured,



things would be different. The trip would be by mule, and he maintains that the only beast to ride is a mule. He was right. It was different. It was worse, I think, if anything. The route was supposed to be the same

but it seemed to have lengthened by some fifty odd miles. Finally, we reached La Bomba and the automobile that would take us the rest of the way to Ciudad Trujillo.

As to the original question, whether one should prefer a horse to a mule, or vice versa, I hate to bring a third opinion into the ring, but the answer should be NEITHER. Like Hamlet's "To be, or not to be," our problem should be "To ride or not to ride." Like Hamlet we can speak of "the thousand natural shocks the flesh is heir to," when one must ride either horse or mule. But in present circumstances our priests have no choice. Although there are many places they could travel by automobile or jeep, and their results would be vastly increased since they could travel further and faster. They could contact more people, aid more souls, bring the sacraments to more of their thousands of parishioners. It is not the hardship of riding that concerns the missioners. They do get used to riding, they claim-although that is open to debate. It is the realization that they could do so much more work if they had other means of transportation. Anyone who could aid in providing such a vehicle would earn the deep thanks of the missioners and the eternal gratitude of the souls they could thereby help.

Prayer for Seminarians

JESUS, Eternal High Priest, I offer Thee, through Thy Immaculate Mother Mary, Thy own Precious Blood, in all the Masses throughout the world, as a petition for graces for all seminarians, Thy future priests. Give them humility, meekness, prudence, and a burning zeal for souls. Fill their hearts with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to know and love the Church, that they may always and everywhere speak, act, think with her, the glorious Spouse of Christ. Teach them generosity and detachment from the miserable things of this world; but above all, teach them to know Thee and to love Thee, the one and only Eternal Priest. Do Thou, Good Shepherd of Souls, hear this my prayer for saintly priests. Amen.

With Ecclesiastical Approbation.



"Are you the barber who cut my hair the last time?"
"I don't think so. I have only been here six months."

Mr. Henpeck: "I am thinking of taking a cottage about here." Farmer: "But don't you think the climate would disagree with your wife."

Mr. Henpeck: "Disagree, indeed you don't know my wife. Why, man alive, it wouldn't dare."

Man: "Is it true that my son has owed you for a suit for three years?" Tailor: "Yes. Do you wish to pay the bill?"

Man: "No, I would like a suit on the same terms."

Angry Neighbor: "Did you scold your youngster for mimicking me?" Mother: "Yes; I told him to stop acting like a fool."

Politician, waxing warm, and warning the public against the imposition of heavier tariffs on imports: "If you don't stop shearing the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs, you'll pump it dry."

The anxious mother was inquiring about her ungovernable son. "And does my boy like to study?"

The teacher's reply was a masterpiece of double meaning: "He likes to do nothing better."

"Gwen said if any man kisses her without warning she would scream for her father."

"What did you do?"
"I warned her."

"I've been asked for references for our last maid. What on earth can I say in her favour?"

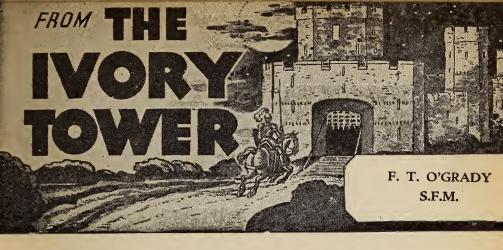
"Well, she has a good appetite and sleeps well."

'Now, then, young man," demanded her father irritably, when he called for the tenth time, "what do you want with my daughter?"
Wi-with her sir? Well you know best what you can afford."

Visitor: "Why is the church bell ringing, Sexton?" Sexton: "Cos I be pulling this 'ere rope, mister!"

When making your will remember the foreign missions! Money is urgently needed for our new seminary and to reconstruct mission stations in China.

Page Ten China



T is Christmas Eve! Whilst shoppers dash madly down the street to buy a present for Aunt Minnie whose gift just arrived and who had been forgotten, ye olde professor muses in his den. From the window in my ivory tower I see the people returning to their homes and already one can hear the children counting the Christmas cards: 19 sailboats, 12 doggies, 12 coachand-fours, and 7 distinctly religious Christmas cards was the day's total. Christmas is misunderstood, and so is Christ; and so is God.

Christ's Day

One of the contemporary philoso-phers has described God as "an oblong blur." This modern development is certainly an original one. There was a time when some man said that Christ was not a true man; these were the heretics known as Docetists. Another group denied that Christ was anything except a man; this was the heresy known Adoptionism. And now "an oblong blur"! Possibly there may be some who will want to change the name for December 25th; how would "Parallelogram Day" be? The Soviet mathematicians might like that. But Catholic Tradition would not and since the latter is responsible for such a wonderful Feast, the convictions of 2,000 years will not be overridden by any veto.

The Christ of Catholicism

A new book reviewed on another page of this issue gives a clear picture and a definite answer to the question: What think ye of Christ? There is no sentimental nonsense about dogma. It is a fact which confronts us, not a theory. And the fact makes its demands. The fact is simply that Christ was true God and true Man. This fact is found in Sacred Scripture and is also found in the never-changing tradition of the Church. The Christ of history is identical with the Christ of faith. Truth cannot be dualistic; as science and theology cannot be opposed, as philosophy and theology cannot be opposed, so Christ as known to us by human reason cannot be opposed or different from Christ as known by revelation.

The Protestant Christ

The lines above may seem very trite and commonplace yet it is still necessary to repeat them. A proof of this is given in TIME of November 10th, 1947, which reported a meeting of Congregationalists at Chicago. It is the boast of Protestantism that it is tolerant of each man's belief. A result of this is evidence of how far

this sort of tolerance can go. Fifty Congregational Ministers were asked questions concerning their beliefs. Two did not believe that Christ ever lived on earth! Twelve considered the crucifixion a "noble example"; twenty-three believed it was "divine redemption for sinful men." Eight denied original sin. Seven did not believe in the resurrection! eight of the fifty held the bible authoritative. The only thing they all believed in was "God" but here they could not agree on a definition or explanation of any kind. has been taken out of Congregationalism's presentation of Christianity.

The Anatomy of Tolerance

One frequently hears that Christ was tolerant and the excellent example adduced is that of His attitude towards the woman taken in adultery. From this the argument goes on to show the necessity of tolerance, i.e., doing nothing when your neighbour says: "There is no God" if you want to be Christlike! Of all the nonsensical reasoning! The conclusion is the result of the most horrible confusion. Christ was never one to deny the truth or allow a sincere person to go away with any misconception. He was tolerant with reference to the past actions of others, when He saw the person was sorry for sins; he was not tolerant when a person sought to justify existing sin; witness His condemnation of the Pharisees. Tolerance with reference to MORALS must be interpreted in this light. about tolerance Now what FAITH?

Every man must follow his conscience and always he must strive to develop a "right" conscience. If your neighbour does his best to develop a correct conscience and you know full well he is failing (because you have access to an infallible standard and he has not) what should be your attitude? Any prudent effort to help

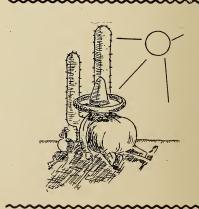
him is an act of charity. If no external move (that is apart from prayer) is possible, then prudence dictates that you leave him alone until a more propitious moment. However, if you stand idly by and say: "I'm tolerant; he is wrong but I am not going to interfere," your attitude is the direct opposite of Christ's.

Tolerance or Aggression

There must not be any trap whereby you are forced to choose between tolerance in the sense of doing nothing, and agression after the fashion of the Jehovah Witnesses. Both are extremes. No person is justified in breaking into his neighbour's house and forcing information upon him which is unasked for, not wanted and resented. Even were truth communicated under such circumstances, it could have no good effect. At the same time we must remember that the "do nothing" attitude is equally an extreme.

Shopping Around

Since the dawn of history there have been many millions of men who are sincerely searching for the truth. Does tolerance require that we stand back and allow them to struggle alone when we have the answer?



Obviously there is a strict obligation to try in every way to help. This implies the use first of all of prayer for the grace necessary because faith must work with reason; the latter alone is insufficient though necessary. Approached in the right way and with sufficient help, such people can reach their goal and benefit from the consolations which the true faith offers. It is safe to say that the bulk of mankind fits this category of men who are shopping around for the truth. Woe unto us when we miss an opportunity to help.

Christmas Shopping or Shopping For Christ

At this time of the year our holy religion has a very special appeal. The liturgy, especially Midnight Mass has an attraction for non-Catholics. Perhaps that is the real reason for the hustle and bustle. There is a search all right but the gifts are not the real object sought. It is the peace and equanimity which the spirit of Christmas symbolizes. The mood is heightened by the fir tree and tinsel, by the gifts strewn

around the floor, by the Yuletide music coming endlessly through the radio but the mind still searching is not satisfied.

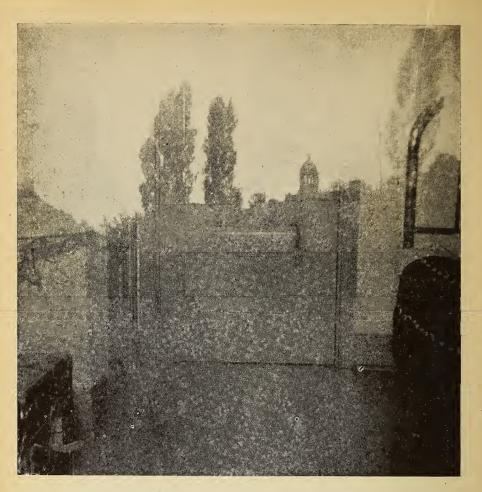
From Crib to Christ

At church the Christmas midnight Mass is the scene for many non-Catholic visitors and this is true of every Catholic church throughout the world every year. The appeal of the liturgy puts the emphasis on Christ as Man. The Incarnation took place to enable men to approach God. Today we use the device of St. Francis of Assisi, the Christmas crib, to tell the story of God's becoming man. The season is a religious one and has nothing to do with sailboats or puppy - dogs, although increasing numbers of Christmas cards might lead one to believe this.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do To entertain this starry Stranger? Is this the best thou canst bestow—A cold and not too cleanly manger?

What are the prospects for a Merry Christmas?





Can you see beyond the door of your room? There may be a Seminary in your future! Read the vocation article below?

A N angel of God stood over the shepherds at Bethlehem and told them not to fear because he brought good tidings of great joy. On the occasion of Mission Sunday last October Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, referred to those same tidings when he appealed to America for more and more missioners that countless thousands of souls in the world who still do not know Christ might "learn the mysteries of the Faith, hear the tidings of great joy."

The war dealt a heavy blow not only to the missions but also to the Church in Europe, and in these circumstances much of the hope of the Missions rests with us in America. The Holy Father expressed confidence that many young people will follow in the footsteps of the Divine Master and dedicate their lives to the salvation of souls on the Missions. Indeed it has been truly said that at no time in the history of the Church has there been more need of a con-

certed effort on the part of all members of the Mystical Body to help the Missions.

When Christ issued the command to His disciples that they were to go into the whole world, preach His gospel to every creature and make disciples of all nations, that order was not restricted to his immediate audience. Christ meant it for all members of the Church, His Mystical Body, with no restriction as to time or individuals. This the Holy Father has indicated in no uncertain terms when he declared: "A Catholic's interest in the missions must not be superficial; it should go as deep as the character imprinted on the soul in Baptism and Confirmation whereby we are conformed to the likeness of Christ, deputed to His service and pledged to work hard and constantly for the building up and increase of the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ." So the responsibility to work for the growth of the Church belongs to all of us, although obviously in different ways. Of some it demands the sacrifice of their alms and prayers, of others it demands the sacrifice of their lives in the foreign mission priesthood of Christ.

What we have received we must pass on and not pocket. What has been given to us by men like the glorious Canadian Martyrs must not be confined but cradled for growth in other lands. There were no castaways from Christ, there were no foreigners to Christ, no privileged ones with Christ—there were only

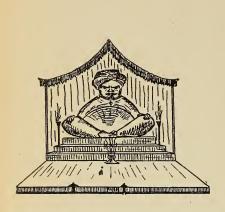
those who had never had the blessing of knowing of Him as we have had. The arms of Christ were stretched wide, as wide as the world. as wide as all conditions in which men can be found, as wide as all the lands in which men dwell. The arms of His Mystical Body are no less wide in their embrace. That is why there are foreign missions. That is why the Vicar of Christ in Rome calls to us for more foreign missioners. That is why every Catholic young man in this country should consider seriously whether or not God may have given him the precious gift of a vocation.

At this holy season of Christmas we automatically think of generosity, of giving. We think of the divine generosity, the gift of God to us, the gift of His only-begotten Son on the first Christmas morn. We might well ask ourselves what have we given to God in return. In fact, He may be asking us to give Him something really big in return for what He has given to us. He may be asking us to dedicate our lives to His service as foreign missioners. If one has the qualifications, mental, moral and physical requirements, it is surely worth while considering. If you feel God may have given you such a vocation write to us for further information. God may have chosen you to be another messenger bringing tidings of great joy to those who know not Christ as did the angel on the first Christmas.

IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY BURSE

As a Christmas gift to the Divine Child and His Immaculate Mother, will you make a contribution to this burse? The interest will be used *perpetually* to educate a priest.

CHINA Page Fifteen







CAPSULES

Do you like yourself? Of course you do—that is only right. Well, then, be good to yourself. You are probably one of those thousands suffering from a disease called mission cold.

You know, a mission cold is a very serious sickness but it is easy to detect. Its symptoms are unmistakable-lack of interest, complete indifference, dullness and absence of fervour towards mission work. I need not remind you that a cold can be very dangerous but this is expecially true if you have the type known as mission cold. We have a remedy, foolproof and very simple-each month the sufferer takes one M.E.B. capsule. Repeat this each month until you feel cured. We guarantee this prescription will work wonders for vou.-You'll have that peppy energetic attitude towards missions that every healthy Catholic is proud to have.

I suppose you want to know what M.E.B. capsules are. I think you already know. To prove it, look at the sketches on either side of this page. They'll give you a clue. You see there a Buddha before whom burns incense; also there is an Indian snake charmer. On this side a priest, let's say your pastor, preaches from an ornamented pulpit. Those spires are certainly like those you see on your own parish church.

So what do these mean? These are a pictorial way of saying that we want to supplant the Buddhas and snake charmers with priests and churches. How? By mission work.

So the M.E.B. has to do with missions and here is how the M.E.B.



TAKE AS



REQUIRED

is going to cure your mission cold. It is generally known that these mission colds are caused by the inability to answer certain questions—the what, why, how, where, when, who—of the missions.

Consequently here is what we are going to do in the M.E.B. column. Each month we are going to tell you some secrets. From this column you will learn what missions are, where they are, why they must be, how they can be, who is to participate—in short, we'll tell you the whole story behind foreign mission work. We are going to cure your mission sickness.

Just as the man who knows the inside story of the Atomic Bomb (how it is made, its destructive force, its radioactivity and so forth) just

as that man is better informed than the man who merely remembers its use at Hiroshima—so when you learn these facts and reasons behind mission work you will be much better informed and much more capable of coping with your mission malady.

Since our purpose, then, is to tell you some of the reasons behind mission work we will call this column the Mission Education Bulletin or M.E.B.

Now, if you belong to a mission society in your high school or to a study club in your parish perhaps you would like to distribute these M.E.B. remedies to cure this ravaging monster—the mission cold. In the January issue of China you will receive the first treatment for your illness. Don't miss it.



REV. J. GAULT, S.F.M. REV. R. HYMUS, S.F.M.

San Jose de Ocoa, one of our parishes in the Dominican Republic. Total number of parishioners: 30,500 (approx.); number of priests: Two, Rev. R. J. Hymus, S.F.M. and Rev. J. Moriarty, S.F.M.

THE parish of San José de Ocoa is one of the most spiritually promising of the twelve which, at present, are under the care of the Scarboro priests in the Dominican Republic. It came under the jurisdiction of our Fathers in the early part of 1944. During the two preceding years no priest had resided in the town. For long years it had not received adequate spiritual attention. Hence, religion was at its lowest ebb when Fathers Hymus and Cox first saw it. For some time after their arrival only one woman frequented the Sacraments and very few found their way to the church on Sunday mornings. However, the religious situation has been and still is changing radically.

Just Molly and Me

San José de Ocoa is a young town as towns go in the Dominican Republic. It was founded in 1805 in a most romantic manner. A young man, Andrés Pimentel Acevedo by name, lived near the large town of Bani which is situated near the Caribbean coast. Andrés fell in love with a beautiful maiden whom he decided to make his bride. When this plan became known, family opposition arose. In order to avoid all difficulties he fled with his young wife into the mountains which towered behind his native town. After a long and arduous trek they settled in a valley which is about 1,500 feet above sea level and forty miles northwest of Bani. The spot is known today as San José de Ocoa.

Calling All Farmers

The land around this romantic town is rolling and fertile. Its most important products a re coffee, potatoes (much smaller than their Canadian brothers), and peanuts. Besides these there are large quantities of beans, corn, tobacco, onions, rice, chickpea, etc. As well as agri-

culture there is also some cattle breeding and apiculture. Production is gradually increasing and hopes are high. One distinguished "caballero" of the town has put it well: "The song of work is the hymn which daily rises from our mountains in thanksgiving to God and to our Lady of Altagracia."

Some of Ocoa's many country districts have interesting names. For example: Mahomet's Mouth (La Boca de Mahoma), The Evasion (El Desecho), The Little Fig (El Higuito), The Pine Grove (El Pinar), The Orange Grove (El Naranjal), etc.

The Church

The church, as in most Latin American centres, faces a large park. Unlike the majority of Dominican churches it was built after the style of modern ones in the United States and Canada. It was completed not many years past. The President of the country gave a large personal donation to complete the required amount.

Although the patron of the church is St. Joseph, it is especially noted for its shrine in honour of our Lady of Altagracia. Every year on January 22, thousands of pilgrims wend their way over the mountain trails to this centre of Marian devotion.

S.O.S. (See Our Side)

The parish consists of, not only a town of approximately 3,500 souls, but also thirty-four country districts. Each of these districts is considered a mission post and should possess a roomy chapel and a resident catechist.

Actually, there are only two or three small, thatched-roof chapels in the entire territory. Living in these missions there are around 27,000 persons who are catholics, at least nominally.

The two Scarboro priests who now care for this parish have hired three laymen to assist them. They are able to teach Catechism weekly to the children in several of the nearer They accompany the missions. priests on the mission trips and do many odd jobs around the parish centre. However, they are not priests and hence cannot offer Holy Mass, nor hear confessions, nor baptise except in cases of necessity, nor administer to the sick in their dying moments, etc. It would take twenty priests to properly attend to the spiritual needs of such a parish. Lack of priests, an empty parish treasury and difficult transportation are retarding the work among these good people. Let me relate a few facts and incidents which will bring these points out more clearly.

The Priest Goes to the Mountain

I have been told that in the hills which enclose the Ocoan valley there are many people who have never seen a priest. The majority of the women folk, especially, have neither desire nor purpose for coming down from their little homes in the mountain solitude, and due to the scarcity of clergy many points have not been visited by Christ's Ambassadors for decades and even longer.

One day an old mountaineer





Overnight Mission Station in Dominican Republic

asked me to hear his confession. After a short conversation I discovered that he believed that death was the end of all. Upon asking him why, then, he desired to confess, he replied: "It is just a whim of mine." The poor fellow had likely heard something about the Sacrament in his childhood but nothing else since then

On one occasion I was invited to a home which is situated on the top of one of the highest mountain ridges. There I was to offer Holy Mass and perform whatever other priestly duties would be necessary. early on the chosen day sacristan and I set out on horseback. An hour's ride brought us to the foot of the ridge. Then we began the slow climb. I felt sorry for the poor beasts but would have felt much more sorry for myself if I had had to make the climb without an animal. About half way up the slope the front legs of the sacristan's horse crossed and it fell, a limp heap. After much coaxing and pushing we left the exhausted creature by the wayside to die. The sacristan finished the climb on foot. It took over two hours to reach the summit.

Upon reaching the house, I found

very few people waiting for Mass. After all, I could hardly blame the neglected mountain folk, for I was the first priest who had ever gone to this forgotten nook to offer the Holy Sacrifice. They did not realize what it was all about. It would take many trips to attract any great numbers.

To add to my disappointment, I discovered that the owner of the house was not married to the mother of his children. He was not malicious: far from it. When the sacristan explained that the priest could not say Mass in a home where the owner was living in such a manner the good couple decided to get married then and there. After making all the investigations which were necessary and possible under the circumstances I then and there assisted at their marriage. The ceremony was followed by Holy Mass, attended by a small group of friends and neighbours.

Paging Good Samaritans

Another time, I was called to an old sick lady who wished to make her Easter Duty. She lived on a mountain side not more than an hour's ride from the town.

Upon arriving at my destination I

did not know where to go. The thatched-roof house was in ruins and abandoned. Then I spied a little back-kitchen made out of stakes driven into the ground. Upon pushing the ill-fitting door inward I saw a pitiful sight. The old lady was lying on a fairly wide wooden shelf which had been used for pots and pans. It was in this hovel that she and her daughter lived. The latter slept on the bare ground. They explained that the house had long since fallen to ruin and that they had neither money nor manual help to repair it. So, when the house became absolutely useless, they moved into the little shack.

For such cases as these Father Hymus is dreaming of an old peoples' home. He has been planning for some time and the townspeople are very enthusiastic about the idea. To date, they have managed to gather enough money to buy a beautiful piece of property at the main entrance to the town. It will be a splendid location. However, I fear that unless some Good Samaritans soon come around the bend in the road it will take the building a very long time to rise from the good earth.

Of Such As These . . .

Recently, a local doctor opened a small hospital. More power to him. What a wonderful thing it would be if there were some Catholic Sisters to assist him in this brave effort.

How heart-rending it is to watch the young die! One night, within a very few hours, I was called upon to visit the homes of three poor families. In two of the homes young boys, about twelve years of age, were wasting away with that consuming fever known as typhus. In the third home a little, unbaptised girl was agonizing with the same dread disease. Every year, in and around

Ocoa, typhus snuffs out many young lives.

One of the most promising little members of our Catechism class was buried before I was transferred from Ocoa. The following year I returned for a few days and visited the lad's grave. While saying a prayer for him a funeral procession entered the cemetery. It was another youngster, the fourth to be lowered into the ground that day. All had died from typhus. The blow which most impressed me came very recently when I learned that a lad named Ives had been carried away by the same killer. I had baptised him, prepared him for Confession and Holy Communion, trained him as an altar-boy, etc., not much more than a year before.

This scourge will soon be diminished when the Government completes the construction of an aqueduct for Ocoa. Then the people will not need to drink the river water which is blamed as the source of the disease. Even with this splendid precaution it still holds true that Hospital Sisters can do marvels for the souls and bodies of God's Ocoan children.

Fr. Robert Hymus, the Pastor, and Fr. Joseph Moriarty, his assistant, are doing their best in that parish lost in the West Indian mountains. But they cry out to young aspirants to the Priesthood, to the Sisters of all Religious Congregations, to the teaching Brothers, to the good laity, for co-operation and assistance. What will be your answer?



for souls as Florence Nightingales. of the missions? One need not be a saint to undertake this work, rather to undertake this work is a long step on the road to sanctity for to serve one's neighbour for God's sake is to love God, and love of God is holiness.

Where do lawyers, teachers, carpenters, mechanics and farmers fit into the plan of the lay apostolate?

The lawyer who goes "active" in the missionary army can accomplish in his own field as much as the doctor and nurse in theirs. He, by studying the law existing in foreign fields can help in the administration of church and christian property. If priests in the home ministry require the aid of competent catholic lawyers in the settlement of cases pertaining to church and civil law, how much more are they needed in mission lands, where church law is not respected and civil law is the sole norm. Also, his knowledge and social standing will attract attention and his piety will convert.

The great work awaiting lay teachers on the missions need hardly be described. The seed of Christian teachings takes root and grows with difficulty in hearts and minds coated with the hard crust of pagan superstitions and practices. The ignorance of the people among whom he labours is a great obstacle to the missionary who can spare very little time to instruct them in the natural arts and Lay teachers are the sciences. answer to this problem. Let them prepare the soil by their work in the class-room and the mustard seed of faith planted by the priest will quickly develop into a great tree.

The early Jesuit missionaries of California and Mexico discovered the necessity and advantage of teaching the Indians the practical arts and trades, chiefly farming, that by improving their temporal condition they might the more easily lead them to God. The wisdom of this method is certainly not lost to modern missionaries but again, "the labourers are few." Farmers who will study soil conditions and help the poor ignorant country folk to produce better crops will also lead them to God. Mechanics can teach them the trades; the saw and hammer are not without a part in the mission plan. The dignity of the working man, of the arts and professions have their place in the economy of salvation.

There is glory in serving a good cause. The cause is Christ. The motto: "FOR CHRIST, IN CHRIST, WITH CHRIST."

Bishops, priests, sisters, laymen, and laywomen form the complete army. The bishops, priests and sisters are in the field of battle. They await reinforcements. This is the challenge to the laymen of our day. "WHICH LAYMAN OR LAYWOMAN WILL READ THESE LINES AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?"





THE CHRIST OF CATHOLICISM, by Dom Aelred Graham. Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto. 381 pp. \$4.75.

Father Graham, a monk of Ampleforth Abbey, has written another book of the same high caliber as his The Love of God. This time it is his purpose to corelate Holy Scripture and Dogma. There does not appear to be anything quite like this book in the field either of Scripture or Theology. However, it would be very misleading to give the impression that it is beyond the reach of the layman. As the text has it (p. 205) "the apparent technicalities of theology are well within the reach of a quite normal intelligence, since they are in reality closely connected with common sense and everyday speech."

This book is a joy for Scripture students who have been searching for the doctrinal sequence of the argument for Christ's true natures as given by the Bible. It is not a diluted commentary on the New Testament; the author calls it a 'meditative study' and all priests will like it as a review

of their studies on the Incarnation and Redemption with the biblical support and background for the doctrine.

There can be no question that contemporary thinkers are very much concerned with the supernatural and quotations from Karl Barth and Arnold Toynbee show that leading non-Catholics are seeking answers which only the true Church can give. Hence the timeliness of this study and the appeal it is bound to have for every serious reader. References are abundant (and well-indexed) with such diverse writers as Dante and Kierkegaard, St. Jerome and Harnack, Niebuhr and Monsignor Knox represented. The work is not a rehash of standard Catholic sources but something quite original and a distinct contribution to popular yet serious theology. It is recommended not only to priests and seminarians but also to every seriously thinking person.

THE MEETING OF EAST AND WEST, by F. S. C. Northrop. N.Y. Macmillan. 1946. 531 pp. \$6.00.

Professor Northrop of Yale University has been reading Kipling but he has not been convinced. In fact he says he is convinced that East and West can meet thanks to modern science. It will be necessary for you to read over 300 pages before you come to this but its there. It has been called a very important book and certainly the issues he discusses are vital yet we fail to see an easy solution or even a possible solution on

the basis of the author's suggestion.

In 1939 a group of philosophers gathered at the University of Hawaii; the major papers read at that assembly were published under the title: "Philosophy: East and West". Now Dr. Northrop has been prompted to further research and this book contains his conclusions.

An illuminating study of the differences between the cultures of America, England, Germany, Russia, China, Japan, India and the two cultures actually struggling in Palestine is to be found in these pages. When he gets down to individuals though, there is room for doubting. St. Thomas Aquinas comes off very poorly at the hands of the author. The physics of Aristotle is said to be the very marrow of Thomistic cosmology and metaphysics. When Aristotlan science collapsed, of necessity so did Thomistic thought... One can hardly agree.

In general the differences between the Oriental mind and the European way of thinking are well explained, but modern science can hardly be asked to do so much. When ethics and morals are reduced to the terminology of the laboratory, man is being subjected to a test-tube. Mind is beyond this and so is virtue. Material considerations explain individual differences, but only the spirit can unite. This philosophical principle based on biblical thought, is ignored. We believe that East and West *could* unite but only on a supernatural basis.



BOOKS WANTED

RODERIGUEZ: Christian

Perfection
IGNATIUS: Spiritual Exercises

FABER: Growth in Holiness
RYAN: The Church in the South

American Republics

WICKHAM: The Unrealists



At Bayaguana, R.D., Sept. 1947. In white cassock Rev. J. Gault, Rev. R. Pelow, Rev. L. Hart, Rev. L. Curtin, Rev. J. Walsh, Rev. W. Matte, all S.F.M.



CHARLES ROLLES R

Merry Christmas

Dear little-One, how sweet Thou art, Thine eyes, how bright they shine; So bright they almost seem to speak When Mary's look meets Thine.

PER REAL REAL REAL REAL REAL REAL REAL

HRISTMAS once again! Laughter and music and joy overflowing! The birthday of Jesus, the Son of God. It is a story we never tire of hearing; the singing Angels, the thrilled shepherds, the silent St. Joseph, the Mother and Child. Down through the ages rings the joyful message, "Christ is born, forget all sadness!" Indeed we should forget all sadness when we think of the numberless blessings that have come to us because Christ was born.

But, dear girls and boys, can we forget all sadness while there are still millions of children who have never sung a Christmas hymn, nor "with Mary gazed in joy upon that Face awhile, upon the loving Infant smile?" All they have gazed upon

have been fearsome idols made of clay and stone.

Christmas is indeed a feast of happiness and joy because on that day the *Hope* of the world was born. To bring this *Hope* to all pagan nations is our glorious privilege. So, this Christmas, as you kneel to receive your Infant Jesus in Holy Communion, beseech Him to have mercy upon the thousands of children the world over. Pray Him to inspire yourselves to increase your own missionary efforts to bring more and more souls to His Crib. Thus, little by little, we will banish all sadness, and in every country "songs of angels will fill the air" and all men will adore Him.

By the way, those wishing to become a member of our Garden, please write plainly your name, address, and age, and send it along to me and within a very short time you will receive your membership card.

Your friend always,

Father Jim.

ST ST ST ST ST ST ST ST ST ST ST ST



QUICKIE QUIZ:

What two saints were called the Apostles of the Indies?





Dear Fr. Jim:

I enjoy reading the "CHINA" and especially the Mail Bag. I am sixteen years of age and am looking for a pen pal about the same age in Canada or America.

Elizabeth Browne,
The Retreat,
Freshwater Road,
St. John's, Nfld.

Here's hoping you will always like to read CHINA, Elizabeth, and will interest others in it. Elizabeth is interested in having a Pen Pal Buds.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I'm glad to know that what I'm sending will help save some pagan child, and I will continue sending my tribute.



Diane Hannon, 13 Gibson Ave. Hamilton, Ont.

Well done, Diane! And I'm sure all Heaven feels the same way about you too . . . a cheerful giver.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am writing to send you a little contribution that I have made by picking tomatoes. I am in grade 8 now and I need a little help from God to pass to high school.



Yvonne Gouin, R. R. No. 2, Tecumseh, Ont. Thanks for everything, Yvonne, and I wish you every success in your studies this year so that you will pass into high school.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I sincerely thank you for the "mite" box and prayer. I say the prayer for the Chinese children every night. My brother Bernard also belongs to the Rose Garden.



Noreen Tully, R. R. No. 4, Lindsay, Ont.

Bless you, Noreen, for all you and those at home are doing to bring pagan China to God. Here's wishing you all a Merry Christmas!

Dear Fr. Jim:

I have been hearing so many things about the "Little Flowers Rose Garden" that I would like very much to join and have a mite box and Pen Pals from all over the world.



Madonna Moon, Blackhead Rd., St. John's, Nfld.

Madonna is 15 years of age, Buds, and this is the first publication of her name. She would like to have some Pen Pals.



Two clericos (altar boys) at Seibo, in the Dominican Republic

Dear Fr. Jim:

Enclosed please find some stamps which I saved to help some pagan children in China. I say a prayer for them every day. Please say a prayer for my little brother to get better soon.

Anna Crowe, Torbay, Nfld.

Many thanks for the used stamps Anna. Sorry to learn that your little brother is not well. We shall not forget him in our prayers.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Enclosed please find \$1.00 which I saved during the summer in my mite box. I am also sending some stamps for the Missions. I remember the Missions in my prayers and pray for their success.



Rosemary Olsen, Adamson Road, Erindale, Ont.

You're a great little missionary, Rosemary, and I'm proud of you. Keep on praying for the Missions, and you will draw down many Graces for pagan children.

Dear Fr. Jim:

It has been a long time since we sent you any money. I hope this helps some poor Chinese girl or boy. We have a box for the Chinese at school too and we all help to fill it.



Margaret and Frank LaPlante, 9 Endean Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Hurrah for Margaret and Frank. You are real live-wire Buds and God will crown your efforts with success.

Dear Fr. Jim:

Enclosed you will find a money order for \$2.60 which is the result of our savings. I know it isn't much, but I guess it's a help. We understand the great need for funds and prayers, and we will do our best to help.

Sheila, Veronica and Thomas Neville,

North River, Nfld.

God bless you all for the sacrifices your gift represents, and which will bring happiness to some child in China. Your prayers also are appreciated.



Dorothy, Eileen and Mary MacGillivray of Hespeler, Ontario. Mary was the Bud of the month for last September. Thanks for the picture Mary.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am a little boy of 6 living with my grandparents. My daddy, mother and little brother are sick, so would ask the children to pray for them. I pray for you and your little pagans.

Leo Carroll. Bell Island, Nfld.

Well Leo, thanks for your prayers and sacrifices for the Missions. At Christmas time I will pray to the Infant Jesus and ask Him to bless your daddy, mummy and little brother.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I got the address from one of my friends so I decided to write and ask you for a little box to put my spending money in as I get quite a lot nowadays keeping house.

Eileen Lavin. Petawawa, Ont.

Your friends are real missioners for spreading the good news about China's children. We need more Buds to pray and to work in the Little Flower's Rose Garden.

New Members

CHAFFEY'S LOCKS, ONT.

Davis, Mary, 15.

BURFORD, ONT.

Brohman, Marianne, 16, Cornish House.

CALEDONIA, ONT.

Stoneman, Barbara, 16, R.R. No. 1.

CARLSRUHE, ONT.

Grub, Noreen, 12, R.R. No. 1.

CHATHAM, ONT.

Kahue, Mary, 11, 277 Grand Ave., East hatham.

COLLINS BAY, ONT.
McLean, Anita, 17.
COOKSTOWN, ONT.

Rivett, Mary, 13.
COPPER CLIFF, ONT.

Morrison, Fleurette, 7.
CORBYVILLE, ONT.
Buckley, Mary, 13, 15 Chatham St.;
Farrell, Teresa, 15, 37 Moire St. E.; McAvoy, Kenneth, 12.

CORNWALL, ONT.
Berry, Marilyn, 11, 138 Fifth St. East;
McDonald, Carmel, 12, 440 Gloucester

DALKEITH, ONT.
McDonald, Shirley, 11, Box 88.
DELORA, ONT.

Reid, Anna, 18.

DOUGLAS, ONT.

Breen, Anita, 7; Knudson, Alma, 12, c/o Mike Foley

c/o Mike Foley.

DUBLIN, ONT.

Kistner, Dorothy, 15, R.R. 1.

DUNDAS, ONT.

Fechnay, Beverly, 11, 13 Main St.;

Grightmere, Clare Louise, 14, 3 South St.; Sheehan, Therese, 16, 357 King St.

DURHAM, ONT.

Hamilton, Noreen, 15, Box 51; Smith, Anne, 16, Box 254; Smith, Mary, 14, Box 254.

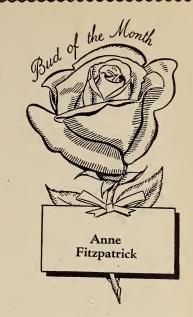
Anne, 1 Box \cdot 254.

EASTON'S CORNERS, ONT. Fleming, Marjorie, 15.

CALVERT, NEWFOUNDLAND

CALVERT, NEWFOUNDLAND

Canning, Alfreda, 12, Calvert, Newfoundland; Carew, Madona, 13, Calvert, Newfoundland; Johnston, Bordie, 8, Calvert, Newfoundland; Johnston, Cyril, 6, Riverhead, Calvert, Newfoundland; Johnston, Orlil, 6, Riverhead, Calvert, Newfoundland; Johnston, Michael, 12; Kavanagh, Dorothy, 12; Alfreda, 10; Angela, 13; Raymond, 10; Larry, 9; Robert, 12; Murphy, Agnes, 12; Murphy, Clara, 13; O'Brien, Colette, 10; Rossiter, Regina, 9; Power, Ernest, 11; Marjorie, 9; Harold, 13; Redigan, Bernard, 10; Swain, Alfreda, 14; Genieve, Meyers St.; Matthews, Donna, 10, 16 St. Charles St.; Matthews, Rose Marie, 8, 15 Chatham St.; Meagher, James, 7, 9 Octavia St.; Moreau, Patricia, 7, 85 Pinnacle St.; Morrell, Kathleen, 14, 233 Foster Ave.; Morrison, Billy, 7, 55 Evans St.; Mullin, Rosemary, 10, R.R. 5; Murphy, Jacqueline, 7, 47 Ridley St.; Murphy, Mary, 11, 36 Great St. James St.; Murray, Betty, 14, 14 Jones St.; Murray, Douglas, 11, 112 Cannifton Rd.; Murray, Francis, 13, 14 Jones St.; Murray, Francis, 13, 14 Jones St.; Murray, Ronald, 11, 14 Jones St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Patricia, 12, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Patricia, 12, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Patricia, 12, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Patricia, 12, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Patricia, 12, 10 Gordon St.; McCabe, Barbara, 14, 10 Gordon St.; McDonald, Arlington, 13, R.R. No. 4; McKay, Mary, McCabe, McCabe, McCa



Anne, Buds, was selected to be December Bud-of-the-Month. She lives in Tracadie Cross, P.E.I. For an all-round hard and cheerful worker for the Missions, she's among the best. Thanks a million for everything you have done, Anne, and keep up the good work for the salvation of China's Children. God bless you.



Therese Deveau, former student at Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, N.S., who is a fine worker for the missions.

Items of Interest

Our Women's Auxiliary Annual Bazaar

Again we are happy to report that the bazaar held under the auspices of St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary was a great success. Our thanks go to all the energetic women who made this possible.

Prize Winners were:—

1. Mrs. Frank Wilhelm, Chepstow, Ont.; Chest of silver.

2. R.-C. Hamilton, Ont.: Electric Food Mixer.

3. Leonie Shoppe, Port Colborne, Ont.: A Typewriter.

4. Edith Luck, Toronto.: A Table Radio.

5. A. Tomasi, North Bay, Ont.: A Bridge Set.

6. Rose Ellard, Toronto, Ont.: Silex Steam Iron.

7. Mrs. M. Kane, Toronto, Ont.: A Pair of Feather Pillows.

8. J. Shamhau, Penetang, Ont.: A

9. Mrs. G. Boland, Toronto, Ont.: A Linen Luncheon Set.

10. Mrs. B. McKeown, Toronto, Ont.: A Linen Bridge Set.

Bond Received

CHINA expresses our thanks for a fifty dollar bond from a priest friend of ours in Montreal.

Special Intentions

Mrs. C. Deslippe, Roseland, Ont.

New Monsignori

Congratulations to the five new Monsignori of Toronto Archdiocese! Monsignor H. J. Callaghan, Mons. A. E. McQuillen, Mons. J. E. Ronan, Mons. J. Sheridan, Mons. P. J. Bench are offered our best wishes.

Rev. J. E. McCarthy, S.F.M.

Father McCarthy has just arrived in Santo Domingo as our latest Missionary to that country. He has



been stationed in Vancouver since 1941 at our Chinese Catholic Mission in that city.

Prayers for Our Dead

Emmet Byrnes, Toronto.

Mrs. Fred Woolcott, Sandwich, Ont.

J. M. Morris, Alexandria, Ont.

Clare Bernadette Burke, St. John's, Nfld., sister of Mr. F. Burke, one of our first year Theology students.

Mrs. Mary MacNeil, Barra Glen, N.S.

John Kelly, Seattle, Wash. Mrs. Geo. Skalitzky, Stratford, Ont. Thos. Whelan, Toronto.

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If one lives until old and studies continuously there is still a fraction of learning unacquired.

Yes, reader, we know you have been hearing about the missions for years but always one can learn more. Conditions improve here and deteriorate there but always the work must go on. To be well-informed is the first step. To pray for the propagation of the faith especially in pagan lands is the second step. To contribute according to your means is the third step. Make a beginning today.

Make cheques and money orders payable to SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSIONS SOCIETY

Scarboro Bluffs

Ontario

CHINA

Page Thirty-One



Dreaming of a White Christmas, white with souls for Christ!

